

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

DECEMBER 17, 1965

TIME

THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE

*The Historian as Participant
And Vice Versa*



ARTHUR SCHLESINGER JR.

VOL. 86 NO. 25

(U.S. PAT. OFF.)

So beautiful,
you could probably
get away with it.
But please don't
give it without the
Soft Whiskey inside.
You'd hate yourself
in the morning.



Calvert Extra,
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A great new camera takes the mumbo-jumbo out of fine photography!

(New Honeywell Pentax Spotmatic camera measures light precisely for perfectly exposed pictures.)

Everybody's got at least one friend who is something of a hot-shot with a camera.

Chances are he dazzles you with a whole roomful of equipment. And he probably goes through some sort of black-magic mental contortions and dial twisting every time he takes a shot. But you've got to admit that his perfectly exposed pictures make yours look pretty drab.

Well, fret no longer, friend. You're just one easy step from joining the photographic elite.

A magnificent new camera is the answer. It's a camera that is simplicity itself to operate. Yet it will never fail to delight you with what it (and you) can do... because it has a wealth of professional know-how built right in. It's called the Honeywell Pentax Spotmatic.

Pentax cameras, with their superb optics and brilliant engineering, have long been a favorite of photo hobbyists everywhere. But now the Spotmatic opens up the world of fine photography to every camera fan who can press a shutter.

The secret is a revolutionary through-the-lens exposure meter system that is both automatic and unerringly precise. It assures you that you'll never again face the disappointment of ruining or missing one of those exceptional pictures or slides

through over- or underexposure.

It guides you infallibly, within the limits of film and available light, from the simplest situations to the most difficult and challenging conditions: severe backlighting, extreme telephoto, high contrast, low light levels, wild filters, ultra-closeups. And it does it all automatically.

You also save time and film because you can forget about taking extra shots "just to make sure." You are sure on every picture. You are sure of a quality of results simply unattainable by 98% of the cameras in use today, "automatic" or not!

Here's how it works. The Spotmatic's unique cadmium sulfide meter measures the light coming through the *taking aperture* of the lens. It reads the light from the *in-focus* image on the ground glass, which corresponds *exactly* to the image at the film plane. (There are cameras, selling for up to \$500, which read the image formed by the lens at full aperture. But these cameras merely *estimate* the light for the actual f/stop you'll be using and are only approximate when compared to the precision of the Spotmatic.)

Fast, foolproof operation. When you load your Spotmatic, you set the film's ASA number (from ASA 20 to 1600) in the

window of the shutter speed dial, automatically calibrating the exposure system. Then you set your shutter speed, focus and flip the meter switch to the "on" position. By turning the diaphragm ring, the meter needle you'll see in the view-finder is centered and you're set to shoot. Without removing your eye from the view-finder (and without engaging in digital contortions), you have made a perfectly exposed picture. It's that simple!

Today, the Spotmatic towers over every other 35mm single-lens reflex camera. It costs \$289.50 and is, without a doubt, one of the four or five finest cameras in the world.

Who says so? The pros and the dyed-in-the-wool amateurs who started snapping up Spotmatics faster than we could deliver them.

But we were happy to adjust the supply rate. And now your nearest Honeywell Pentax dealer will be glad to explain why he's so excited about this remarkable new camera. Or, for more of the details first, just send us the coupon below.



New Spotmatic has through-the-lens exposure system, superb 50mm f/1.4 lens, \$289.50.

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The National Observer would be a crazy idea except it works.

About four years ago, several experienced newspapermen sat down in a room in lower Manhattan.

They were faced with the most frightening prospect any of them had ever undertaken. With a mass of publications already flooding the market, it was their job to produce a national weekly paper; one that would be both a guide and entertainment for a family trying to make sense of what was happening in the world.

There were no rules to say what should be in this kind of paper, or what shouldn't.

So, by trial and error, they started to work. Week by week they produced their mock-up newspaper. And, very gradually, The National Observer idea began to evolve.

By the time the first issue came out, on February 4, 1962, they had created something that wasn't really a newspaper, a news weekly, a mass magazine, a shelter book, a travel magazine or any other kind of existing publication. It was a little bit of all of them. But, because of the unorthodox way it had been built, it was very different to read.

Instead of the breathless "who, what, when, where, why" of a conventional newspaper, The National Observer's style was slower. And because there was a lot more room than in a news weekly, events were explored in

greater depth.

Some people, expecting a conventional newspaper, read it and didn't like it.

Others found the un-tricky writing refreshing. They stayed with it.

And then, gradually, The National Observer began to build its audience.

In February, 1963, we had a circulation of 226,038*.

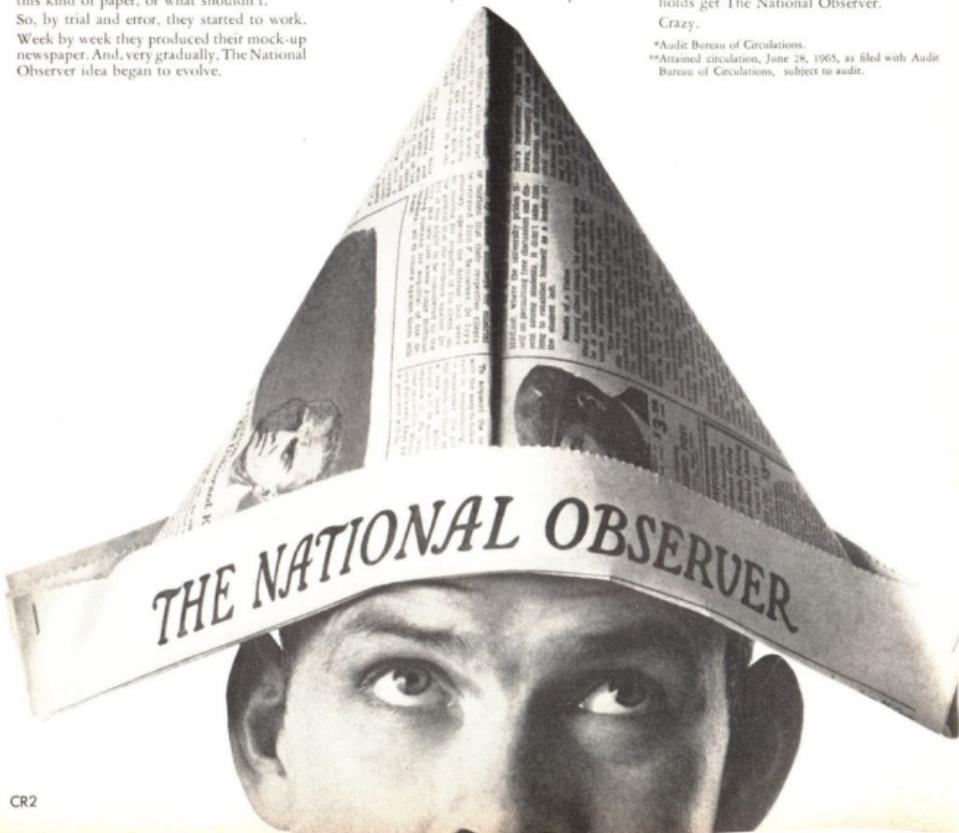
By October, 1964, it grew to 314,183*.

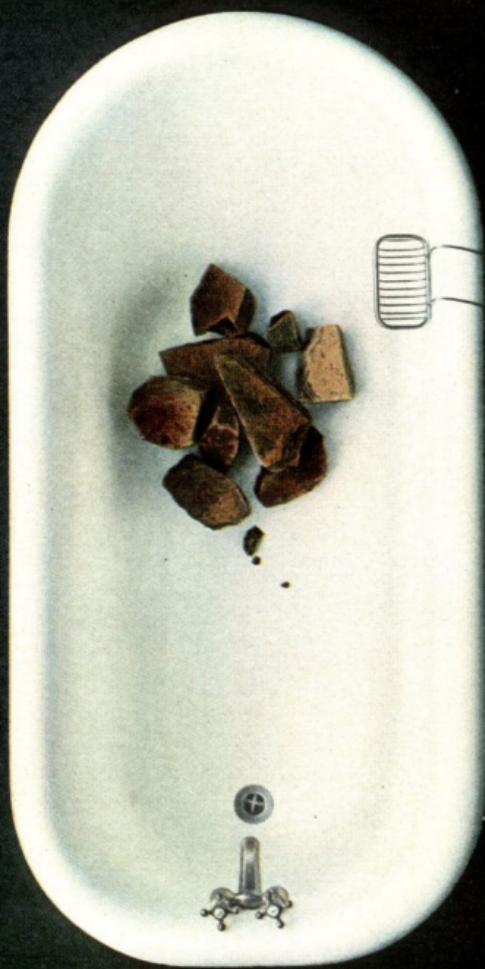
And as of right this minute, 414,298** households get The National Observer.

Crazy.

*Audit Bureau of Circulations.

**Audited circulation, June 28, 1965, as filed with Audit Bureau of Circulations, subject to audit.





We help send it down the drain with no bathtub ring.

GATX knows the detergent business from the ground up.

We build equipment to help mine phosphate, carry it, crush it, process it, store it. So detergent manufacturers can get something out of it—sodium

tripolyphosphate—the stuff that picks up dirt and floats it down the drain.

We design special railroad cars for bulk shipment of any dry or liquid chemical. And we maintain warehousing, packaging and distribution

centers you can lease as you need, use as your own.

In the chemical industry, the formula for service is GATX. Try it in your industry.

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GENERAL AMERICAN TRANSPORTATION CORPORATION CHICAGO

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as long as you're up
get me a Grant's



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Please. That's right. The Scotch in the tall triangular bottle. Ice? Just a little. Thanks, darling. Why don't you have one, too. We'll have our own little Christmas celebration together.

As long as it's Christmas give Grant's. The Scotch drinker's Scotch. 8 years old. 86 proof. Blended and bottled in Scotland and brought over by nobody else but Austin, Nichols & Co., New York.



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If your present financing restrains you by requiring clean-up payments periodically . . . if required "compensating balances" narrow your borrowing limits . . . if your present borrowing arrangements have restrictive provisions or interfere with your management prerogatives . . . then you certainly should look into the financing plans of CIT! These modern plans can provide you with ample funds, giving you more el-

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More than 230 sales representatives and offices. C.I.T. Corporation, Subsidiary of C.I.T. Financial Corp. Capital and Surplus over \$380 million. Assets over \$2.8 billion.

"The boss of any worldwide organization needs more and more **HELP**"



AND, after fifteen years of planning, the President of Union Carbide has found a way to get it. "More than a plan to make life easier for its top executive," reports the December *FORTUNE* in *The Patient Schemers of Union Carbide*, "the company has introduced a scheme to solve one of the knottiest corporate organization problems of our time."

To quote some of the Union Carbide executives, quoted in *FORTUNE*, on the new scheme: "It breaks down barriers between operating groups and the President's office" ... "puts return on investment into proper perspective for a lot of people who didn't bother to think about it before" ... "it has brought comprehension of

overall problems; the divisions used to hoard talent; today, we only think of the best names for the job."

Getting the "best names" is important to advertisers, too. A quality product or service must seek and find quality prospects. "We are seeking inquiries from internationally minded businessmen who are prospects for doing business in Australia and with Qantas Empire Airways," writes N. H. Powell, North American Manager, Qantas Empire Airways. "Our ads in *FORTUNE* not only get a remarkable quantity of inquiries, but they are of the quality we seek." Clearly, if you're patiently scheming for quality-advertising results, the place to get them is in—*FORTUNE*.

Management Planners
quote **FORTUNE**



For a reprint of
The Patient Schemers of Union Carbide,
quoted above, write on company letterhead to:
FORTUNE, Room 18-41, Time & Life Building,
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What did you say?

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Here, your savings earn
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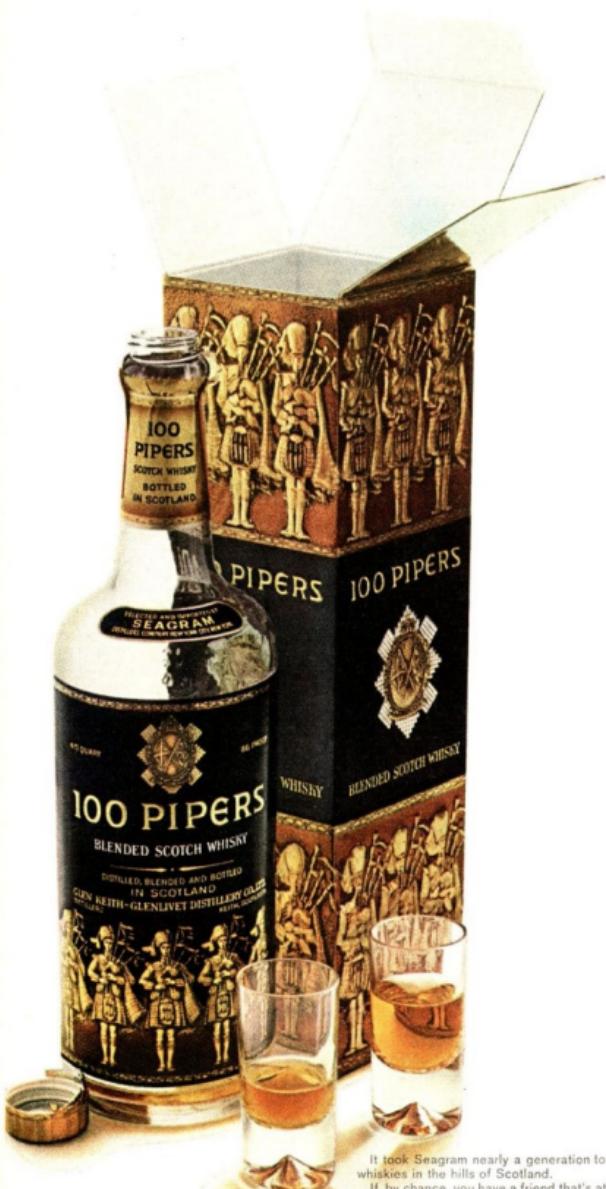
Come in.

Open a savings account.
Money in by the 15th earns
from the first of the month.



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It's not a very lasting gift.

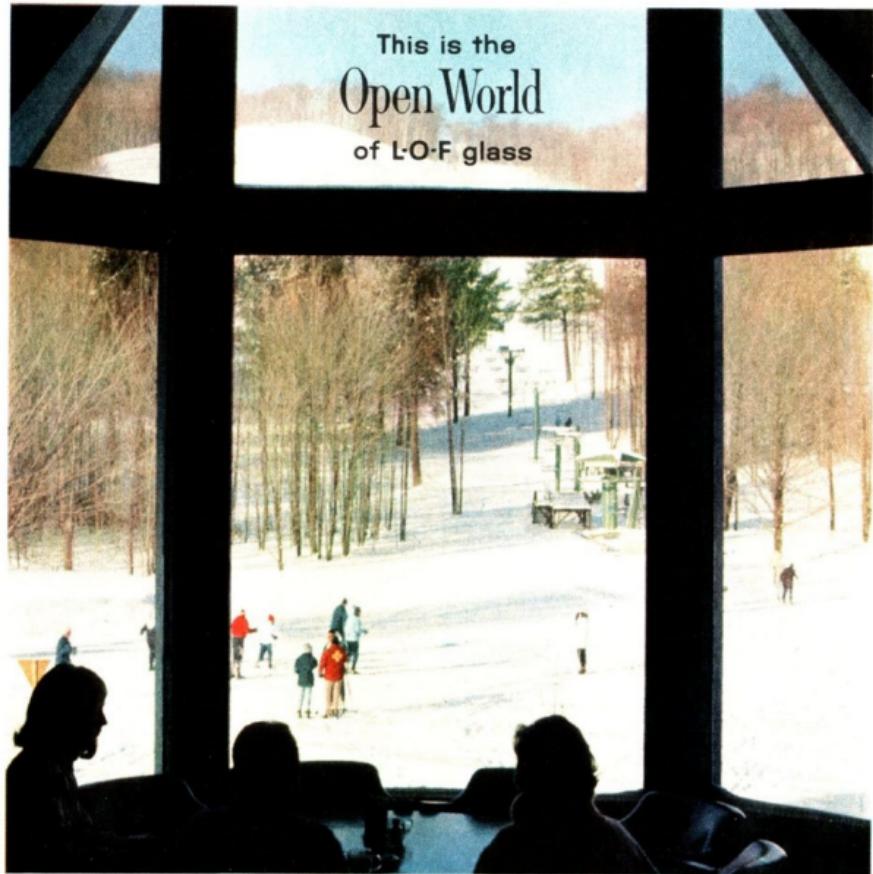


It took Seagram nearly a generation to combine the best whiskies in the hills of Scotland.

If, by chance, you have a friend that's at all serious about good Scotch whisky, it shouldn't take him nearly that long to dispose of the fruits of our labor.

100 Pipers
Scotch by Seagram

This is the
Open World
of L-O-F glass



Boyne Highlands Ski Lodge in Michigan. Architects: James H. Livingston Associates, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

When you get cold on the slopes,
come watch through the Thermopane®

Here you can sit right next to the big windows and thaw out while you watch the experts schuss. *Thermopane* insulating glass—with its blanket of dry air sealed between two panes of glass—takes the chill out of the thrill. But you don't have to go to a ski lodge to enjoy *Thermop-*

pane. You can have it in the windows of your office. Or school. Or in every window of your own house. It's equally good for watching snow fort building. Or angel making. If you're going to build a building of any kind, write for "Decisions", our brochure on the proper uses of glass.



*The Quality Mark
to look for*

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Now there's a wine for any sea food

Folonari LUGANA® is a limited-production wine, imported from the sunny Lake Garda Region of Italy. This noble and distinctive dry white wine complements any sea food dish. With sea food, a chilled bottle of Folonari LUGANA is always "right."

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, December 15
CHRYSLER PRESENTS A BOB HOPE COMEDY SPECIAL (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Guests include Jack Benny and Bing Crosby.

Thursday, December 16
CBS THURSDAY NIGHT MOVIE (CBS, 9-11 p.m.). John Ford's *Two Rode Together* (1961), in which Texas Marshal James Stewart and Army Lieutenant Richard Widmark try to rescue some white women (long held captive by the Comanches) who don't want to be disengaged.

Friday, December 17
MR. MAGOO'S CHRISTMAS CAROL (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). A repeat of a special of (Christmas past), with music by Jule Styne, lyrics by Bob Merrill and Scrooge by Magoo.

Saturday, December 18
THIS PROUD LAND (ABC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). A special celebrating the Great Plains and the Rockies, narrated by Robert Preston, Laraine Day and Mildred Dunnock; music by the Mormon Tabernacle Choir and the Rosebud Sioux Indians, who will sing their new tribal song, *Seventy-Six Trombones*.

Sunday, December 19
RELIGIOUS SPECIAL (CBS, 10-11 a.m.). A report, filmed in Rome, on the four-year Ecumenical Council.

I NEVER SAW ANOTHER BUTTERFLY (NBC, 12:30-1 p.m.). Hanukkah drama based on a collection of drawings and poems created by children in a World War II Nazi extermination camp.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). "Operation Gwamba," the rescue of more than 10,000 South American animals from 870 square miles about to be flooded by a dam on the Suriname River. This show begins a new season for *Twentieth Century*; in color for the first time.

Monday, December 20
SUPERMARKET SWEEP (ABC, 11-11:30 a.m.). To replace its high-class and low-rated discussion show *Young Set*, ABC has come up with two no-class game shows (see also below). *Supermarket Sweep* will originate from different stores each week, feature local contestants racing around the market scooping up as many groceries as possible. *Premiere*.

THE DATING GAME (ABC, 11:30 a.m.-noon). "An attractive woman" contestant selects from behind a screen one of three "very eligible bachelors" by asking pertinent questions. Then the show pays for the date. *Premiere*.

ART LINKLETTER'S HOLLYWOOD TALENT SCOUTS (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). CBS replaces the canceled *Steve Lawrence Show* with a revival (in color) of last summer's high-rated *Hollywood Talent Scouts*. *Premiere*. VIET NAM: DECEMBER 1965 (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A news special in color.

Tuesday, December 21
CHRISTMAS BALLET SPECIAL (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). *The Nutcracker*, a new rendering in color, with dancers from the New York City Ballet, singers from the

* All times E.S.T.

Why do
people say
Delta's the
best thing
that ever
happened to
air travel?



You're looking at
two good reasons!

Delta's cheerful stewardesses and the appetizing fare they serve are reasons enough. But you will find many more... from reservation to destination... all designed to make travel a pleasure. So next trip, Jet Delta and see for yourself!



DELTA
the air line with the BIG JETS

Learn how to say
"St. Leger"

it's tough raving about a
 Scotch you can't pronounce.

Light and dry...

86.8 proof blended Scotch whisky.

GEN. U.S. IMPORTERS: VAN MUNCHING IMPORTS, INC., N.Y., N.Y.

The new Photomic T finder/meter system links thru-the-lens exposure accuracy with thru-the-Nikkor picture quality. An unbeatable combination! See your Nikon dealer for details, or write directly to Nikon Inc., Garden City, New York 11533. Subsidiary of Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Industries, Inc. (In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., Montreal 9, P.Q.)

**This new Nikon F
 finder system measures
 exposure** it's interchangeable



Stuttgart Opera and music from the Budapest Philharmonic. Eddie Albert narrates.

COMBAT (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Two-time Oscar Winner Luis Rainer and one-time Matinee Idol Ramon Novarro are the oldtime guest stars.

THEATER

On Broadway

INADMISSIBLE EVIDENCE is a compulsively fascinating 2½-hour dramatic typhoon in which John Osborne's voice—splenetic, grieving, raging—is heard with more furious personal intensity than at any time since *Look Back in Anger*. As a defeated solicitor for whom life in the modern world has become a playing field of pain, Nicol Williamson, 28, gives a performance of epic dimensions and phenomenal resources.

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU has been restored to Broadway with loving care and craft by the APA repertory company. The comic zaniness of the Sycamore family is a delight, and an unforeseen bonus is the tender re-creation of the '30s as a golden age of moneyless innocence.

THE ROYAL HUNT OF THE SUN is an eye-pleasing spectacle, although it fails to provide dramatic stimulation. Christopher Plummer gives theatrical dimension to Conquistador Pizarro, who cannot achieve peace of mind though he conquers the Inca emperor and gains his gold.

GENERATION. A Chicago advertising man (Henry Fonda) sends his daughter to finishing school, and she ends up in a Greenwich Village loft with the kind of husband who wears blue beads because he likes the way they catch the light. Fonda's confused consternation provides the entertainment.

HALF A SIXPENCE. Tommy Steele spreads a grin across the stage and injects a British musical import with sparkle and bounce.

THE ODD COUPLE. One man's wife left him because he is a slob; the other man's because he's a nitpicking neatnik. The jilted men are surefire flops as roommates but roaring successes on Broadway.

LOV. Playwright Murray Schisgal writes loudly and Director Mike Nichols carries a slapstick in a spoof of a society that out-Freuds Sigmund and out-Friedans Betty.

RECORDS

Jazz

THE NEW WAVE IN JAZZ (Impulse!). Five combos, led by avant-garde Jazzmen John Coltrane, Archie Shepp, Charles Tolliver, Graham Moncur and Albert Ayler. "Trane" sets the stage by skywriting his personal hieroglyphics with his tenor sax. Even farther out is Saxophonist Ayler. His *Holy Ghost* consists of hysterical, sizzling squiggles of sound played fast and high, while a drummer beats insistently, as though knocking on a locked door. "It's about feelings," Ayler explains.

E.S.P. (Columbia). Miles Davis and his fine quintet in abstract musings of their own invention (*Agitation* by Davis, *Iris* by Tenor Saxman Wayne Shorter, *Mood* by Bassist Ronald Carter). Sometimes the drum, bass and piano drive the soloists, but mostly they provide only phantom rhythms under the fluid runs and fragmentary phrases of the trumpet and tenor sax. No one will be tempted to tap a foot or sing along, but few with any E.S.P. at all will stop listening.

ANGEL EYES (Columbia). Dave Brubeck's quartet plays Matt Dennis' songs

without words, although Alto Saxophonist Paul Desmond seems to speak sweet somethings in *Violets for Your Furs*, and Brubeck makes some conventional but well-turned pianistic comments on *The Night We Called It A Day*.

PLAIN OLD BLUES (Emarcy). Art Hodes at the piano and Truck Parham on bass swing their way through a lexicon of the blues reminiscent of Chicago in the '30s (*Washboard Blues, How Long, How Long Blues, The Chimes Blues, Snowy Morning Blues*). All very backward-looking, comfortable and exceptionally cheery.

PASTEL BLUES (Philips). Whoever called these blues pastel is color-blind. This is raw, strong and often ugly singing by Nina Simone, who makes one chilling visit to the South (*Strange Fruit*)—"black bodies swinging from the trees") but mostly moans and shouts with gospel fervor about love and loneliness (*End of the Line, Ain't No Use, Be My Husband*) is sung to the accompaniment of a loudly crackling whip.

SING A SONG OF BASIE (Impulse!). A reissue of the 1957 recording that first spotlighted Dave Lambert, Jon Hendricks and Annie Ross. By singing over their own voices on tape (a process that took 60 hours of recording time), the three remarkably flexible jazz singers create an exciting vocal equivalent of Basie's big band (accompanied by a real Basie rhythm section). Together, the trio sounds the brasses or the reeds, then Annie Ross sings a bright trumpet solo (*in Blues Backstage*) or with Hendricks a mellow saxophone duet (*Two for the Blues*).

CINEMA

LAUREL AND HARDY'S LAUGHING '20S. From one- and two-reel silent comedies made before 1930, Cinema Anthologist Robert Youngson distills the best drollery of Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy and provides a welcome cure-all for atrophied funnybones.

SANDS OF THE KALAHARI. The makers of *Zulu* find lively if conventional excitement in the plight of five marooned men, led by Stuart Whitman, and one venturesome woman (Susannah York) who endure heat, hunger and sexual desire after a plane crash in the African desert.

JULIET OF THE SPIRITS. Eye-filling fantasies created by Director Federico Fellini (*La Dolce Vita, 8½*) wholly dominate the tale of a placid bourgeois matron (Giulietta Masina) with a faithless husband, among other things, on her mind.

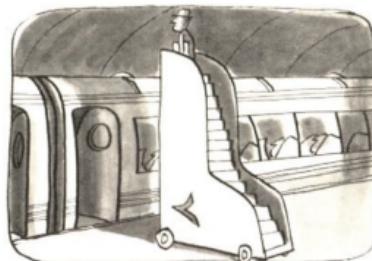
THE LEATHER BOYS. Director Sidney J. Furie (*The Ipcress File*) revs up Rita Tushingham, Colin Campbell and Dudley Sutton for this exuberant British drama about a teen-age harridan whose husband prefers his homosexual motorcycling mate to home and hearth.

KING RAT. James Clavell's novel about the morality of survival in a Japanese prison camp is an unforgettable screen drama, strongly played by James Fox, Tom Courtenay and George Segal—the latter as a G.I. wheeler-dealer who cashes in on the misery of his fellow inmates.

REPULSION. In London, gentlemen callers seldom survive their yen for a deadly blonde psychopath (Catherine Deneuve), whose inch-by-inch descent into madness is unreeled with monstrous art by Director Roman Polanski (*Knife in the Water*).

THE HILL. A sandy pyramid separates the men from the boys at a British army stockade in North Africa where Sean

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD



**The Broadway Limited to New York isn't a Wingjet, a Jumpjet, a Speedjet, or a Jetjet.
It's called a train.**

The last time you took it you probably called it a choo-choo-train.

**It doesn't go at the speed of sound.
It goes at the speed of a train.**

It takes the Broadway Limited a whole night to get to New York. But that's not its only advantage.

It offers the convenience of private rooms for sleeping, washing, working, or contemplation of the great American countryside.

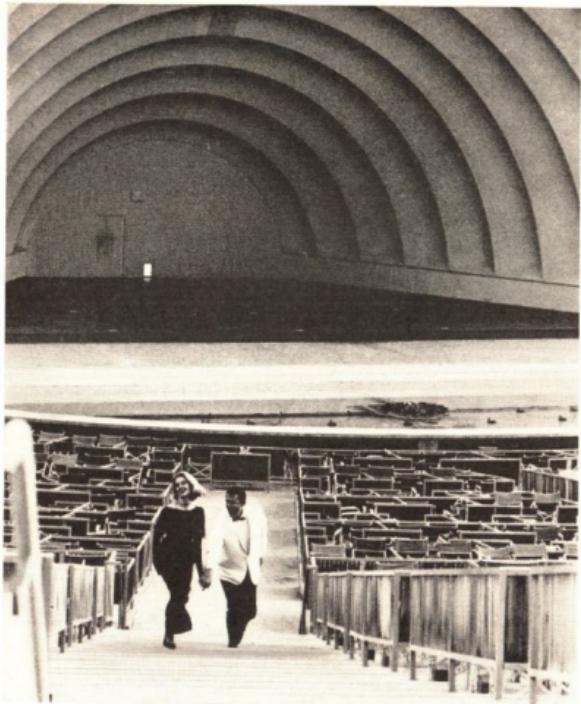
A separate dining car comes complete with real tables, real plates, and a wide variety of fresh foods to choose from.

There are two club cars, the perfect places to win friends and influence people.

And the Broadway Limited always operates in rain, fog, mist, sleet, snow, or anything that makes birds walk.

So it's sometimes the fastest means of transportation available. As well as the pleasantest.

**The Broadway Limited to New York.
Pick it up at Union Station at 5 P.M.**



The insiders.

Who are they? He's on business. She's the girl he likes to be with best. The one he laughs with easily. The mother of his rowdy son and baby daughter. They've done a lot together. They still do. *Carte Blanche* gives them special "in" on major airlines. Yours too. Next time, jet where the enjoyment is—*together*—with up to two years to pay. *Carte Blanche* gives you a double welcome at the famous Hilton hotels and inns around the world—plus thousands of other fine hotels, motels, restaurants, shops and car rental agencies. *Only* *Carte Blanche* offers: □ Instant credit at over 1300 hospitals. □ Group accident insurance up to \$250,000. □ Lost credit card insurance. □ 110,000 service stations. □ The exclusive "Hers" card for women. Be an insider. Carry the prestige charge card that gives you credit where and when you want it. Pick up an application wherever you see the *Carte Blanche* "Welcome" sign, or write *Carte Blanche*, Dept. T1512, 3460 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif. 90005. You only have one life together.

Your instant fare for
jetting there.



Connery, as a bedeviled prisoner, proves his mettle without benefit of Bond.

TO DIE IN MADRID. Old newsreels recall the tragedy of Spain's disastrous civil war (1936-39) in Producer-Director Frédéric Rossif's masterly compilation, narrated by John Gielgud and Irene Worth.

BOOKS

Best Reading

A THOUSAND DAYS: JOHN F. KENNEDY IN THE WHITE HOUSE, by Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. Some of Kennedy's advisers stood nearer the President, but none was better equipped than Harvard Historian Schlesinger to pay public respect to his memory. Perceptive as history and vivid as memoir, this—despite its touches of partisanship—is the most balanced assessment yet of the Kennedy years.

THE LITTLE SAINT, by Georges Simenon. In his 50th novel, give or take a dozen or two, the great French whodunit has made a serious and nonviolent attempt to describe the life of an artist, "a perfectly serene character, in immediate contact with nature and life." The extraordinary thing about the book is that it succeeds.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOR, by Walker Lewis. A beguiling, if somewhat biased view of U.S. Chief Justice Roger Brooke Taney, an uncompromising old constitutionalist, whose decision in the Dred Scott case and steadfast opposition to wartime measures of the Lincoln Administration made him one of the most unpopular men of his time.

THE LOCKWOOD CONCERN, by John O'Hara. Another report from the O'Hara country, this one the story of George Lockwood, whose "concern" is to become a gentleman—a concern which has turned into an O'Hara obsession and, consequently, is a bit boring.

THE PEACEMAKERS, by Richard B. Morris. Historians have traditionally assumed that France was the loyal friend of American independence. Not so, says Historian Morris in this study of the political maneuvers that led to the Peace of Paris (1783). France tried to scuttle the upstart republic, but the attempt was averted by three Yankees (Jay, Franklin and Adams) who played a bad hand so skillfully that they won the better part of the pot.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Source*, Michener (1 last week)
2. *Those Who Love*, Stone (2)
3. *Airs Above the Ground*, Stewart (4)
4. *Up the Down Staircase*, Kaufman (3)
5. *Hotel*, Hailey (5)
6. *The Honey Badger*, Ruark (6)
7. *Thomas*, Mydans (10)
8. *The Green Berets*, Moore (9)
9. *The Man with the Golden Gun*, Fleming (8)
10. *The Lockwood Concern*, O'Hara

NONFICTION

1. *Kennedy*, Sorenson (1)
2. *Games People Play*, Berne (4)
3. *A Thousand Days*, Schlesinger (9)
4. *A Gift of Prophecy*, Montgomery (2)
5. *Yes I Can*, Davis and Boyar (3)
6. *The Penkovskiy Papers*, Penkovskiy (8)
7. *A Gift of Joy*, Hayes (5)
8. *The Making of the President, 1964*, White (7)
9. *Intern, Doctor X* (6)
10. *World Afarome*, Graham



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LETTERS

Man of the Year

Sir: TIME's choice for Man of the Year rests between the American fighting man in Viet Nam, fighting in an unknown land and keeping the Communist threat at bay thousands of miles from home, and the black man, who is making his presence felt menacingly in the New World. It is the black man for me.

FINNAR SLATTERY

Killarney, Ireland

Sir: If the Man of the Year is he who most influenced the course of history and changed the destiny of the world's nations, then I nominate Field Marshal Mohammed Ayub Khan, President of Pakistan. He has proved that a small nation can live and progress without depending upon big powers and can defeat an enemy five times stronger than itself.

SHUAIB MIRZA

Rahimyarkhan, Pakistan

Sir: The average American citizen, eager to help, patriotic, and as nice a guy as ever.

JOE KLOTZ

Philadelphia

Sir: J. Edgar Hoover, who stands like the Rock of Gibraltar in advocating respect for established law.

R. E. BASSLER

Tampa, Fla.

Sir: The armored knight who rolled back the aluminum price rise and who will roll back the Viet Cong: Defense Secretary Robert Strange McNamara.

L. D. BRAIDA

Cambridge, Mass.

Sir: Army General William Childs Westmoreland.

A. T. HURTER

Montreal

Sir: Pope Paul VI, *sine qua non*. JOSE LUIS RODRIGUEZ VILLACASAS Las Palmas, Canary Islands

Sir: Charles (Peanuts) Schulz. SUSAN BREYER Chicago

Sir: The residents of Madison, N.H., who stamped out the effort of land developers to change the names of Pea Porridge and Middle Pea Porridge ponds to Champagne and Burgundy lakes.

RALPH H. MORSE

Concord, N.H.

General Johnson Cover

Sir: Your cover story on General Johnson, Army Chief of Staff [Dec. 10], was very fine. As a retired naval reservist and former member of the Boy Scouts of America, 1919 vintage, I find it inspiring that General Johnson keeps in his office for ready reference his copy of the *Boy Scout Handbook*. It is a suggested Christmas present for all officers, particularly those who are privileged to be leading troops in the field of action.

ROBERT W. COLLINS

Commander, U.S.N.R. (ret.)

Yazoo City, Mich.

The Continuing War

Sir: The 25,000 who assembled in Washington to protest our Viet Nam policies

[Dec. 3] are only giving solace to the enemy. They could more wisely have spent the money for the trip to help poor people, either in their own communities or in Latin America.

(MRS.) LILLIAN GAVRON

Jacksonville Beach, Fla.

Sir: I was disturbed at your one-sided report on the march in Washington. You kept talking about the protesters, but said nothing about the Government supporters. I was there with 53 fellow students from Cuyahoga Community College in Cleveland. We were present to show support for President Johnson, and we were not the only pro-Government group there either. I wonder why no one took the slightest interest in us, especially since our view happens to be the view of the majority of citizens.

PETER J. MOLAY

Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Sir: The war-glorifying verbiage of your Viet Nam reports is both dangerous and sickening. Please fire the writers and editors responsible and use the money to double the wages of those who gave us the superb music coverage of Nicolai Ghiaurov and Alfred Deller, and that splendid Essay on opera.

CALEB R. WOODHOUSE

Hellerup, Denmark

Millionaires: Future & Past

Sir: Your cover story on millionaires [Dec. 3] must have been a hard gulp to swallow for those who believe success is achieved by luck. These millionaires prove that success is due to the internal qualities of the individual—perseverance, determination, guts—who finds or creates opportunities in the market. To these men, I say thank you; their example gives me confidence to say that I, now a student, will become one of the "Millionaires Under 40" in the not too distant future.

HOWARD SCOTT

University of Massachusetts
Amherst, Mass.

Sir: I was interested to see your quotation from Russell H. Conwell. It is true that Conwell saw great power for good in wealth, and it is true that he gave his famous lecture, "Acres of Diamonds," 6,000 times and received \$8,000,000 for doing so. The really significant fact is, however, that he gave away the \$8,000,000 to educate promising young people. Taking as his life's pattern the three-fold emphasis he found in the life of Christ, "preaching,

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teaching and healing." he helped found an outstanding church, a great university and three hospitals.

AARON E. GAST
Dean

Conwell School of Theology
Philadelphia

Sir: Dr. Conwell practiced what he preached. He is well remembered as the founder and first president of Temple University. He died virtually penniless because all his earnings were invested in the lives of young men and women who studied at Yale and Temple universities.

MILLARD E. GLADFELTER
President

Temple University
Philadelphia

More About the Presidents

Sir: Your Kennedy-Johnson Essay [Nov. 26] sounds like so many sour grapes. I certainly wish you would stop trying to compare peaches and pumpkins.

EDWARD A. DENT III

Washington, D.C.

Sir: For crystallizing into words so lucidly my own thoughts, feelings and impressions as an expatriate Briton, I highly commend you.

(MRS.) LEE GAYNOR

Sydney, Australia

Sir: I very much appreciate your Essay; it is superb.

ALHADJI KATSINA
Kaduna, Northern Nigeria

Sir: The qualities that make for legend and those that make for mere performance are dramatically illustrated by the steel and aluminum crises. Kennedy exhibited his honest anger publicly and had the courage to be his own spokesman. Johnson, dour and cowardly, forced his subordinates to speak for him. I prefer Kennedy's method: the public knew exactly where he stood. If Johnson thinks he has been able to fool the public by staying behind the scenes, he is greatly mistaken; he has only earned himself disrepute.

(MRS.) GLORY A. PENCHOEN
Sturgis, Mich.

Civil Rights

Sir: Please accept my thanks for the story on Southern Baptists [Nov. 26]. As a Southern Baptist layman, I am especially eager for Americans to have a factual account of how we stand as a denomination in this important area of our national life. The picture you present is precisely correct. We have come a long way and are

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G. VAN GREENE

Decatur, Ga.

Sir: You are wrong to say, "not in living memory has a white Mississippian been convicted of raping a Negro" [Nov. 19]. On July 27, 1960, in the Circuit Court of Grenada County, Fifth Judicial District, Mississippi, a white male, L. J. Loden, was charged with raping a Negro female. He was indicted, prosecuted by District Attorney Chatwin M. Jackson Jr., of Kosciusko, Miss., and found guilty by an all-white male jury. He is serving a life sentence in the Mississippi State Penitentiary.

ANN H. JACKSON

(MRS. CHATWIN M. JACKSON JR.)
Sallis, Miss.

Flogging in Rhodesia

Sir: You say [Nov. 26] that police broke up a schoolboy protest march and flogged all 239 boys. This is not the truth, and I challenge you to a \$5,000 bet that you cannot substantiate your statement, my payment to go to African nationalists in Rhodesia and yours to Rhodesian Government information funds.

A. BERNIC

Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia

► In a Nov. 18 story headed 239 GWEL STUDENTS SENTENCED TO CUTS, the Rhodesia Herald reported: "At a special magistrate's court held in Senka Village yesterday evening, 239 African students from the Fletcher High School, aged between 15 and 21, pleaded guilty. The allegation was that they took part in an unlawful procession . . . The magistrate, Mr. D. K. Utting, imposed sentences ranging from four to six cuts on the juveniles, and on those aged 19 or more, one month imprisonment suspended for three years conditionally, plus six cuts."

Tucson Teen-Agers

Sir: The 30 teens of Tucson who knew of Charles Schmid's ghastly murders [Nov. 26] prove that dry rot has set in, not only in Arizona but in all of America. There is very little conscience in a nation whose teen-agers withhold information about wanton murders.

HAROLD T. WOODIE

London

Buffy's Kind of Music

Sir: Please accept my warmest thanks! I am thrilled with the story about me [Dec. 10] and greatly encouraged that your kind of treatment of my kind of music is in the hands of the world. This is the first time I have gotten through to a writer who has in turn gotten through to his readers what I had hoped would get through to all.

BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE

New York City

The Legion of Decency

Sir: That the "coterie of middle-aging Catholic college alumnae" then dominating the "ranks of Legion reviewers" [Dec. 3] should be "expanded to include knowledgeable lay and clerical film buffs" was first proposed in my "Hollywood in Focus" column during the 1940s. As one of a dwindling minority of "moderates" among the Legion's lay consultants, I am somewhat loosely characterized in your otherwise excellent story. It is my position that, by faulty communications with Hollywood

moviemakers and critical bias in favor of morally and ideologically debatable foreign films, the Legion has now reached the point of surrender to forces it was and is supposed to fight.

WILLIAM H. MOORING
Playa del Rey, Calif.

Sir: You left out the main goal—and achievement—of the Legion of Decency: to make sure that the Roman Catholic Church and its clergy are presented in an extremely favorable light. *The Sandpiper* would not, of course, have "passed" had the priest been a Roman Catholic. Maybe the Legion's successor is "sophisticated"—but does it yet believe in freedom of speech where the Roman Catholic Church is concerned?

L. MONTZINGO

Topeka, Kans.

Let the Clips Fall Where They May

Sir: In your story "The Gem of the Gizmos" [Dec. 3], you forgot to mention the use of the paper clip as a surgical tool. Heated in a Bunsen burner, it provides the ideal method of releasing the blood under a smothered fingernail—better than a dentist's drill, a sharp knife, etc. It is painless (the blood cools the clip as soon as it burns through) and fast.

L. E. SKINNER, M.D.

The Lakewood Clinic
Tacoma, Wash.

Sir: In this area, full of cherry orchards, it is well known that the best tool for hand-pitting fresh sour cherries is a paper clip opened once lengthwise.

(MRS.) SHARLYN TAYLOR
Rochester, N.Y.

Sir: Paper clips, twisted to the required shape, are ideal for holding the three drone reeds of a bagpipe open in the correct playing position.

DWAIN W. SMITH

Franklin Square, N.Y.

Sir: The clip can be used as a cuff link, as a substitute for a lost eyeglass screw, or as a short-timer's chain (remove one per day till discharge).

G. P. BARBOUR JR.
Lieutenant, U.S.N.

Mt. Pleasant, S.C.

Sir: I know where those West German researchers should begin looking for the 7,000 paper clips that just "plain disappeared." They may have been thrown or dropped down the backs or, preferably, the fronts of the dresses of office girls. In this new and interesting sport, I claim the record: 43 on one girl in one afternoon.

P. E. ANDERSON

Brisbane, Australia

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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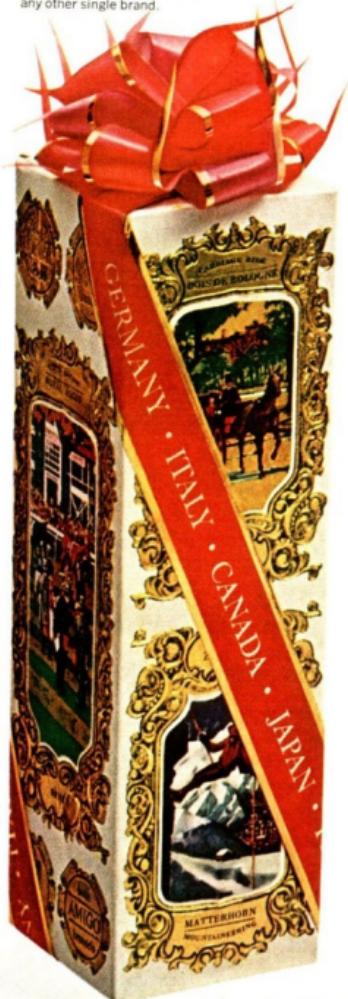
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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

December 17, 1965 Vol. 86, No. 25

THE NATION

THE PRESIDENCY

Waiting for Lyndon

The typewriters keep up their nervous tattoo, the telephones go on ringing, the tides of paper flow in and out. Yet the White House—and indeed all of Washington—seems to function almost in a vacuum when the President is away. Despite the jet planes, private telephone lines and teletype circuits that constantly link the L.B.J. Ranch with the West Wing, Lyndon Johnson's absence from the capital affects the Administration like a power drain. Though his six weeks' stay on the L.B.J. Ranch 1,384 miles away has not been unusually long in comparison with other presidential absences in the past, the sense of disconnection is particularly strong in Johnson's case because he is so conspicuously omnipresent when he does occupy the White House.

Johnson himself seems impatient to head north. But, as his physicians have pointed out, it takes the average patient up to three months to recover fully from a gall-bladder operation—and the President is a normal patient. Moreover, he has maintained a taxing schedule of appointments with Administration officials, whom he has summoned to Texas to discuss topics ranging from aluminum prices to last month's blackout in the Northeast. Nonetheless, Johnson's absence from the capital has unquestionably occasioned an atmosphere of drift and disarray within his Administration. Indeed, he is about to enter the most difficult phase of his presidency so far.

Squabbles & Scandals. Many of Johnson's vaunted Great Society programs are either in limbo or in trouble. Despite his zealous advocacy of the Department of Housing and Urban Development, the agency has been languishing for lack of a director from its day of birth. The Department of Health, Education and Welfare has become an unmanageable sprawl of competing and overlapping fiefdoms.

In dozens of cities across the nation, the war on poverty has succeeded mainly in triggering sordid squabbles and scandals. Johnson himself is largely to blame for the fact that Operation Head Start, an immensely successful summer program of preschool instruction for children, has run into trouble. With characteristic bravura, he promised that

the program would be put on a year-round basis—without realizing that it will now cost \$450 million, when one-third that amount is available.

Box-Score Man. Around Washington, such failures prompt the scornful comment that Johnson is a "box-score President," one who has racked up a fantastically high average in getting his programs through Congress but does not know how to administer them once

to withhold the actual spending of funds already made available by Congress for programs that can be safely slowed down, postponed or eliminated."

Record Budget. With the cost of the war rising irrevocably—possibly to the point where it will add another \$7.5 billion to next year's budget—there will be a continuing threat of inflation.

Last week Johnson conferred at the ranch with his economic advisers, in-



FOWLER, MARTIN & JOHNSON AT THE L.B.J. RANCH
When the Omnipresent is absent, D.C. is disconnected.

they have become law. There were rumblings that the second session of the 89th may not be as acquiescent to Lyndon's wishes and whims as this year's Congress.

Many Administration supporters in Congress already are beginning to question the cost of the programs they voted. Texas Democrat George H. Mahon, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee and a longtime Johnson pal, said last week that because of the stepped-up war effort in Viet Nam, the Government might find it wise to be far less generous with funds for the Great Society. "In the light of the situation confronting us," said Mahon, "it is urgent that the executive and legislative branches make a determined effort

including Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler and Federal Reserve Board Chairman William McChesney Martin, sent word back to Administration officials in Washington to cut back on spending—though next year's budget is almost certain to break all records. As Mahon pointed out, Johnson's Great Society is the area most susceptible to economizing but even so it seemed doubtful that the President could wring out meaningful savings unless he curtails major welfare programs or pet projects such as highway beautification.

The inflationary trend was really recognized by the Federal Reserve Board's decision—against the President's wishes—to hike the discount rate (see following story). However distasteful it may

be to him, the President may have no alternative but to raise taxes next year in order to finance the costly welfare programs and an ever-increasing war effort without overheating the economy.

Restive Help. Amid all this, Lyndon's own White House staff was in a state of fluctuation—again. McGeorge Bundy, Johnson's top inside man for foreign affairs, will soon leave the White House. The President has not yet found a successor for Larry O'Brien, his top Capitol Hill liaison man, who was appointed three months ago as Postmaster General. Bill Moyers is growing restive in his job as White House press secretary. Johnson's No. 1 handyman, Jack Valenti, is even taking Italian lessons and has hopes of being named U.S. Ambassador to Italy some time in the future.

On top of his multiplying domestic problems, the President also faced a difficult round of diplomatic negotiations. Only days before Pakistan's President Mohammed Ayub Khan, Britain's Prime Minister Harold Wilson and West Germany's Chancellor Ludwig Erhard were scheduled to arrive this week, Johnson reluctantly decided against

meeting them at the ranch and chose to fly back to Washington for the busy week of conferences.

Newspak. Week in, week out, the burden that weighs most heavily is, of course, the war in Viet Nam. In three statements during the week, Secretary of State Dean Rusk bluntly and brilliantly reaffirmed the U.S. position (see *Box*), while the President emphasized that he had no moral alternative to the war unless the Communists would give him one.

In fact, Hanoi sounds, if possible, more arrogantly intransigent than ever. North Viet Nam's government last week made a special point of deriding as "fabricated legend" the breathless U.S. press reports of last month that Hanoi had offered to begin peace talks in late 1964. The Communists' fanatical belief that they will conquer South Viet Nam found expression in the weirdly convoluted *Newspak* used by the North Vietnamese regime to defend its aggression: "The whole world, including the American people, now are stirring supporting the patriotic struggle of the South Vietnamese people. Why, then,

have the people in North Viet Nam not the right to support their kith and kin in the South, who are living in blood and fire because of the U.S. war of aggression? Who gives the U.S. the right to urge the North Vietnamese people not to support the South Vietnamese people and let the aggressors freely massacre their kith and kin in the South?"

To which President Johnson, who of late has restated the U.S. case for involvement in Viet Nam almost weekly, replied in a speech telephoned to the A.F.L.-C.I.O. convention in San Francisco: "We are there because, for all our shortcomings, for all our failings as a nation and a people, we remain fixed on the pursuit of freedom as a deep and moral obligation that will not let us go. Our devotion to freedom is unyielding. So, too, is our hope for peace. Those who insist on testing either will find us earnest in both."

THE ADMINISTRATION

Fait Accompli

As they faced reporters in brilliant sunshine on the L.B.J. Ranch, any lingering hostility between Lyndon Johnson and Federal Reserve Board Chairman Martin seemed to evaporate like morning dew.

Only the day before, President Johnson had publicly expressed his "regret" over the board's 4-to-3 decision to raise the discount rate in order to counter inflationary trends (TIME, Dec. 10). Assembling his quadriad of top economic advisers—Treasury Secretary Fowler, Council of Economic Advisers Chairman Gardner Ackley, Budget Director Charles Schultz, and Martin himself—in Texas, Johnson discussed the state of the economy with them for two hours. As Martin explained the board's action, it was intended to "remove boulders" that were causing disturbing "eddies" in the flow of money.

Martin later told newsmen that Johnson "in no way placed me in the role of defying the President or the Johnson Administration"—which was how many had described the board's move. It was the timing of the rate hike that chiefly irked the President, who would have preferred that the board wait until after he presented his budget to Congress in January. On broad economic policy, said Martin, "I think the President and the Federal Reserve System have exactly the same objectives. I know I speak for the entire system when I say that we are doing everything in our power to promote the President's program." Though the board had signally dented his consensus, Johnson managed to appear equally amiable. "We all recognize the Federal Reserve is a board of experts in money and marketing," he remarked mildly. "And I make no pretense to being a monetary expert. Even experts have a division of opinion 4 to 3, and we do have division all the time within the Government."

THE WORLD IN OUR LIVING ROOM

In simple, eloquent language, Secretary of State Dean Rusk last week explained on television why Americans are fighting and dying in Asia for the third time in a generation. Though Rusk's remarks had been taped nearly a month earlier, they effectively rebutted Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin's charge that the U.S. is supporting the "oppressors" in Viet Nam.

We have no chance of living at peace, or living in prosperity, or getting on with our affairs here at home, if in other parts of the world aggressors are moving from one aggression to the other. The rest of the world is in our living rooms and it's going to be there for as long as we live. We've got to try to join with others to build a decent world system or we'll have no chance to get on with the daily needs of our people and the things we would prefer to give our attention to.

A Universal Stake

We don't have universal commitments, but we have a universal stake in there not being aggression and in the ability of small nations to live alone and not be molested simply because they live near a great power. Otherwise the total fabric of international life collapses and this becomes once again the law of the jungle where the denizens of the jungle have weapons that just must be used if man is to survive.

The real problem is whether South Viet Nam is going to be left free to live out its own life as the South Vietnamese people themselves deter-

mine it to be—free from an attempt by Hanoi to impose a political system on them by force. That would be the end result and the object of any negotiations. There is not going to be a negotiation which surrenders the freedom and the safety of South Viet Nam.

The Long & the Short

We've made it, I think, pretty clear that we are not intent upon destroying the regime in Hanoi or the regime in Peking. Our war aims have to do with peace in the area and the security of South Viet Nam. Now it isn't easy to compromise that. In other words, Hanoi either leaves South Viet Nam alone or it does not. If they do not leave it alone, we're going to support South Viet Nam. If they do leave it alone, peace can come very fast. It's not for me to say what the Communists get out of it. We don't accept the view that the burglar or the robber is entitled to something just because he makes the effort. When they have reached the point where they have decided that [victory in the south] is not a result they can achieve, then perhaps there can be peace in the area.



"GIDDAP!"

"WHOA!"

Silly Noises. In any case, there was little the President could do about the rate increase, for the Federal Reserve Board is wholly independent of Congress and the President. Indeed, by accepting the *fait accompli* gracefully, Johnson retained the goodwill of the banking community and fiscally conservative businessmen (see *U.S. BUSINESS*). Moreover, if the board's tighter money policy causes the economy to dip too sharply, Johnson can rightfully argue that he opposed the discount boost all along. On the other hand, if the 58-month-long economic boom continues unabated, as most economists expect it to, Johnson—not the board—will get the credit.

The only really silly noises came from Congress. Texas Democrat Wright Patman, a cheap-money advocate who as chairman of the Senate-House Joint Economic Committee has waged a long feud with the Federal Reserve, announced that he would hold an investigation this week "to find out who is in charge in this country, the Reserve Board or the President of the United States." Louisiana's Russell Long, who will succeed Harry Byrd as chairman of the Senate Finance Committee when Congress reconvenes next month, showed his innocence of economics by protesting: "Nothing could be more unpopular than a major increase in interest rates on the eve of Christmas, when the average man will be borrowing money to provide gifts of joy to his wife and children. Mr. Martin's Christmas gift to the money lenders is an example of Dickens' *Christmas Carol* told in reverse."

Everybody's Catalyst

As he saw it, McGeorge Bundy's responsibility to two Presidents was to "get to the bare bones of the problem as cleanly and clearly as you could and state the alternatives as sharply as possible." In his 58 months as Special Assistant for National Security Affairs, Bundy generally succeeded. Part confidant, part cocklebur, he served prin-

cipally as a top adviser on foreign policy to John F. Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson. Last week Mac Bundy announced that he had accepted a \$75,000-a-year job as president of the Ford Foundation, starting March 1. He will be the last of the original top-echelon New Frontiersmen to take leave of the White House.

Bundy's blend of wintry pragmatism and acerbic intellectuality appealed mightily to Kennedy, who knew him even before he became dean of Harvard's Faculty of Arts and Sciences in 1953. Kennedy fleetingly considered Bundy as a possibility for Secretary of State, but finally installed him in a cluttered basement office in the White House that came to be known as "the little State Department." Under Kennedy, who cared little for rigid protocol or strict administrative lines of organization, Bundy often had more influence on foreign policy decisions than Dean Rusk himself. He nonetheless disclaimed any interest in power for power's sake. "I'm no man's competitor," Bundy said recently, "I'm everybody's catalyst."

Despite an aura of unflappable self-confidence that sometimes approached arrogance, Bundy was willing—and able—to learn. Although he had been one of the Kennedy Administration's most ardent hawks in supporting the bungled Bay of Pigs invasion in April 1961, he later consistently counseled caution in such tight situations as the Berlin Wall crisis and the Cuban missile confrontation in 1962.

Easy Transition. As much as any man in Washington, Bundy symbolized the crisp, bright style of John Kennedy's New Frontier. He was dedicated to his job, and in the first hours after Kennedy was assassinated, he thought first of the continuity of the Government. In the urgency of those moments after the late President's body was brought back to Washington, Lyndon Johnson asked Bundy to accompany him to the White House in a helicopter from Andrews Air Force Base.

"That night I followed the man, not

the coffin," Bundy recalls. "We had not much doubt about what J.F.K. would have wanted us to do. He never had the notion that because you loved the man at the center of the work he had to be the center of your being. The transition was easier for me. I hadn't given a year of my life campaigning for him." Bundy regarded his role as simply an "institutional assignment," and continued to fill it as energetically for Johnson as he had for Kennedy.

Inevitably, the job lost some of its ego-tingling excitement in Johnson's White House. Whereas Kennedy had sometimes bypassed his Cabinet members if he felt it would speed a decision, Johnson punctiliously works through the chain of command, and has increasingly sought the advice of Dean Rusk and Robert McNamara on foreign policy. However, despite columnists' occasional claims that the President and Bundy could not get along, the two seldom disagreed on major decisions. Bundy was picked by Johnson to go on a fact-finding mission to Saigon last year, was later dispatched to the Dominican Republic for what proved to be an ineffectual attempt at peace talks during the height of the murderous fighting there.

"Hard Realities." If he lacked the temperament and experience to be a political troubleshooter, Bundy nonetheless proved a valuable link between the worlds of intellect and action. His most notable public service to the Johnson Administration occurred last summer during the early campus-based protests against U.S. involvement in Viet Nam. Applying a scathingly articulate scorn honed by years of campus one-upmanship, Bundy met the critics on their own ground. "I think many of them have been wrong in earlier moments of stress and danger," he declared. "I think many of them mis-



McGEORGE BUNDY

Out of the basement and into the Ford.

understand the hard realities of this dangerous world."

Bundy's departure from the White House staff had been predictable for weeks (TIME, Nov. 19). Indeed, the Ford Foundation job was hard to resist. It will allow him to keep in touch with national and foreign affairs while maintaining contact with the worlds of politics and academe—all fine points for a man who might still aim to be Secretary of State. Characteristically, Bundy slammed no doors. Though he was a registered Republican when he signed up with John Kennedy, he told a reporter last week: "I am no longer a Republican." Asked the newsmen: "You mean you're a Democrat?" With a smile that indicated he might be his own best catalyst, Bundy replied: "I didn't say that."

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Hard Talk About Hardware

Pakistan's press, which turned vociferously anti-American during the fighting with India in August and September, now allows that Lyndon Johnson is "one of the most dynamic Presidents the U.S. has ever had." Unsurprisingly, the journalistic encomiums heralded Pakistan President Mohammed Ayub Khan's arrival in Washington this week. India's newspapers also started lauding Lyndon last week, after it was announced that Premier Lal Bahadur Shastri will land in the U.S. on Feb. 1 for the Indian statesman's first U.S. visit.

President Johnson postponed conferences with the Pakistani and Indian leaders last April for fear that their presence might complicate the foreign-aid debate in Congress. Thus he will now be getting down to one of the most perplexing foreign-policy problems facing the U.S.

"Kashmir Is Ours." Pakistan eagerly awaits resumption of U.S. military aid, which was halted when the Pakistanis used U.S. weapons against India. While Ayub was hopeful that the U.S. would continue to exert economic pressure on India for a Kashmir compromise, Washington last week promised to 1) help New Delhi avert a famine by accelerating shipment of 1,500,000 tons of grain and 2) stimulate its own food production by granting a \$50 million loan for fertilizer.

Between Shastri's insistence that "Kashmir is ours" and Ayub's urging that the Administration reaffirm its 1949 support for a plebiscite to determine the disputed territory's future, Johnson can hardly hope to send both men away happy. He will press hard, nonetheless, for withdrawal of both nations' troops from the explosive battle area. And, while Washington has emphasized in advance that it does not seek to dictate Pakistan's foreign policy, Johnson will make clear to Ayub that the U.S. will not continue to support his nation if it uses its *rapprochement* with Red China as a gun in India's back.



AYUB EN ROUTE TO U.S.
No rush to pay.

Deep-Down MLF? The Administration will also be searching for answers to European problems. Britain's Prime Minister Harold Wilson follows Ayub for a two-day round of conferences. Then comes West Germany's Chancellor Ludwig Erhard. With both visitors, the main topic will be military hardware.

Wilson, while convinced that Britain should remain a worldwide power, feels that it cannot afford its growing defense expenditures (\$4.3 billion this year), and would like a firm commitment on the U.S. contribution to joint military projects—notably a new chain of island bases east of Suez (TIME, Nov. 19). Johnson, for his part, will invite British cooperation in providing an alternative to the proposed NATO multilateral force (MLF) of missile-firing surface ships, a plan that sank under the weight of allied disagreement. Johnson hopes instead that Britain will turn over its Polaris submarines, now abuilding, to a new NATO nuclear force to be operated jointly on a shared-cost basis as a kind of deep-down MLF.

Money & Results. The question of nuclear sharing is also uppermost in Erhard's mind. As the second biggest contributor to NATO, Bonn believes it is entitled to play a greater role in atomic strategy and weaponry. The NATO Polaris force would be one answer. Meanwhile, Washington is organizing a special consultative body within NATO, in which contingency planning would be open to review and revision by NATO members if necessary.

Anxious as they are to assume greater responsibility for nuclear decisions, few NATO allies have as yet volunteered to assume a just share of the cost of the U.S.-supplied weapons. Thus, whether discussing nuclear policy or the Kashmir question, Lyndon Johnson can reasonably point out to his visitors that the U.S., with a war on its hands, can only afford to put its hardware where it seems likely to produce hard results.

CITIES

Poor No More

"Goddammit," roared Chicago's Democratic Mayor Richard Daley, "they're kicking the hell out of us!" The Windy City's plain-spoken boss was referring not to Republicans, but to underprivileged citizens who might ordinarily be among his most loyal supporters were it not for a delayed time bomb built into the \$2.3 billion war on poverty that has repeatedly brought the Democratic program into conflict with big-city Democratic machines.

Cascading Dollars. The fuse is a section of the 1964 Economic Opportunities Act requiring that local programs be "developed, conducted and administered with the maximum feasible participation of the groups served"—meaning the poor. Now that the Federal Government is cascading \$30 million a week in anti-poverty funds into 2,000 U.S. communities, the poor have power.

Chicago's poor are waging a bitter offensive against Daley, who has maintained iron control over the \$21 million that the city has received so far. Daley's 75-member Committee on Urban Opportunity (chairman: Richard Daley) is securely bastioned in favor of city hall. Last week, presiding over a banquet celebrating the first anniversary of his anti-poverty board, the mayor grandly ignored pickets from the Woodlawn Organization, a militant neighborhood action group, parading outside to protest its exclusion from the parent body. To charges that wardheeler dominate his program, Daley retorted: "What's wrong with the politician, if the politician is conducting his office in a proper manner?"

"Empire Building." In Newark, N.J., Democratic Mayor Hugh Addonizio has been locked in struggle with the United Community Corporation, the agency that took control of the city's anti-poverty program. When Addonizio warned the U.C.C. against "empire building," its president, Rutgers Law Dean C. Willard Heckel, vowed that the agency "would alter the power structure of the city." Many politicians fear that is no idle boast. In Los Angeles, it took the Watts riots to persuade Democratic Mayor Samuel Yorty to accept even seven representatives of "disadvantaged" areas on his 35-member poverty board.

In a recent report on the anti-poverty program, the U.S. Conference of Mayors charged that lack of "coordination" has "caused serious concern among those who have worked hard to develop umbrella-type agencies at the local level"—a not-so-subtle hint that the bosses want less interference from amateurs. Sargent Shriver, director of the Office of Economic Opportunity, is not about to abandon the concept of participation by the poor, not only because it is the law, but also because of his conviction that politicians and the deprived can work constructively to

gether—as they have done successfully in Detroit, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Atlanta and elsewhere.

"Class Warfare." Last May, 13,495 Philadelphia poor elected councils to help administer the program in each of a dozen slum neighborhoods. "Poverty Pocket G" in north-central Philadelphia is now supervised by three whites and nine Negroes from the neighborhood, who serve without pay.

Nevertheless, the Administration has been caught in angry crossfire between warring city factions, and Poverty Czar Shriver is under pressure from President Johnson to calm the storm. Two weeks ago, Shriver killed a controversial research project that OEO had financed at Syracuse University. The program, aimed at encouraging the poor to promote their own interests more vigorously, was canceled after federal funds were used 1) to transport mobs to heckle Republican Mayor William Walsh during his re-election campaign, and 2) to bail demonstrators out of jail. Declared Walsh: "This program from its inception has tried to promote class warfare. Its concept, its purpose and its methods are completely alien to our American way of life."

The trouble in many cases is that some administrators seem to believe that the war on poverty begins at home. Last month OEO held up further funds to Boston pending an investigation of charges that 130 less-than-deprived youths collected \$25,000 in wages last summer on anti-poverty projects. In New York City, Livingston Wingate, executive director of Harlem's HARYOU-ACT youth agency, stepped down at least temporarily from his regular duties last week, ostensibly to work full time on the agency's books. Official audits have not yet been completed, but HARYOU reportedly is unable to account for up to \$2,000,000 of the funds it has received in the past year.



DALEY & SHRIVER

The Why's of Watts

A week after the savage Watts riots last August, California's Governor Pat Brown appointed a commission to find the reasons for the six-day uprising. The commission, headed by tough-minded John McCone, 63, former boss of the Central Intelligence Agency, spent 100 days at its task, interviewed hundreds of people ranging all the way from the Negro whose arrest for drunken driving touched off the holocaust to Brown himself. Last week the commission released its findings and no-nonsense recommendations* with a sober warning that unless immediate action is taken, the August riots "may seem by comparison to be only a curtain raiser for what could blow up one day in the future." Highlights:

- To erase the appalling gap between the educational levels of whites and Negroes in Los Angeles schools, it urged a one-third reduction of class size in Negro schools, a permanent preschool teaching program to include all children from age three. Cost: at least \$50 million, or roughly one-tenth of the city's total school budget.
- To reduce Negro unemployment, it asked for establishment of job training and placement centers in all Negro neighborhoods, state legislation to force big employers to report how many Negroes they have on the payroll.
- To meet persistent Negro charges of police oppression, it recommended strengthening the Los Angeles' figure-head Board of Police Commissioners and creation of an inspector general's office to investigate citizens' complaints.

Even before the commission finished

* In contrast to a Washington idea conference on Negro problems, which last week came out with such far-out solutions as a federal Department of Decolonization and enclaves reserved exclusively for Negroes in the South.

its report, Chairman McCone predicted that it would anger as many people as it pleased. It did. Civil rights leaders accused it of superficiality, said it skirted around the question of police brutality, and almost entirely ducked the problem of discrimination in housing. "A mouse-size solution to lion-size problems," cried the United Auto Workers Union. The commission staff itself was split. Some thought it should tell Californians what should be done as well as what could be done. But a more pragmatic majority, led by McCone, insisted that it should deal factually with existing causes and conditions.

"There was a complete obsession with facts rather than insights," maintained one disappointed staff member. "I felt that what we needed was some perspective on where we were going. There was nothing offensive about the report—maybe that was the problem."

McCone, a bluntly honest man with a lifetime of practical experience in business and government, disagreed. "We wanted to work with real problems," he said, "not broad philosophical questions. We wanted to do something, not get bogged down in sociological speculation. We wanted immediate solutions, not theories."

THE SOUTH

A Dearth of Witnesses

Even before the trial got under way in Selma, Circuit Solicitor Blanchard McLeod admitted: "It is a weak case. I do not have the facts." After four days of testimony last week, the all-white jury concurred. It took just 95 minutes to acquit three white fellow citizens of the murder of James J. Reeb, a white Unitarian minister from Boston who was clubbed to death in the Alabama city last March after participating in civil rights demonstrations.

Weak case or not, McLeod's as-

CHICAGO SUN-TIMES



CHICAGO PICKETS AT ANTI-POVERTY BANQUET
No time for amateurs? No time to lose.

sistant, Virgis Ashworth, handled the prosecution vigorously and intelligently enough to give the defendants some bad moments. His best witnesses were two other white Yankee ministers who were beaten along with Reeb after the trio left a Negro café. Both the Rev. Clark Olsen and the Rev. Orloff Miller identified one of the accused, Elmer L. Cook, 42, as among their assailants. "There is no question in my mind," Olsen persisted under tough cross-examination by Defense Attorney Joe T. Pilcher Jr., "that Mr. Cook is the one who attacked me."

Severe Handicaps. But there was considerable doubt that Cook had struck Reeb. And there was no direct evidence at all to seriously incriminate the other two defendants, William Hoggle, 37, and his brother Namon, 31. The lack of testimony was no fault of Ashworth's. He worked under handicaps far more severe than those that usually befall

defendants in the claim with objections. But Pilcher had made his point.

The largely white audience applauded the verdict. Then the defendants shook hands with friends and happily posed for photographers. Their elation may have been premature. Cook, the Hoggle brothers and Kelley still face a federal charge of conspiracy to deprive a citizen of his civil rights. Three Alabama klansmen were found guilty on the same charge the previous week in federal court after one of them had twice been tried on murder charges by state juries that refused to convict.

DEFENSE

Strategic Realignment

On Capitol Hill, two of Robert McNamara's most controversial canons are that 1) missiles must replace manned bombers as the primary strategic nuclear weapons, and 2) superfluous mili-

cal attack craft now on order by the Air Force and Navy. The Air Force, arguing that flexibility requires a permanent "mix" of missiles and ultramodern bombers, would prefer a three- or four-man craft equipped with exotic "penetration aids" to get it past enemy radar and missile defenses. Its ideal plane would have a range at least equal to the most advanced B-52s—nearly 10,000 miles fully loaded. What the Air Force is getting, at least for now, is essentially a beefed-up two-man fighter with limited capacity for penetration aids, a round-trip range of 4,000 to 6,000 miles and a speed of 1,200 m.p.h., twice that of the earlier B-52s. Thus, for intercontinental strategic missions, the FB-111 would depend on tankers for in-flight refueling. But the moveable-wing plane would be able to haul nuclear weapons, air-to-ground missiles or 38,000 lbs. of conventional bombs.

While his announcement of the new bomber helped to blunt congressional criticism, senior members of the Armed Services Committee were enraged that McNamara acted without consulting them. The committees undoubtedly will try to make McNamara's life difficult early in the new year, when he brings his fiscal 1967 defense budget to Capitol Hill. But, as in past fights over bombers and bases, Congress will find that it has little power to alter McNamara's decisions and even less inclination to deny him the \$1.7 billion he will request for the new bomber.

THE WAR

Saigon's Santa

In her spare time, Mrs. Ruth Kasper of Pennside, Pa., managed to collect 800 lbs. of pretzels. In Dubuque, Iowa, businessman John Walsh and eleven friends in five weeks rounded up enough books, cigarettes, candy, peanuts and soap to fill 3,500 cartons. Boston's Christmas Festival Committee, which is usually preoccupied with decorating the Common in late fall, raised \$3,000 to buy gift packages from the city's fanciest grocer, S.S. Pierce. In Richmond, a neighborhood civic association passed the hat, bought 1,656 fruitcakes. A Charleston, W. Va., record-store owner asked teen-agers for their old records, was deluged with 3,300 in one week.

In Dover, Del., U.S.O. Worker Pansy Pendergrass collected 8,000 books. In Michigan, with Republican Governor George Romney's blessing, a newspaper reporter organized a drive that amassed 7,000 cans of soft drinks, 6,500 cans of foot powder, 5,000 bottles of aspirin, 45,000 tubes of toothpaste, 4,500 packages of gum, and thousands more handy items from applesause to shaving cream.

"Our Answer." Last week all those and many more tons of gifts were on their way to U.S. soldiers in Viet Nam for Christmas. Hundreds of thousands of Americans, it seemed, had responded



THE NAVY'S FB-111
Taking aim toward canons.

Southern prosecutors trying to convict white men of civil rights murders.

One reputed eyewitness had left the state and refused to appear for the trial. There was no legal means to force his return. Another witness could not be found. A third witness was present and willing to testify. Judge L. S. Moore disqualified him for mental incompetence—he was said to behave oddly, and had been in mental hospitals prior to 1959—but the disqualification was made without benefit of psychiatric testimony. Still another eyewitness, R. B. Kelley, was excused after pleading the Fifth Amendment. Kelley was arrested after the murder but not indicted with the other three.

"Let Him Die." Defense Attorney Pilcher hinted darkly that Reeb did not die simply from his wounds. The civil rights movement wanted headlines, he contended, and there was "no motivation on the part of certain civil rights groups to have a martyr." Pilcher could produce no hard evidence that "they willingly let him die," and Ashworth rid-

tary installations must be eliminated. Last week, with Congress in recess, the Secretary of Defense took giant steps toward implementing both policies.

In one stroke the Pentagon ordered the closing, consolidation or cutting back of yet another 149 bases,* and disclosed a "realignment" of strategic forces that will scrap about two-thirds of the present big bomber fleet by 1971. All of the 80 supersonic B-58 Hustlers will go. Some 350 older-model B-52 Stratofortresses will also be phased out, leaving the Strategic Air Command with only 255 of its lumbering eight-engined giants. By then, the U.S. arsenal of land- and sea-based long-range nuclear missiles will have grown from 1,238 to 1,710.

Enter FB-111. McNamara also announced that he would order 210 FB-111 bombers, a heavier version of the F-111 (the celebrated TFX) tacti-

* Bringing to 852 the number of installations affected by cutbacks since 1961, for an estimated saving of \$1.5 billion a year.

to the same gut reaction that moved Virginia Beach, Va., Housewife Betty McKenzie, co-chairman of a gift-collecting group that came up with 8,440 shoe boxes full of socks, tobacco, razor blades and candy. Said she: "It was our answer to draft-card burners, beatniks and anti-Viet Nam demonstrators."

To move most of the million-plus pounds of goodies, the Pentagon hurriedly organized Operation Christmas Star, a gift-lift mounted by Air Force Reserve and Air National Guard planes and pilots (who flew on their own time). By last week, 64 plane-loads had been ferried the 8,000 miles from California to Viet Nam, with 18 more scheduled to go before Christmas. Many more gifts went by mail or private transportation. Michigan's Booth newspaper chain picked up the tab for airlifting the state's Christmas packages to Michigan boys in the war zone.

Nor were the embattled people of South Viet Nam forgotten. YES ACT (Youth Expresses Support Through America's Christmas Trains and Trucks), a nationwide effort sponsored by the Junior Chambers of Commerce, the Young Democrats and the Young Republicans to send them \$100 million worth of food, clothing, medicine and school supplies, was more than halfway toward its goal last week as a California-bound train left Washington to pick up 100 boxcars of goods across the country.

Christmas will be hardest perhaps for the families of the 1,438 U.S. soldiers who have fallen in Viet Nam. They, too, will be remembered—by the people of West Berlin. As a result of a campaign by the city's ten dailies, each bereaved family will receive a bone china replica of Berlin's Freedom Bell—inscribed with the words: "From freedom loving Berliners who know the liberty of their city is also gallantly defended in Viet Nam."

FRED KAPLAN



LOADING GIFTS FROM BOSTON

And Merry Xmas from Pansy Pendergrass.

Honors Course in the Jungle

At breakfast time on a jungle road in Viet Nam last week, Dwight Owen killed a Communist and saw dozens of Americans die. On patrol with a 1st Infantry Division search-and-destroy unit in the Iron Triangle 35 miles northwest of Saigon, the gangling (6 ft. 4½ in.) 19-year-old was walking down a path munching his B rations when a Viet Cong .50-cal. machine gun opened fire. Then, from all four sides and above, more machine guns, grenade launchers and snipers' rifles poured lead into the detachment, felling two G.I.s instantly. From a thicket where he had taken cover, Owen saw a flicker in the dense jungle opposite. "Then it moved again," he recalls. "I fired six shots. No more movement."

There are healthier ways to take a sabbatical from Stanford University. But Dwight Hall Owen Jr., an inquiring, venturesome sophomore from Providence, R.I., who for kicks mined gold in Honduras when he was 18, decided last spring that he had to reach his own decisions about the war, the world—and Dwight Hall Owen Jr. "I wanted to see the world while I'm still young and impressionable," he explains, "before prejudices have a chance to harden. I wanted to be on my own completely, for once in my life, and—I don't know—I guess I wanted to prove a kid could still do it."

Alms & the Man. This kid could, Armed with \$600 in traveler's checks and a beguiling blend of corn and con ("I'm a beggar seeking alms of knowledge, and people have to help me"), he flew to Europe, took a two-month motor-scooter tour of Britain and the Continent and parlayed a school first-aid course into a job as hospital attendant on a U.S. freighter leaving Genoa for Hong Kong. In Saigon, dauntless Dwight flashed a letter from the Providence Journal promising to consider publishing any dispatches he might send home—and was accredited as a full-fledged war correspondent. His first taste of enemy fire came during a Skyraider napalm attack on a Viet Cong stronghold in Zone D.

Next came a river-boat foray in the Mekong Delta ("We took some sniper fire"). After that, Owen got his chance to go out with the 1st Infantry in the "boondies" near Lai Khe. Save for Providence Journal stitched over his left shirt pocket, he was garbed—and armed—like every other foot slogger in the detachment.

Zapped Again. It was on the second day of the patrol that the unit got bushwhacked. When the Communists opened fire, Owen struggled loose to form a defensive formation with half a dozen others. After firing a few rounds, his weapon jammed. "I'd never fired an M-14 before," he says. "I figured I'd better learn." Yanking out the blocked magazine, Owen replaced it and aimed

LE WINH



OWEN IN VIET NAM
Watches ticking on dead wrists,

at what looked like a moving tree. It spun sideways and fell. "Man, I was really praying then," he says. To stay alive? "Heck, no," he replies earnestly. "I was praying for a clear field of fire."

On its way out, despite heavy support from U.S. bombers, fighters and strafing helicopters, Owen's unit was zapped again—badly. Several dozen men died; more than a hundred were wounded. Viet Cong casualties were twice as high. When the patrol linked up with a forward unit, a captain picked "volunteers" to go back for wounded stragglers. One of the first, because of his size, was Dwight Owen, who protested feebly that he was a correspondent. "Well, son," said the captain, "you're a military professional now." Wearily shouldering up, Owen helped carry 30 wounded troopers from the darkening jungle into the defensive perimeter.

"Here to Learn." That night, his 170th away from home, Dwight Owen spent in a moonlit foxhole half filled with water, surrounded by the death-black jungle. "I was thinking about the watches still ticking on the wrists of the dead," he recalls. "The guys with their heads blown off—and the guys back at the fraternities having their good times. I thought about mother and dad and a girl back home. And I thought about my country and my own people."

He may not see either for some time. The U.S. Operations Mission is processing his application for a twelve-month job as an assistant province representative. If he gets it, he will be the youngest in Viet Nam. Last week, on his way to a two-week training course with a tough Vietnamese Ranger outfit, Dwight Owen insisted: "I came here to learn." He admitted, nonetheless, that his honors course in the jungle has left "a sadness, a depth of sadness, going all the way through me. It won't ever go away."

HOW VATICAN II TURNED THE CHURCH TOWARD THE WORLD

"THE whole world expects a step forward," said John XXIII as he opened the Second Vatican Council in October 1962. When Pope Paul VI formally closed it last week, he heralded it as "among the greatest events of the church." Whatever the future's judgment, there can be little doubt that the council indeed represents a major and momentous step forward in carrying Christendom's oldest, largest body into modern times and bringing it into closer contact with all men—Catholic or not, Christian or not, religious or not.

Vatican II was strikingly different from the 20 other ecclesiastical assemblies that Roman Catholicism ranks as ecumenical. It is the first council that did not face, or leave in its wake, heresy or schism. Councils have always been the church's last-resort response to crisis—from the First Council of Nicaea, summoned by Emperor Constantine in 325 to combat the Arian heresy, to Trent (1545-63), which had to cope with the Reformation, to the abortive Vatican I (1869-70), which faced bewildering currents of anticlericalism and the effects of the ever-widening industrial revolution.

At the time Vatican II convened, there were few obvious threats, few violent complaints among its 560 million members. Yet the church was scarcely facing up to the growing secularization of life, the explosion of science, the bitter claims to social justice in old nations and new. Catholic theology, dominated by a textbook scholasticism, appeared to have stopped in the 13th century. Except by a few pioneer ecumenists, Protestants were unhesitatingly regarded as heretics. When not openly despised as the devil's realm, the modern world was at least suspect.

Today this sort of thinking seems almost as remote in the church as the sale of indulgences—and this is perhaps the strongest single measure of the council's achievements. The essentials of Catholic dogma stand, of course, as does Rome's claim of universality. What has changed drastically is atmosphere and attitudes. "Before, the church looked like an immense and immovable colossus, the city set on a hill, the stable bulwark against the revolutionary change," says the English Benedictine abbot, Dom Christopher Butler. "Now it has become a people on the march—or at least a people which is packing its bags for a pilgrimage."

Legacy of Free Debate

In all, more than 2,400 patriarchs, cardinals, bishops and religious superiors took part in the council's deliberations. For the first time in history, observers from Protestant and Orthodox churches not only sat in attendance at the debates, but were also consulted by the prelates responsible for shaping conciliar decrees. In Rome also were more than 400 *periti*, or theological experts, and 400 newsmen who made the frank, free debates, quarrels and achievements of Vatican II front-page news in every nation outside the Iron Curtain.

The 16 promulgated decrees, constitutions and declarations that are the council's legacy divide roughly into two categories. The majority are aimed at the internal renewal and reform of Catholicism, but at least four may profoundly affect the relationship between the church and the non-Catholic world.

One document that has already changed the spiritual life of the church is the constitution *On the Liturgy*, which led to widespread introduction of vernacular languages in the Mass. Another constitution, *On the Church*, asserting that bishops collectively share ruling power over the church with the Pope, is the charter for what many theologians feel will be a slow, subtle but unstoppable process of democratization within the church. The decree *On the Apostolate of the Laity* gives greater freedom and responsibility to Catholic laymen.

Of more concern to non-Catholics are the documents that clearly define the end of the church's Counter Reformation

hostility to other faiths. One is the much rewritten constitution *On the Church in the Modern World*, which attempts to express the mind of Catholicism on such matters of common concern as peace and war, world poverty, industrialism, social and economic justice. A decree *On Ecumenism*, committing Catholicism to work for Christian unity, for the first time acknowledges Protestant bodies as churches that share God's grace and favor. The declaration *On Religious Liberty* states the right of all men to freedom of conscience in worship. Another declaration, *On Non-Christian Religions*, condemns anti-Semitism and asserts that the Jewish people as a whole cannot be accounted guilty of Christ's death.

Many bishops readily admit that these and other documents of Vatican II show some omissions and outright failures. The ecclesiastical legislation had to be shaped and sometimes compromised to gain the approval of disparate men—Italian country bishops who have seldom seen Protestants, and Dutch prelates who pray with them almost daily; U.S. cardinals whose most pressing concern is a multimillion-dollar building fund, and Asian missionaries whose church is a Quonset hut. Methodist Observer Albert C. Outler of Texas says that "several of the decrees and declarations are substandard; several are no better than mediocre." One of the worst is a decree on mass communications which implies the right of governments to censor the press; hardly better is the declaration *On Christian Education* which is little more than a cliché-ridden defense of parochial schools.

Several other documents are clouded by defensive, cautionary phrasing. The noble declaration *On Religious Liberty*, for example, insists that all men have a duty to embrace Catholicism once they recognize its truthful claims, and argues that the church has always professed liberty of conscience—which ignores several centuries of the Inquisition. The bitterly debated declaration *On Non-Christian Religions* is not nearly as direct or forceful as the original draft proposed, and omits what might have given it maximum moral impact—a phrase acknowledging the church's role in fostering anti-Semitism in previous centuries.

More disappointing to many Catholics is that Vatican II did not settle pressing ethical issues—most notably, birth control. Since the Pope demanded that this problem be left for him alone to solve, *On the Church in the Modern World* does little more than reaffirm Catholicism's traditional opposition to contraception. Nonetheless, some progressives take heart from the facts that the text does assert that only parents have the right to decide how many children they shall have, and does not close the door to future change.

Common Responsibility

The success or failure of Vatican II cannot be judged merely by the bulk of written documents. More important is the spirit that brought the council together and inspired its discussions. The most apparent impact of those discussions was the bishops' self-discovery of their common responsibility for the church as a whole. By working together, says Dr. John K. S. Reid, an observer from the World Alliance of Reformed and Presbyterian Churches, "the council has enabled the Roman Catholic Church to form a common mind. At the first session nothing was decided. In the final session, a real consensus had grown up."

This consensus, Reid adds, acknowledged the insights of thinkers who, before the council, were considered almost an underground minority—such as U.S. Jesuit John Courtney Murray, whose theories on church-state relations provided background for the religious-liberty statement. In the wake of this progressive victory has come what Dominican Edward Schillebeeckx of Nijmegen University calls "the triumph of anti-triumphalism"—the rejection by the council of the world-hating, anathema-hurling Counter Reformation

tion conviction that Catholicism alone possessed the truth of life. In contrast to past councils, which devoted much of their time consigning to eternal flames those who did not agree with majority decisions, Vatican II issued no such condemnations. On the floor of St. Peter's, Vienna's Franziskus Cardinal König argued that the church has much to learn from the world, even from atheism.

In stating what the church today believes, the bishops sometimes found fresh, nontraditional language that escaped from what Italian Bishop Jolando Nuzzi calls "the Western mortgage" on scholastic theology. By way of evidence, Bernard Häring, a German Redemptorist theologian, cites what happened to *On Divine Revelation*. "The first text intended to define precisely the declaration of faith by excluding as many thoughts from today's theology as possible," he says. "The style was abstract, negative. The final draft tries to avoid any uncertain declaration, and thus leaves room for further research and dialogue."

All this reflects the new understanding of the nature of the church that has emerged from Vatican II. Many council documents explicitly reject the notion that Catholicism is primarily a juridically organized and hierarchically governed institution; what they assert instead is that the church is above all the people of God, on a journey that will remain incomplete until the second coming of Christ. Says India's Archbishop Eugene D'Souza: "The church's whole approach to the world is one of sincere admiration, not of dominating it but of serving it, not of despising it but of appreciating it, not of condemning it but of strengthening and saving it." Such a new attitude toward the world implies what Bishop Joseph Blomjous of Tanzania calls the "positive appreciation of terrestrial values in themselves." Cardinal-Patriarch Maximos IV Saigh of Antioch argues that the effect of the council has been to "put the church into a permanent state of dialogue—dialogue with itself for a continuous renewal; dialogue with our Christian brothers in order to restore the visible unity of the body of Jesus Christ; dialogue, finally, with today's world, addressed to every man of good will."

After the Wedding

"The council has been like a beautiful wedding ceremony," says San Antonio Auxiliary Bishop Stephen Leven. "But what counts is how the marriage works out in life and practice." There are plenty of signs that Pope Paul agrees. He calls the council not so much an end as a beginning. Paul has long promised to reform the Vatican's entrenched, antiquated Curia, a move the council also demanded in *On the Pastoral Office of Bishops*. As a first step, Paul last week announced a major overhaul of the stern, bureaucratic guardian of dogma, the Holy Office. Now known as the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith, it must allow anyone charged with "error" the right to defend himself.

Paul, when he set up an advisory Synod of Bishops, also gave positive meaning to the concept of collegiality enunciated by the council. In pursuit of Christian unity, Paul and Patriarch Athenagoras of Constantinople last week issued a joint statement deplored the mutual excommunications that Roman Catholic and Orthodox leaders had hurled at each other in 1054. Within months, it is expected that Paul will announce changes in Catholic discipline, such as a relaxation of the rules against mixed marriages and abolition of the compulsory Friday abstinence from meat.

It took 30 years for the decrees of Trent to take hold, and even in this century of rapid communication, it may take nearly as long before the promise of Vatican II is realized. For one thing, many members of the still-powerful Roman Curia, and conservative prelates in such countries as Ireland, Spain and Italy, are likely to give only lip service to conciliar decrees. In some dioceses, says Jesuit Scholar John McKenzie, "there will be little reform until the death of the present incumbent." Many bishops, moreover, will be returning home to face the hostility or incomprehension of pastors and laymen who have not had the exalting experience of the four sessions in St. Peter's aula. Much of the council's impact will not be felt until a reform of church seminaries and schools produces a new generation of priests and laymen.

As in any area of life, progress is likely to depend upon the initiative of an adventurous few. Joseph Cardinal Ritter of St. Louis and the Bishops of Oklahoma City-Tulsa and Wheeling have already announced plans to hold "Little Councils" in their own dioceses, in which laymen as well as priests and nuns will take part. Boston's Richard Cardinal Cushing plans to establish lay councils in every parish.

In the view of many churchmen, the renewal achieved by Vatican II challenges Protestantism to put its own houses of God in order and revise its attitude toward the church against which the Reformation rebelled. "If the Roman Catholic Church had looked 450 years ago as it looks today," says Germany's Evangelical Bishop Otto Dibelius, "there would never have been a Reformation." Says U.S. Lutheran Leader Franklin Clark Fry: "Thank God that the council responded to the leading of the Holy Spirit as far as it did."

Spirit of Fraternity

One likely result of the dialogue between Catholics and Protestants, in the view of Pittsburgh's Catholic Bishop John Wright, is "immediate unity in good works and charity"—more cooperation by missionaries of both churches, common action on social issues, frequent prayer in common, even a joint Catholic-Protestant Bible. But, warns Dr. Alan MacArthur of the Church of Scotland, while "the glaciers are melting, the Alps remain." Many Catholics and Protestants now regard the dogmatic differences between their churches as less and less relevant—but differences are still there. The theologians frankly admit that divided Christianity is intellectually no closer than before to resolving such issues as the role of the Pope, the nature of church organization, the place of Mary in Christian devotion. On this score, all that has happened is that Vatican II has raised hopes for unity where there were none before.

The council's work may have only limited effects in the world of politics, economics and other "practical" matters—but effects there will be. For one thing, the Church of the Council has a new attitude toward Communism, contrasting with the almost crusading anti-Communism of Pius XI and Pius XII. While Paul, more conservative than John, has warned afresh of Communism's errors, Vatican diplomats have been busy negotiating better operating conditions for the church in Iron Curtain countries. Nowhere in council pronouncement is there a condemnation of Communism by name. There is room for debate about the wisdom of this new posture, but the fact that the church is willing to take the risk is a sign of a new flexibility. To a great extent, the church now seeks to combat Communism less through head-on hostility than by championing social reform.

In general, the council indicates a new attitude toward a complex, pluralistic world. At its birth, the church was a beacon of moral light that stood apart from the Roman society in which it flourished. For more than 1,000 years after Constantine, it was a power within society, acquiring some of the pride, intolerance and triumphal spirit that is part of power's corruption. At the Reformation and after, the church reacted badly to the loss of its claim to be God's only spokesman and clung to its shrunken patrimony of power in ways that justified the exasperation of those who stood outside it.

Vatican II has made it clear that the church is ready to abandon "triumphalism," to erase the nonessential traditions that have often kept it from being credible as a moral force in the world at large. Without denying its own belief that it has a special divine mission, Catholicism now acknowledges that it is but one of many spiritual voices with something to tell perplexed modern man. When medieval Popes spoke to Kings and Princes, they listened and obeyed—or ran the risk of excommunication and exile from society. The words of Paul VI and his bishops to Presidents and Premiers bear no such threat; but neither did those of the Apostles to Roman procurators. Thus the more the church returns in spirit to the unfettered simplicity of the Gospel from which it sprang, the more likely it is that its voice will be heeded again by the world.

THE WORLD

FRANCE Down from Olympus

Withdrawn and hurt, Charles de Gaulle brooded for two days in his Colombey château. Then he descended on Paris by helicopter to inform his Cabinet and the nation that "Naturally, I will be present on December 19." Premier Georges Pompidou thereupon summoned good Gaullists everywhere to "general mobilization" on *le général's* behalf in the Dec. 19 presidential runoff. "It must be demonstrated," exhorted a perturbed Pompidou, "that in the face of the dazzling demagoguery of the opposition, Gaullism, too, can open paths to the future." Premier Pompi-

All Against One. De Gaulle was the most bitterly surprised of anyone. So sure of himself and so contemptuous of the opposition was he that he sloughed off campaigning as beneath his dignity. He scorned to use the full two hours of television and two of radio time allotted to each of the six candidates. He refused to debate issues with his opponents, serving condescending and intimidating notice on the French public that the choice was simply himself "or confusion." He would not even consider stooping to public appearances or speeches. But while he kept a haughty silence, his opposition campaigned all over France. It was a heady new wine for a richly political people parched for

townsmen he lectured in the style of a *petit bourgeois* professor. Grease-smeared workers in a Renault plant he harangued with: "They must not ask us to bow our heads when they beat us! The workers will march where they wish, and why not to the *Arc de Triomphe*?"

Toothsome Telegenicity. Center Candidate Jean Lecanuet, 45, drew his support from Centrist De Gaulle himself—and thus was decisive in forcing the runoff. His well-organized advertising campaign depicted him as the youthful symbol of France's future, a kind of French Kennedy ("John Fitzgerald Lecanuet," sneered the Gaullists). His toothsome telegenicity seemed to grow



MITTERRAND



DE GAULLE

The Father of his Country was suddenly a Grandfather.

do then conjured up some sample rewards in the Gaullist future straight out of the American past: a car and a television set for each and every French family by 1970.

Such a descent from the peaks of *gloire* to the crass arena of politics hardly seemed possible for the 75-year-old master of the Elysée, long accustomed to thinking of himself in the third-person historic present. But neither French politics nor the once Olympian image of De Gaulle himself would ever be the same again. For last week, needing more than 50% of the votes in a field of six to win a first-ballot re-election as President of France, Charles de Gaulle lost. Though he ran first in the field, he got only 44% of the votes cast. Leftist François Mitterrand polled a surprising 32%. Catholic Centrist Jean Lecanuet came from nowhere to win 16%, and the three other candidates garnered a total of 8%. The result forced De Gaulle into a runoff next week with Mitterrand—the most resounding and unexpected defeat for a Western political leader since Britain turned Winston Churchill out of office in 1945.

politics for the past seven years under monolithic Gaullism.

De Gaulle's aloofness freed his opponents from wasting breath and posters fighting each other; it was all against De Gaulle. To a man they joined in flaying De Gaulle for his anti-Common Market, anti-NATO, anti-American attitudes without ever being forced to define their own views very clearly. They hammered at the futile, expensive grandeur of the *force de frappe*, lamented such very real social needs of the nation as schools to hospitals.

As the self-styled "unique candidate of the left," Mitterrand, 49, united Socialists and Communists behind him—a rare alliance in France. He scorned *le grand Charles* for his autocratic ways, called for more attention to domestic needs, less disruptive isolationism in French foreign policy. About the only original measure he proposed was the repeal of a 1920 law forbidding the use of contraceptives by women—pitch designed to cut into De Gaulle's massive popularity with French females. Whenever he went, Mitterrand's crowds were larger than expected, and he tailored his approach to his audience. Small

with each appearance on television, though he began the campaign a virtually unknown Senator. His theme was *vive the Common Market, vive united Europe, vive NATO*. It won the rare endorsement of "Mr. Europe" himself, Jean Monnet.

The issues thus were clearly drawn: youth v. age, temperance v. Gaullist *hubris* abroad, the needs of ordinary Frenchmen v. building the Bomb. As the campaign progressed, successive polls showed De Gaulle's once massive support tumbling. Alarmed, Gaullist strategists persuaded the general to use more of his television time. Forced into a defensive plea ill-suited to his imperial style, he came off poorly, looked pale and haggard beside his youthful competitors. Gaullist ministers whirled into a frenzy of activity in the closing days of the campaign, but it was too late. The televised image stuck. "Suddenly the father of his country was the grandfather," noted *L'Express*, more in pity than anything else. And being pitted in politics is worse than being censured.

Le Florentin. Ironically enough, it was De Gaulle who set the rules for France's first direct presidential election



LECANUET

since 1848—and it was he who was ambushed by them. "The stupidest thing of my life," he reportedly muttered afterward. The rule of 50%-or-a-runoff gave everybody, including Gaullist voters, a free and harmless chance to dissent. They could demonstrate distaste for his haughty ways and still set things straight at the runoff. It was a free swing at the general, and swing they did.

The final choice is now between De Gaulle and Mitterrand, whom Frenchmen call "*le beau François*" for his looks, "*le Florentin*" for his political suppleness. One of eight children of a Cognac railroad clerk, Mitterrand climbed to prominence through sheer brilliance and an inborn political knack for being all things to all people. Though his vest-pocket party, the left-of-center Democratic Socialist Union of the Resistance, has never amounted to much, his adaptability shoehorned him into no fewer than eleven revolving coalition Cabinets of the Fourth Republic. For at least two of his Cabinet stints, Mitterrand is given high marks.

Under the Fifth Republic, he has become known as De Gaulle's most persistent parliamentary critic. As the runoff campaign opened with televised speeches of the two candidates last week, Mitterrand declared war on some of the general's pet policies. He said that as President, he would sign the nuclear test ban treaty, which would mean canceling next year's South Pacific hydrogen-bomb test, move to heal the Gaullist-created Common Market breach in Brussels, and send French representatives to the Geneva disarmament talks that De Gaulle has long boycotted.

Who Thinks for France? For the runoff, Mitterrand has become "the candidate of the Republic" instead of "the candidate of the left," hoping to collect some of Lecanuet's centrist bloc of votes. Lecanuet, eliminated but suddenly a national figure, has announced the formation of a new "democratic center" party, which might well provide some day the *après-Gaullism* alternative to

De Gaulle. For De Gaulle can no longer count on hand-picking his successor, or on his U.N.R. Party's surviving him. No longer, in fact, can he count on a parliamentary majority; in 1967 that may well cease to exist.

Long ago, De Gaulle, who has done so much for France, snapped: "When I want to know what France thinks, I ask myself." Even if he should win on Dec. 19, he found out on Dec. 5 that France has begun to think for itself. The distinction between *l'état et lui* has been drawn, and it is not likely to be forgotten.

RUSSIA Kicks, Upstairs & Down

His eyes hollow, his black mustache working with emotion, the last of the old Bolsheviks rose to speak. "Not everyone knows that I had an operation three years ago," began Soviet President Anastas Mikoyan, 70, his voice trembling. "I feel this now, and it has an effect on my work. Now I find it difficult to carry out a big job." A frozen hush fell over the 1,443 members of the Supreme Soviet. They did not dare applaud; after all, they might be witnessing a purge.

Not so, for once. Mikoyan's retirement was, refreshingly, just that. Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev confirmed it. "Comrade Mikoyan traveled a long road in our party," he said. "The Soviet people are full of respect for the glorious working career of this outstanding Communist." With that, Mikoyan was awarded the Order of Lenin and stepped from the Soviet stage. The real news of the week lay not in his retirement, but in the changes in Russian hierarchy that followed.

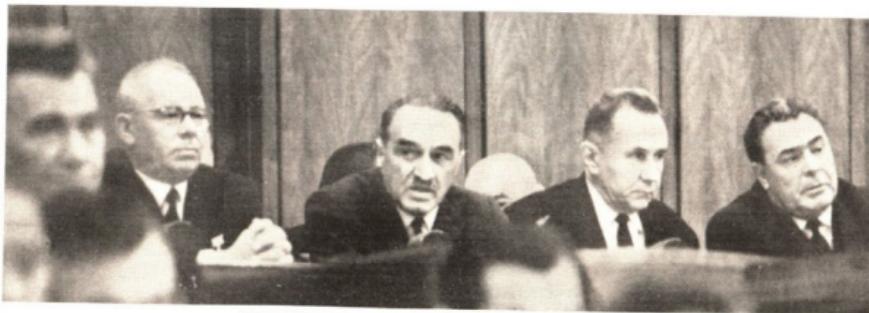
Meeter & Greeter. Mikoyan's successor as Soviet chief of state is Nikolai Viktorovich Podgorny, 62, who rose to power as a protégé of Nikita Khrushchev. A hard-bitten Ukrainian with little experience in foreign affairs, Podgorny's main claim to power in the hierarchy was his control of party



SHELEPIN
No Stalin—yet.

cadres—a job he may well lose as a result of his "elevation." The Soviet presidency is largely ceremonial, and without strong party posts its occupant is little more than a meeter and greeter. Podgorny, in short, seemed to have been kicked upstairs, with one nagging reservation: Brezhnev himself was upstairs just before the anti-Khrushchev coup, but he found some backstairs down to power.

Most important of the shifts was the one least publicized. In brief wire service bulletins, Tass tersely announced that it had been found "expedient for Aleksandr Shelepin to concentrate his activity at the Central Committee." Shelepin, 47, was "relieved" of his posts as Deputy Premier and head of a key committee exercising vigilance over every aspect of Soviet life from the army to the arts. To many Western Kremlin watchers, the lean, strongly positioned Shelepin seemed "the Stalin of the future." He may have looked that way to his peers in the Kremlin as well, for his removal last week from half of his



PODGORNY, MIKOYAN, KOSYGIN & BREZHNEV AT SUPREME SOVIET
Also snarls from a churl.

jobs was brusque and unceremonious. His watchdog committee was even broken up. Shelepin, however, retained his place in the Secretariat and Presidium; unless he is stripped of those ranks in the near future, he remains a contender for power in the long run.

News from Up There. The Kremlin shake-up left Russia's two top leaders untouched. If anything, Party Boss Brezhnev was strengthened by Podgorny's isolation, while Premier Aleksei Kosygin benefited by Shelepin's removal from the government side of the Kremlin power structure. Significantly, the budget that was passed by acclamation before the personnel changes were announced once again put stress on consumer goods and light industrial development—two aims in which Brezhnev and Kosygin concur. With much snarling about warlike U.S. imperialism, they also raised the Soviet defense budget by 5%. But the hike was in keeping with overall budget increases, and the snarling was foreshadowed by a churlish interview granted to New York Times Columnist James Reston by Kosygin earlier in the week.

Reston arrived in Moscow hoping for a rational, civilized *tour d'horizon* and found himself face to face with a fishwife propaganda harangue. "It seems, sir, both you and we are expecting some big news from up there tonight," began Reston vaguely enough. "What do you call 'Up there'?" snapped Kosygin. "Do you mean from God?" Reston only meant space shots—the U.S. Gemini 7 and the Soviet Luna 8—but the mood had been struck. Despite Reston's attempts at ingratiation ("I agree . . .") "I was certainly not suggesting . . ." Kosygin laid out a rehash of anti-American propaganda that grew harsher by the minute.

Finishing Him Off. Without raising his voice, Kosygin attacked NATO, ("Why are you arming West Germany and setting her against us?"); colonialist imperialism ("In countries which have not yet freed themselves from the imperialist yoke there is colonial slavery, worse perhaps than under the Roman Empire"); and the notion of a Johnson-Kosygin meeting ("Not feasible" until after the war in Viet Nam is resolved). On Viet Nam itself, Kosygin was amazingly ill-informed ("You have more than 100,000 troops there, and you are sending another 100,000").

Finally, Kosygin turned to his translator and said, "I really want to finish him off." Reston asked for permission to publish the interview. Kosygin agreed—but insisted on having a day to go over the transcript, "to avoid misunderstanding." The Soviet Premier obviously saw the interview as a prestigious piece of propaganda. That it may have been in Russia and, perhaps, in North Viet Nam. But elsewhere it showed Kosygin to be unsure of his facts, easily provoked into unreasoned anger and hardly master of himself—let alone a great nation.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Trap of the Harvest Moon

The elusive enemy in Viet Nam rarely shows himself in force except to spring an ambush. So last week, in the largest joint Vietnamese-U.S. Marine operation of the war, the allies purposefully set out to be ambushed—and thereby lure the Communist ambushers into a giant ambush of allied design. The prey: some 3,700 veteran Viet Cong troops who have been roaming at will up and down the province of Quang Tin between the coastal Marine enclaves at Danang and Chu Lai. The province, for more than a year a hardcore Communist stronghold beyond the reach of government troops, is a paddy-checkered producer of rice used to feed enemy troops. It is harvest time. And Viet Cong control of the region has made Route One—the natural north-south highway between Danang and Chu Lai—too hazardous for allied use.

"Operation Harvest Moon's" plan was simple enough. Vietnamese troops were to move deep into Quang Tin as bait. When the Viet Cong struck, waiting U.S. Marine units at Danang, Chu Lai and aboard the aircraft carrier *Iwo Jima* would helilift in to the rescue, surround, and hopefully wipe out the Viet Cong attackers.

Narrowing Horseshoe. The first part of the plan worked, but at fearful cost. The initial force, a battalion of Vietnamese rangers, was barely 15 miles west when a regiment of V.C.s buried deep in bunkers and armed with .50-cal. machine guns and 81-mm mortars let loose at point-blank range. The battalion's two lead companies were virtually wiped out. The Marines dashed

to positions south and west of the Viet Cong, while other South Vietnamese troops took up blocking positions. The enemy turned the flank of one Vietnamese infantry battalion and, coming up by surprise from behind, decimated the force. Meanwhile the Marines, working methodically through villages and scrub forest, tried to close the trap, while allied planes flew some 200 sorties and artillery pounded the Viet Cong. By week's end, some 6,500 allied troops, including three Marine and five Vietnamese battalions, had more than 3,000 Viet Cong squeezed into a nine-square-mile bocage.

square-mile noose.
Down in the Mekong Delta, South Vietnamese infantrymen flushed another hidden hard-core Viet Cong unit into fierce fighting scarcely 40 miles southwest of Saigon. The Communists blasted back with machine guns and 57-mm recoilless rifles. Saigon soon concluded that it had a veteran Viet Cong battalion at bay, ordered in the largest number of Vietnamese troops to be used in a single battle in the long war to try to encircle and crush the Reds.

Twelve-Hour Truce? While the fighting raged in the south, the U.S. mulled over a Viet Cong offer, broadcast over the enemy's clandestine radio, of a twelve-hour truce starting Christmas Eve. It might well be a trap; last year the Communists used a Christmas lull to take more strategic positions and to blow up a U.S. bullet in downtown Saigon, killing two and wounding 107.

LAOS

More Troublesome Trail

Each morning the 35 fighter-bomber pilots of the Royal Laotian Air Force solemnly enter the office of their commanding general and remove their personal horseshoes from pegs on the wooden wall. Then the pilots trot out to their American-built T-28s for another crack at the Ho Chi Minh trail. The horseshoes are for good luck—an old Western custom adapted to Laos—and the fliers need it, for in the past few months the Ho Chi Minh trail has undergone a grim transformation.

Elephants & Trucks. Since 1959, the 800-mile labyrinth of jungle tracks, muddy rivers and bamboo way stations within Laotian territory has been the major route south for some 45,000 Communist infiltrators heading to battle in South Viet Nam. This, despite North Viet Nam's solemn signature on the 1962 Geneva accord guaranteeing Laos' neutrality and barring foreign troops from Laotian soil. The infiltration now comes to an estimated 4,500 *troop doi* (regular infantrymen) a month. More than one third of the "trail" has been converted into broad-shouldered, two-lane dirt highways. Truck convoys move by night, along with pack elephants and rubber-sandalized coolies.

In blatant violation of the Geneva agreement, several thousand North Vietnamese soldiers are now permanent



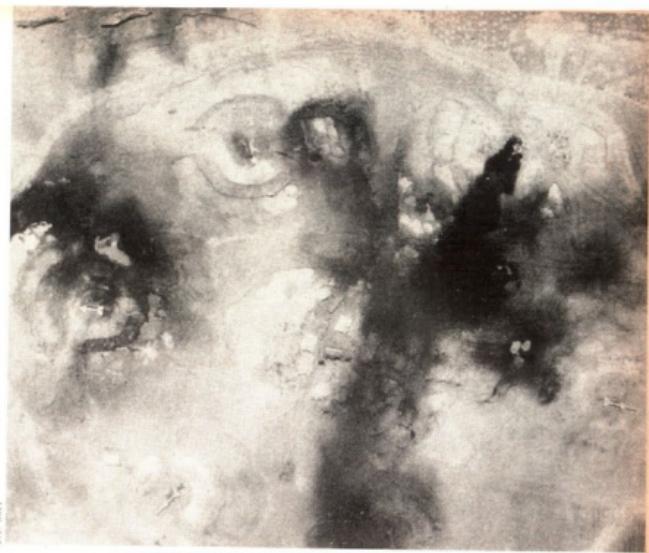
nently stationed in the Laotian "panhandle" to keep the route secure. At the same time, they plunder rice from surrounding paddies to feed the infiltrators. Said U.S. Army Vice Chief of Staff Creighton W. Abrams last week: "The road net can now move sufficient supplies to meet the requirements of all North Vietnamese and Viet Cong forces in the northern two-thirds of South Viet Nam."

Proof of that came during last month's fierce fighting around Plei Me—a South Viet Nam terminus of the trail. North Vietnamese fought fiercely to keep the U.S. 1st Cavalry out of the mountains above Plei Me, expending vast supplies of ammunition in the process. The any-cost resistance convinced many Americans that the area is a major stockpile site of the Red forces.

Laotian troops trying to maintain a semblance of sovereignty over their own territory also hit tough resistance when they pushed toward the trail around Thakhek and Savannakhet. Last month Royal Laotian T-28s trapped a company of mixed Pathet Lao and North Vietnamese troops in the open near Thakhek, killing dozens of the "Lao Viet" with their 500-lb. bombs, while ground forces pinned another 40 in a nearby cave. Last week 14 of the North Vietnamese prisoners were on display in Vientiane.

Anger & Appetite. Also last week, the International Control Commission provided for by the original Geneva agreement listed the North Vietnamese violations. And Laotian Neutralist Premier Souvanna Phouma ordered his U.N. mission to issue a complaint. "We had always respected the North Vietnamese leaders and army," said Laotian Counselor Khamchan Pradith. "We have since found out that they are only warmongers, murderers, thieves and liars."

Despite the evidence of the captured North Vietnamese soldiers, Hanoi blandly denied the charges. The supply caravans rolled on; the attacks continued. To reinforce the Laotian T-28s, U.S. jets are striking almost daily at the trail from bases in northeast Thailand and carriers in the Gulf of Tonkin. But the only way that the infiltration route can be cut off permanently is by ground blocking forces. Americans in Laos believe that it would take three full U.S. divisions to stem the flow of men and material from North Viet Nam. (Another two would be needed to block South Viet Nam's narrow upper neck at the 17th parallel.) Eventually, the U.S. may well have to come to Laos' rescue if it is to win the war in South Viet Nam. "Hanoi has an appetite," said U.S. Secretary of State Dean Rusk last week. "It has an appetite for South Viet Nam, and, I have no doubt, an appetite for Laos. The important thing is that the 1962 Geneva agreement ought to be carried out. And there is no one more ready than the United States to ensure that it is carried out."



SCATTERED MISSILES AT BOMBED SAM SITE NEAR HANOI
For every weapon, a countermeasure.

NORTH VIET NAM

SAM the Sham

How effective are the Soviet-made surface-to-air (SAM) missiles that ring Hanoi? Not nearly so effective as had been feared originally, report U.S. airmen returning from raids near the North Vietnamese capital. In the six months since the first sites became operational, Red missiles have fired 150 missiles at U.S. aircraft. Only nine U.S. planes have been hit.

Still, the rockets are treated with respect. Whenever possible, U.S. airmen fly outside their 28-mile range. And when the U.S. is attacking a SAM-defended area, rocket-firing fighter-bombers streak in before the main force to knock out the sites.

U.S. airmen have also learned, as one Viet Nam veteran puts it, "that any weapon, even a rocket, is susceptible to countermeasures." The 2,000-m.p.h., 25-ft-long SAM is susceptible, among other things, to violent maneuvers. Flying at 25,000 ft. or higher over North Viet Nam, U.S. pilots keep a sharp lookout for blast-offs, yell "telephone pole" to warn other planes in the formation when they see a SAM streak upward. For nerveless moments, the pilots fly on steady course until the pole's radar guidance system has locked onto one of them. Then they go into violent prearranged maneuvers—sharp turns, dives or climbs. Unable to negotiate abrupt high-speed maneuvers, the rocket whisks harmlessly past, hopelessly lost.

Another anti-SAM tactic: to fly so low that the missile's radar is hopelessly confused by tall objects on the ground and cannot select the correct target. Many U.S. aircraft do not have to take

such precautions at all; they are equipped with top-secret electronic countermeasures devices that befuddle the SAM radar and send the missiles off course.

Old-fashioned flak worries U.S. pilots far more than the SAMs. So far, some 150 U.S. planes have been downed over North Viet Nam by antiaircraft fire ranging from rifles to radar-controlled 100-mm. guns. The worst may still be ahead. Because of the decision to avoid bombing Hanoi and Haiphong, the North Vietnamese have had time to place at least 2,100 heavy antiaircraft cannon in the area, in addition to thousands of smaller guns. If and when the U.S. decides to attack those two cities, American airmen will have to fly through what Air Force Chief of Staff General John P. McConnell last week described as "the greatest concentration of antiaircraft weapons that has ever been known in the history of defense of any town or area in the world."

INDONESIA

Silent Settlement

In Djakarta last week, President Sukarno continued to resist the demands of military leaders that the Communist Party be outlawed for its sponsorship of the Sept. 30 coup attempt. Meanwhile, outside the capital in the hundreds of islands that form the Indonesian archipelago, individual army units and bands of violently anti-Communist Moslems were reportedly working to make the argument academic.

According to accounts brought out of Indonesia by Western diplomats and independent travelers, Communists, Red sympathizers and their families are being massacred by the thousands. Back-

lands army units are reported to have executed thousands of Communists after interrogation in remote rural jails. Moslems, whose political influence had waned as the Communists gained favor with Sukarno, had begun a "holy war" in East Java against Indonesian Reds even before the abortive September coup. Armed with wide-bladed knives called parangs, Moslem bands crept at night into the homes of Communists, killing entire families and burying the bodies in shallow graves.

Resentment against Communists that swept the country after the coup attempt heightened the Moslems' fervor and persuaded the army to turn its head as the holy war spread quickly to western Borneo and Sumatra. In Central Java the army even gave military training to Moslem youths. The murder campaign became so brazen in parts of rural East Java that Moslem bands placed the heads of victims on poles and paraded them through villages.

The killings have been on such a scale that the disposal of the corpses has created a serious sanitation problem in East Java and northern Sumatra, where the humid air bears the reek of decaying flesh. Travelers from those areas tell of small rivers and streams that have been literally clogged with bodies; river transportation has at places been impeded.

YEMEN

Dialogue of the Deaf

Yemeni tribesmen in the small and remote village of Haradh last week lopped off the heads of two oxen as sacrifices for peace. Yet the 55 delegates gathered for truce talks on a nearby plain seemed no closer to settling Yemen's three-year civil war than they were when they first convened three weeks ago. Reported an Arab newsman: "It

is the dialogue of the deaf. Both sides talk, but neither side listens."

The conference to end the bloody (100,000 battle deaths) fighting between insurgent Republicans and Royalist mountain tribesmen was actually convened by the principal backers of the two factions. The Republicans are supported by 70,000 Egyptian troops; the Royalist forces of deposed Imam Badr are backed by arms and money from Saudi Arabia and Britain. In September after the war turned into a stalemate, Saudi Arabian King Feisal and Egyptian President Gamal Abdel Nasser negotiated an uneasy cease-fire. Nasser's expeditionary force costs \$500,000 a day to maintain; both he and Feisal seem more eager than the Yemenis for a firmer peace.

The two sides began quarreling over the first issue raised: what to call the transition state that is supposed to exist until a plebiscite can be held next year. The Royalists wanted the name to be Kingdom of Yemen but were willing to settle for a neutral title like State of Yemen. The Republicans insisted on having the word republic or republican in the title. In fact, about the only thing the two sides can agree on is to suspend the conference until after the month-long Islamic holy fast of Ramadan, which begins next week. Nothing doing, said both Feisal and Nasser from afar. The conferees were told to stay in session until an agreement is reached. Yemenis being Yemenis, that may be until Haradh (average daily temperature: 98°-plus) freezes over.



THE CONGO Changing Guard

His farewell to his troops was a bit pompous, but not in the least overstated: "It has been an honor to have led you in the four glorious campaigns in which the Fifth Commando changed the face of the Congo and altered the course of history." With that, Lieut. Colonel Mike Hoare, 47, last week said goodbye to his 250-man force of white mercenaries and departed the Congo for a round-the-world cruise on his 38-ft. yacht.

Trouble was, the excitement had about run out. When Hoare was hired by Premier Moise Tshombe 1½ years ago, Communist-backed rebel Simbas controlled almost half the Congo, including the major centers of Stanleyville and Albertville. Hoare hit them so fast and so hard that he often was able to take towns by simply telephoning ahead and saying that he was coming in. His Fifth Commando helped to rescue nearly 1,800 European hostages, smashed the Simbas' resistance, and ended the threat of a Communist victory.

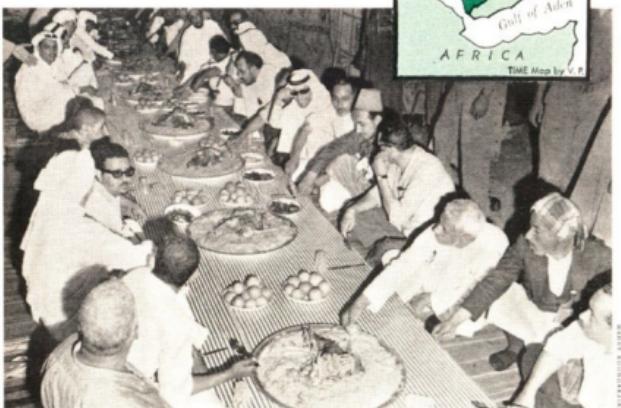
The Simbas—or what is left of them—are scattered throughout the bush. Yet some of them are still heavily armed and capable of menacing rural villages. The job of keeping them under control now passes to Major John Peters, 38, a one-time street fighter from the grimy English mill city of Leeds. A specialist in coping with sticky situations, Peters was called upon to break the Simbas' front line at Baraka, the toughest battle the mercenaries ever fought. Peters stood up, gripped his officers' baton (he never draws his pistol in battle), and led an attack that broke the Simbas' line in 20 minutes. He took a bullet in the calf in that charge, but fought on for two days before withdrawing to have the slug removed. Hoare may never be missed.

TOGO

Death Does Not Scare Easily

The night before, by local belief, demons of death stalked the village of Sotouboua (pop. 500) in northern Togo. Streets were deserted, and only the throb of a tom-tom broke the stillness. Next day the men of the village sallied forth to perform the ritual that is supposed to frighten demons away. Some wore fluttery feather headdresses and grotesque carved masks; others chewed the bark of a native bush until the drool stained their chins a deep orange color. Several of them gripped snakes and rats between their teeth. Hundreds of onlookers, including a dozen Peace Corps volunteers, jammed the main street to watch the rites.

Then, around a bend in the road careened a modern-day death demon: a ten-ton truck, thundering along at 60 m.p.h., and towing another truck behind it on a steel cable. Either the brakes had failed or the drivers had lost



TIME STAFFER, AP/WIDEWORLD

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Just like the people who give it.



In 1812 Dolley Madison risked her life to save this painting. Last year only 1,300,000 Americans saw it.

PHOTO BY: O. WINSTON LINK



"I am still here within sound of the cannon . . . Two messengers come bid me fly . . . I insist on waiting until the large picture of George Washington is secured." Hours after Dolley Madison wrote those words the White House was burned to the ground. But Dolley Madison was on her way to safety. She had saved the painting. Last year we heard that 1,300,000 Americans had seen the painting of George Washington. It didn't make us very happy. If 1,300,000 people had seen it, that meant as many as 186,000,000 people might have missed it. Group W began planning the first comprehensive program on the White House collection. What developed was a full thirty-minute television program covering 47 paintings. Art in The White House has been seen on the 5 Group W and other television stations across the country and has been made available to churches, schools and libraries. Group W is proud to have had the opportunity to record history where it's made and bring it to the American people. Mrs. Lyndon Johnson summed up our feelings best when she said in her introduction to this television program: "The White House, the home that belongs to all the American people, is a rich storehouse of recollection of our whole past as a nation. I am happy to welcome you to view the scores of historical paintings which tell of that past with so much color and meaning."

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W

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control. The people shrieked in horror as they realized that the trucks were not stopping. The first truck hit the crowd head-on. It surged a full 40 yds., rising like a motorboat over successive waves of humanity until the friction of broken bodies and torn limbs slowed and stopped it. The second truck, veering to one side and running a parallel course, also rammed into a mass of people. The tow cable between the trucks acted as a scythe, severing bodies through the middle. More than 100 dancers and onlookers died immediately, including James Driscoll, 20, a Peace Corps volunteer from Buffalo, N.Y., who had already served 16 months in Togo and had signed up for a second tour of duty. At least 300 people were injured, including four Peace Corps girls. The truck drivers ran away, but were later arrested.

Other Peace Corps workers helped organize a makeshift ambulance service that shuttled moaning survivors 40 miles south to the nearest hospital at Sokodé, where a French doctor and Togolese nurses worked all night setting fractures, amputating shattered limbs and stitching wounds. In Sotouboua, stunned villagers buried their dead and feared for the future; nearly all the village's men had been killed or severely hurt.

COMMUNISTS

And Quiet Flow the Words

In the Soviet Union, "no one is being prevented from writing anything he wants," said Russian Novelist Mikhail Sholokhov. "The only problem is how to write it and for what purpose." With that, Sholokhov headed for Stockholm, where last week he received the \$56,400 Nobel Prize for literature—and a plea from 18 free-world writers who would like him to put his mouth where his money is. The writers⁸ are incensed over the recent arrests of Soviet Critic Andrei Sinyavsky and Translator Yuli Daniel for smuggling manuscripts of satirical anti-Soviet works to the West (TIME, Oct. 29). They wanted Sholokhov, as Russia's leading writer, to defend his colleagues. But when a representative of the Western group tried to reach Sholokhov in Stockholm with the petition, his phone calls and visits to the novelist's hotel were greeted by a silence as quiet as the flow of the Don.

Smugglers & Talent. Sholokhov's fear of involvement was perhaps understandable—if pitiable—for Sinyavsky is believed to be "Abram Tertz," the most biting of Russia's underground satirists, while the lesser-known Daniel reportedly wrote rebellious novels under the name "Nikolai Arzhak." Sinyavsky also has a strong following among Moscow's youth, and last week 200 students from

⁸ William Styron, W. H. Auden, Saul Bellow, Lillian Hellman, John Hersey, Norman Mailer, Lewis Mumford, Reinhold Niebuhr, Lionel Trilling, Robert Penn Warren, Hannah Arendt, Edward Albee, Michael Harrington, Robert Lowell, Dwight Macdonald, Philip Rahv, Philip Roth, Meyer Schapiro.



THE INSTITUT LITTÉRAIRE NEAR PARIS⁹
Through the fissures filter the theme of freedom.

the Gorky Institute of World Literature (where Sinyavsky lectured) demonstrated against his arrest at the statue of Poet Aleksandr Pushkin, demanding an open trial. Cops broke up the crowd, confiscated its banners, and detained the ringleaders.

The works of both Tertz and Arzhak reached the West through an improbable smuggling network with headquarters in a 16-room Tudor mansion in the somnolent Paris suburb of Maisons-Laffitte. The smugglers themselves are mild-mannered Polish émigré intellectuals, who for 20 years have been deftly and dedicatedly slipping politically explosive manuscripts into and out of Communist Europe. They call themselves the *Institut Littéraire*, and their stable of largely anonymous Iron Curtain authors runs from Tertz through Yugoslavia's recently convicted Mihajlo Mihajlov (*Moscow Summer*). Of I.L.'s novelists, three have been arrested to date; no count has been taken of how many of the essayists and short-story writers who contribute to the group's magazine *Kultura* have been arrested.

I.L.'s boss is Jerzy Giedroyc, 58; his brother Henryk, 43, assists him. Jerzy, an energetic but embittered Pole, published two Warsaw weeklies before the war and served briefly as *chef de cabinet* to the Minister of Agriculture. When Poland fell to the Nazis, Giedroyc fled to the Middle East, joined the Free Polish army and fought through the North African and Italian campaigns. En route he met Zygmunt and Zofia Hertz, Polish Jews fresh from 14 months in a Soviet concentration camp. War's end found the trio in Rome, where they turned their literary talents to publishing the patriotic verse of Adam Mickiewicz, the Polish Byron. *Kultura* followed—only 1,000 copies at first, 6,000 today in 58 countries. But from the start, Giedroyc & Co. hoped to smuggle books

into and out of the Communist bloc.

Couriers & Hives. Shifting their headquarters to Paris, the group began to search out fissures in the Iron Curtain. Out filtered not only the manuscript of Polish Novelist Czeslaw Milosz's *The Captive Mind*, but Milosz himself. In 1951, he spent 13 months in hiding at Maisons-Laffitte before moving on to Berkeley as professor of Slavic languages. Other books and authors followed: in 1957 Marek Hlasko, winner of Poland's grandest literary award; in 1960, Andrzej Stawar, a Marxist theoretician dying of cancer who wanted to attack the Polish government before dying—and did, with his I.L.-published *Last Writings*. Stawar's study: a reconverted stable behind the suburban mansion. Tertz, Daniel, Mihajlov—all knew where to turn for Western publication. And into Eastern Europe at the same time flowed dozens of Western works, smuggled translations of Albert Camus and Arthur Koestler, Thomas Merton and George Orwell.

Just how I.L. manages its intricate network of couriers and its hives of anti-Communist industry, Giedroyc is not about to tell. Such a disclosure might not be dangerous to I.L. itself, but it could spell more years of prison for the writers I.L. publishes. Next on Giedroyc's publishing list: Mihajlov's as-yet unpublished works (working title: *Russian Themes*) and a pun-rich novel in the Joycean vein that relates the absurd experiences of a Polish security cop. "From Milosz to Tertz," says Giedroyc with a wry laugh, "there is only one theme: freedom. A writer cannot do his work under censorship and police harassment. You will find in all our books the bitterness, the sadness of life in those countries."

⁹ Out front: Zygmunt Hertz, Jerzy Giedroyc, Zofia Hertz, Henryk Giedroyc.



NOBEL PRIZEWINNERS WOODWARD, SCHWINGER, FEYNMAN, JACOB, LWOFF, MONOD & SHOLOKHOV
Silver trumpets.

With fanfares from silver trumpets, the 1965 Nobel Prize winners stepped forward to accept the awards from Sweden's King Gustav VI Adolf in Stockholm's Concert Hall. Gathering afterward to compare their \$56,400 notes were Harvard University's Dr. Robert Burns Woodward, 48, with the prize for chemistry; Harvard's Dr. Julian Schwinger, 47, and Dr. Richard P. Feynman, 47, of the California Institute of Technology, who share the physics prize with Tokyo's Dr. Shin-ichirō Tomonaga, 59; François Jacob, 45, André Lwoff, 63, and Jacques Monod, 55, sharing the prize for medicine; and Cossack Novelist (*And Quiet Flows the Don*) Mikhail Sholokhov, 60, who says he shares the prize for literature with the Soviet people even though the award does come "a little late."

How do you cross a continent with a \$2,300,000 Rembrandt without hiring a rent-a-tank? Play Santa Claus. California Industrialist Norton Simon, 58, had Rembrandt's *Titus* brought to the Los Angeles County Museum of Art by Museum Registrar Frieda Kay Fall, who gift-wrapped it at Washington's National Gallery where it's been hanging for the past six months, labeled it "To Mother" and put it under her seat on the flight home.

Boston's Crosscup-Pishon Post 281 of the American Legion printed its ecumenical announcements with pictures of its 1966 Good Government Award winners: Richard Cardinal Cushing, 70, Massachusetts Episcopal Bishop Anson Phelps Stokes Jr., 60, and Rabbi Roland B. Gittelsohn, 55, of Boston's Temple Israel. Oops. The legionnaires discovered that Rabbi Gittelsohn had been a sponsor of the peace march on Washington, withdrew the rabbi's award and printed new flyers showing Cushing and Stokes. Ouch. The Episcopal bishop protested that the rabbi had a right to protest and then himself refused the award. The Legion wearily ordered a third set of flyers picturing Cushing all

by himself. The cardinal sighed, noted that "we have four priest-chaplains of the archdiocese serving the marines in Viet Nam" and expressed "heartfelt appreciation for the award."

For about the 55th time, Librettist Alan Jay Lerner settled back to watch *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever* at Manhattan's Mark Hellinger Theater. This time he brought along a fair lady, Jacqueline Kennedy, and afterward, as the cast applauded her backstage, Jackie smiled: "Oh, Alan, I haven't seen anything I loved that much in years." Lerner hadn't gotten that big a rave in the seven weeks since the show opened, so he took the lady over to El Morocco and bought her a glass of champagne.

Juan Trippe, 66, didn't even win his varsity letter at Yale and he once admitted ruefully: "I was a guard on a

THE YALE BANNER AND POT PORCE



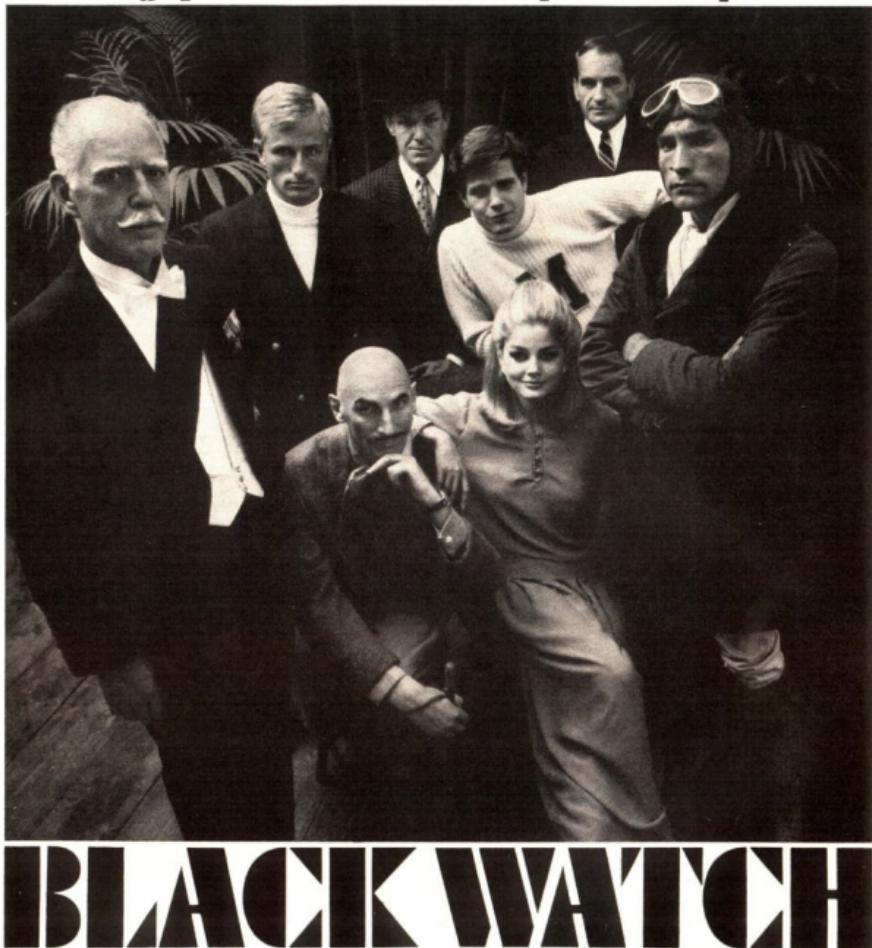
JUAN TRIPPE
Gold medal.

very poor football squad—we lost twice to Harvard and twice to Princeton in my two years." But the National Football Foundation figured he would have got the "V" if he hadn't racked up his back in his sophomore year in 1919. Anyway, he'd run pretty well later on, founding Pan American Airways in 1927. Chairman and chief executive officer of Pan Am, Trippe accepted the foundation's 1965 Gold Medal Award at the banquet in Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria and chuckled: "The selection committee must have gone berserk."

It irritated some folks in California that Mrs. Ivy Baker Priest, 60, should have all those millions of dollars' worth of free publicity in her campaign for the Republican nomination for state treasurer. Her real name has been Stevens ever since she married Real Estate Man Sidney Stevens four years ago, gripped a Los Angeles registered nurse. Nonsense, said Ivy, "I've been using Ivy Baker Priest all along," because she also has all the U.S. currency printed during the Eisenhower Administration circulating the name, which she signed as U.S. Treasurer. At last, Los Angeles Superior Court Judge Burnett Wolfson ruled that Ivy's tender old name is legal.

Queen Elizabeth had been Christmas shopping among all the other jostling customers at Harrods department store in London. But when Harrods heard that the Beatles were coming, they arranged a privilege not granted to royalty, allowed the ragamuffins to do their buying after hours behind locked doors. While Harrods thus averted a mob scene, the boys were having trouble staging a riot sale on their own goodies. Beatle John Lennon wishes to dispose of his 1965 Ferrari 330GT, "went the ad in the New York Times, and just below, there was Beatle George Harrison wishing to dispose of his 1965 Aston Martin DB-5 Saloon. Sad to say, none of the faithful has so far been able to squeak together the total asking price of \$27,580.

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THE LAW

THE SUPREME COURT

The Obscenity Chore

Obscenity is a relatively new crime. Not until 1727 was it made punishable under English common law; not until 1957 did the U.S. Supreme Court hold that it was not covered by the First Amendment guarantees of free speech and press. But even in that decision (*Roth v. U.S.*), which upheld a federal obscenity statute, the court was clearly unclear about the "dim and uncertain" line between obscenity and protected expression. Painfully, the court decreed three tests:

- Whether the material is "utterly without redeeming social importance."

allegedly dirty book in the country and subjectively decide on its merits for themselves.

"We're in Trouble." Last week the Justices all but begged for mercy during the oral arguments in three obscenity cases involving no fewer than 144 publications. How could the court rule without reading all of them? "If the final burden is on this court," groaned Chief Justice Earl Warren, who dissented in *Jacobsellis*, "then it looks to me as though we're in trouble."

In the first case, Publisher Ralph Ginzburg appealed a five-year federal sentence for putting the now defunct magazine *Eros* in the mails, along with a "newsletter" called *Liaison* and a so-

"borderline material." In short, he was saying that the Justices must read them.

No End to Headaches. That job seemed even more unavoidable in the second case, in which Edward Mishkin appealed a three-year New York sentence for publishing 140 weird little books (*Sex Switch*, *Raw Dames*, etc.) devoted to sadism and masochism—typically spiced by scenes of naked girls whipping one another. Mishkin's New York lawyer, Emanuel Redfield, confronted the Supreme Court with a new headache: "Only obscene books can be proscribed. Are sadism and masochism synonymous for obscenity?" If so, there is no end to the literature that may be prohibited."

Moreover, Redfield argued that the books cannot be tested according to the *Roth* decision as appealing to the "average person's" prurient interest. "They appeal to the elderly, the impotent and the perverse. Must one be judged by what offends others?" Indeed, can books that actually bore the average person be adjudged obscene because they rouse the prurient interest of what Justice Abe Fortas delicately called "special groups"?

Dreary Choro. With a sigh, Earl Warren called for arguments in the third case: Publisher G. P. Putnam's Sons' appeal from Massachusetts' ban on *Fanny Hill*, the enduring (1749) erotic bestseller that has been ruled non-obscene in New York. For the publisher, Lawyer Charles Rembar breezily announced: "I bring you a case in which it is not necessary to read the book." Commented Justice John M. Harlan: "Maybe I wasted my time reading it in advance." Undaunted, Rembar argued that all sorts of experts have long since attested to *Fanny's* social importance in "the development of the English novel." Publishers should not be saddled with conflicting state opinions, insisted Rembar.

By contrast, Massachusetts Assistant Attorney General William J. Cowin charged the court to view *Fanny* as an obscene "narration by a prostitute of the particulars of her trade"—a nonstop romp through 50 acts of sexual intercourse, or one every 5½ pages. Whatever experts say, Cowin insisted, the justices must plow through *Fanny* themselves. "I know it's a dreary bore," he said. Worse than that, fretted Justice Hugo Black, as he asked how the court is going to do all this censorship and do anything else."

Needed Laughter. Justices Black and Douglas would solve the problem by declaring that the First Amendment is no more embarrassed by the publication of prurient pornography than by pink notices. Both activities are fully protected, the two dissenters argued in *both*. While they recognize state power to regulate public morals, they would draw the line when state prohibitions extend beyond overt behavior, such as nudity, and enter the realm of ideas. Their view, obscenity lies in that



PUBLISHER GINZBURG & WIFF

One man's pornography is a housewife's handbook.

► "Whether to the average person, applying contemporary community standards, the dominant theme taken as a whole appeals to prurient interest."

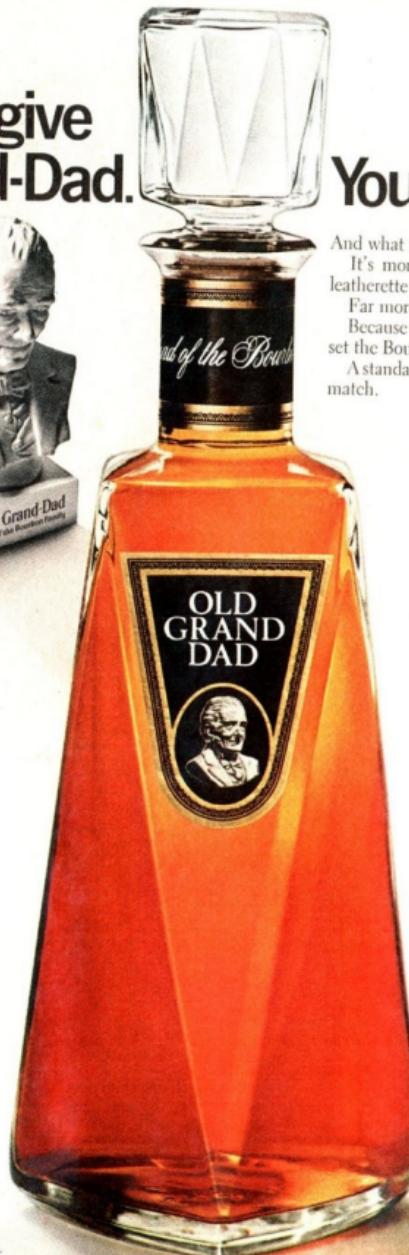
► Whether it also "goes substantially beyond customary limits of candor" to the point of "patent offensiveness."

Not only were the tests difficult to devise; they have proved almost impossible to apply. The court has yet to find a single piece of writing obscene—largely because even the worst smut seems able to meet the test of social importance simply because it seems like literature to some readers, however socially unimportant they may be. And to compound the confusion, in *Jacobellis v. Ohio* (1964), the court spelled out what it meant by "community" standards. Because the Constitution is involved, the community is the whole country; the standard must be "national"—as defined by the Supreme Court. As a result, the nine learned Justices (average age: 63) are apparently doomed to curl up with every

called psychological study titled *The Housewife's Handbook on Selective Promiscuity*. Ginzburg's Lawyer Sidney Dickstein argued that the court could find "social importance" merely by reading the testimony of assorted literary eminences. While conceding that *Liaison* was "vulgar" and "sophomoric" ("But that's no reason to put a man in jail"), Dickstein called *Handbook* "useful" to women "whose normal sexual drives beset them with anxiety."

Government Lawyer Paul Bender, on the other hand, pointed to unanimous lower court decisions that "these publications are obscene, filthy, vile, lewd and lascivious." Justice William O. Douglas asked Bender about a Baptist minister who had testified earlier that he used the *Handbook* in "counseling." The lower court, said Bender, "either found he was lying—or that he wasn't a typical minister." When pressed further, though, Bender conceded that while *Liaison* is "a collection of dirty jokes," Ginzburg's other works are

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Now take 4 flash pictures
without changing bulbs

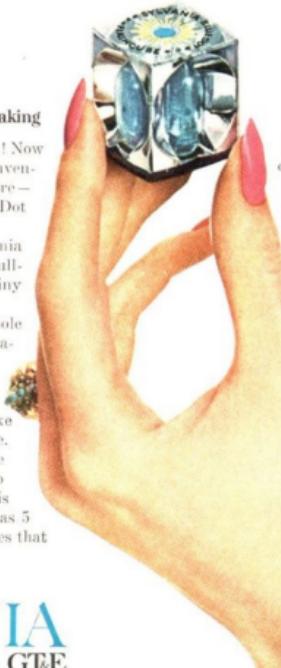
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realm and is thus protected by the national Constitution.

Notre Dame Law School Dean Joseph O'Meara offered another way out. In a recent comment on *Jacobellis*, O'Meara urged the court to restore local option in obscenity cases and "recognize the jury as the authentic alter ego of the community, reflecting its morals and mores more truly than even the wisest of judges."

The Black-Douglas position might open the court to criticism for seeming to encourage pornography. Conversely, the O'Meara position might encourage local censorship of legitimate literature. The court needs an honorable compromise—but what is it?

ELIJAH SCHULKE—BLACK STAR



CLARENCE GIDEON
Faith unbounded.

CRIMINAL JUSTICE

Gideon's Impact

Few Supreme Court decisions have been so universally admired as *Gideon v. Wainwright* (1963), which reversed the burglary conviction of Clarence Gideon, a Florida indigent, because he had been denied free counsel at his trial. The Constitution entitles every defendant to a lawyer, said the court. Why jeopardize him because he can't afford one?

All American courts were ordered to provide lawyers for indigents in trials of serious crimes, and since 60% of all defendants are indigents, the decision was bound to have enormous impact. Moreover, the Supreme Court not only made *Gideon* retroactive; it later extended the ruling to all defendants who plead guilty rather than stand trial (up to 90% in some states). In addition, the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit ruled last January that *Gideon* applies to misdemeanors as well as felonies (*Harvey v. Mississippi*).

Learning by Defending. As a result of all this, says Research Attorney Lee Silverstein of the American Bar Founda-

tion, 26 states have instituted vital reforms. In the American Bar Association *Journal*, Silverstein reports that the *Gideon* case has particularly affected Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, North and South Carolina, where a poor man's right to free counsel previously covered only capital cases. The right now covers felonies in all five states. Florida, which produced *Gideon*, has set up a statewide public-defender system and now permits law students to defend indigents—as do New York, Colorado, Connecticut and Massachusetts.

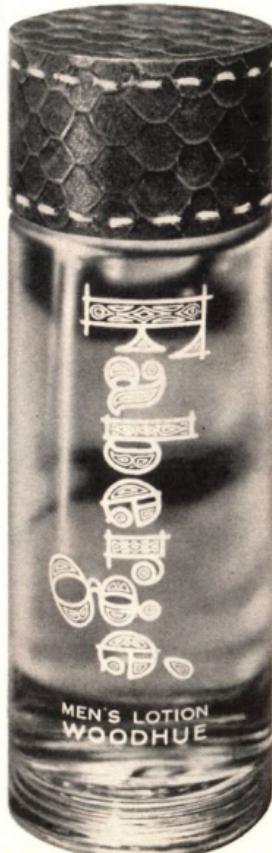
As another *Gideon* effect, says Silverstein, states have begun to follow the federal rule that a defendant must know what he is doing when he waives the right to counsel. Written waivers are now required in North Carolina, West Virginia and Massachusetts. In other states, the number of waivers is declining. Moreover, indigents who request lawyers at the preliminary hearing in any felony case now get them in Utah, Idaho, Illinois, Virginia and New Mexico. As for misdemeanors, Massachusetts now requires counsel in any case punishable by imprisonment. Texas and New York will soon follow suit.

Some lawyers predict that *Gideon* will eventually be extended to juvenile courts which, being noncriminal courts, do not yet guarantee even affluent delinquents the Sixth Amendment right to counsel "in all criminal prosecutions." As a start, the National Council of Juvenile Court Judges plans to provide lawyers for indigent delinquents in Chicago, Newark, Cleveland and parts of North Carolina.

Pride & Problems. Widely praised as it is, though, *Gideon* has inevitably raised problems. It pointed the way for *Escobedo v. Illinois* (1964), which recognizes an accused's right to see his lawyer during police interrogation and started the current U.S. confession controversy, and it has not been easy to apply in such judicial crises as last summer's Watts riot, which swamped Los Angeles courts with more than 4,000 indigent Negro defendants. The N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense Fund charges that the arrested Negroes got almost no legal aid. But the California Supreme Court has refused to hear the Fund's *Gideon*-based appeal—as did the U.S. Supreme Court last week.

No one is prouder of *Gideon*'s impact than Clarence Gideon himself, who was later retrained with counsel—and acquitted. Now 55, Gideon is a gaunt gas station attendant in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., with an unbounded faith in lawyers. "I've seen ignorant white people and Negroes accused of petty larceny," he says, "and if they had a lawyer they'd get six months, but without one they'd get 15 years. I tell you the prisons are full of lifers who wouldn't have got near that much if a lawyer had handled them. I didn't start out to do anything for anybody but myself, but this decision has done a helluva lot of good for those people."

it works



THE THEATER

Cartesian Dentist

Cactus Flower. Humor is often the puckish shadow cast by national character. English comedy is a running display of one-upmanship, reflecting an indelible class system. The Teutonic cast-ironies of Brecht seem manufactured by Krupp. The classic American comic event is the chase, a drolly tangible version of the pursuit of happiness and the American Dream. And the French sex farce is logic run rampant, reason carried to an unreasonable and absurd extremity. That is why French sex farces are innately sexless: Descartes wrote them all. They begin with *cogito ergo sum*, and they rely not on seduction but sophistry, not on rolled-down beds but revved-up minds, not on fervid matings but frenetic misunderstandings.

Cactus Flower is such a French farce, seasoned to U.S. tastes with local situation gags by Adapter-Director Abe Burrows, garnished with appealing humanity, and served with unerring timing by a well-chosen cast. Lauren Bacall plays a dentist's nurse who looks "like a big white Band-Aid," speaks with an anti-septic voice that would intimidate gangrene, and lives a prim life with mother. The dentist (Barry Nelson) holds a master's degree in bachelorthood, and while he appreciates spinsterish efficiency in the office, he turns for amour to a Greenwich Village post-adolescent (Brenda Vaccaro). This child wants to be a bride, but the dentist has lied to her that he has a wife and three children. In distress, the girl turns on the

gas oven, and the suicide attempt, foiled by a friendly neighbor (Burt Brinckerhoff), convinces the dentist that he has been hit by a depth charge of love.

He proposes, but his concerned young mistress wants to meet the wife and see if divorce will agree with her. Grudgingly, Bacall agrees to the role and the ruse. Nelson butters the lie by telling his bride-to-be that his wife has a boy friend whom she wishes to marry. This makes Vaccaro extravagantly solicitous: she must meet Bacall's supposed lover and see if he is a good sort. By the time the fictional couples are locked on a discothèque floor in the steely bonds of subterfuge, *Cactus Flower* is a prickly web of deceit. Inevitably, Bacall kicks over the old-maidenly traces and turns into a bewitching torso-twisting temptress, while the dentist drops his dentures.

As a vastly accomplished jokesmith, Abe Burrows is up against tough and lonely competition—himself—and there are some cavities in his comic lines. But the cast fills them handsomely. Besides looking good, Lauren Bacall handles dialogue like a bone-dry martini. Barry Nelson's whole being winces with boyish mock innocence, and Brenda Vaccaro's characterization draws royal flushes from mental blinks.

Cactus Flower is beguiling rather than robust. It skips a comic beat now and again, but it is watch-proof, an amusing way of forgetting time and not merely killing it.

Bad Restoration

The Country Wife, by William Wycherley. Charles II's England shared the obsession of its king—it was sex-mad. From that consuming passion sprang the witty, monomaniacally bawdy drama known as Restoration comedy. If Congreve was the age's greatest theatrical wit, Wycherley (1640-1715) may well have been its most vigorous social chronicler. He was a rake who later reformed, with all the zealotry that implies. In him, the pagan warred with the Puritan, the scandalizer with the sermonizer, and perhaps never more fiercely than in his most durable play, *The Country Wife*.

The plot is carnally direct. Mr. Horner (Stacy Keach), a notorious London lecher, has it bruited about town through his quack doctor that recent sexual misadventures in France have left him impotent. He rightly guesses that this will give him unlimited access to bored wives and unmatched opportunities to cuckold their husbands. The game is at least as important as the score to Horner, and he especially relishes the sight of husbands forcing their wives upon him under the delusion that he is an innocuous companion.

A co-plot might be called *Sex and the Country Girl*, or how Mrs. Pinchwife (Elizabeth Huddle) is schooled in



HUDDLE & KEACH
The object is cuckoldry.

the sexual duplicities of the big city. The climax is a scene of biting mockery in which Mr. Pinchwife, more jealous jailor than husband, is tricked into delivering his wife, masked, straight to Horner's seduction headquarters.

The satirist in Wycherley never subdued the pornographer, and this bed-drawing-room comedy contains some of the most salaciously funny scenes and speeches known to dramatic literature. But if Wycherley uses, and perhaps abuses, sex to make his point, sex is not his point. His moral intent is to show that ethics are lowest where the prizes are greatest—and sex was the deepest trophy of Restoration society.

With its woefully unseasoned actors, its melting-pot English, and its lack of anything resembling ensemble playing, the Lincoln Center Repertory Company is pitifully overmatched by the play. However, no American company would be likely to carry it off successfully. The heart of this comedy is heartlessness, and its surface is its substance. It demands dry, stylized cynicism. By temperament and training, this is alien to the American actor, who almost invariably tries to humanize his role and to bridle the most outrageous farce with the halter of naturalistic plausibility. And Wycherley's characters cannot be played as people, since they are monsters in velvet and lace, transparencies of vice through which the playgoer is meant to view his own.

The glacial pace at which Robert Symonds has directed *The Country Wife* is a further handicap. Speed, as well as brevity, is the soul of wit, and *double entendres* go best at the double-quick. Tame Wycherley is lame Wycherley—which is precisely what is wrong at Lincoln Center.

Skull Beneath the Skin

The White Devil, by John Webster. It was Shakespeare's destiny to dwarf his playwriting contemporaries, which by no means makes them dwarfs. Webster, best known for *The Duchess of Malfi*, was a splendid poet who mixed beauty with horror. If he spilled too much blood on stage, he also drenched the boards with passion. The decisive motion in *The White Devil* is a plunging dagger, but its determining mood is an



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BACARDI
ENJOYABLE ALWAYS AND ALL THE TIME

obsessive sense of evil. In an admirable off-Broadway revival in modern dress, the play leaps the centuries with ease—it is galvanically alive.

Webster's hero-villain is a spleen young opportunist named Flamineo. He is secretary to the Duke of Brachiano. To better himself, he plots the murder of the duke's wife and his own sister's husband, thus clearing the way for his sister to marry the duke. When his brother becomes squeamish about this short cut to success at court, Flamineo kills him, driving his mother mad. In Act II, Operation Avenger, the duke, his new wife and Flamineo are, in turn, killed.

This rapid pileup of corpses does not entirely evade the risk of becoming farce, a kind of Marx Brothers tragedy. But whenever the villainy threatens to become laughable, an authoritatively able cast keeps the drama under sobering control. Frank Langella makes Flamineo a smilingly, itchy venomously blood brother to Iago, and Carrie Nye and Eric Berry are absorbingly effective as the duke's second wife and a corrupt cardinal. Director Jack Landau has given the play drive and fury by cutting garrulous speeches and eliminating intrusive ghosts.

In *The White Devil*, evil wears its proper guise, disguise—and deceit. The sinister masquerades as the pious. Murderers dress as monks. Treachery promotes itself as loyalty. Love is feigned, so is madness, even death. The last deceit—self-deceit—is stripped away in Flamineo's final speech when he sees life as he has lived it: the consummate cheat, the ultimate vanity, the supreme counterfeit. At that moment, *The White Devil* becomes a tragedy of more than blood.

The Filthy Five at Play

The Playroom is a morbid, two-hour, sadistic drip-tease. The drips are a revolting quintet of teen-age boys and girls who call themselves "the Filthy Five," and hang out in a surrealistically appointed turret room of a quaint Manhattan apartment building. These kids are not remotely real, but they have most of the commercially fashionable maladjustments from homosexuality to reefer-dragging, though Playwright Mary Drayton permits one youngster to be merely obese.

The girl leader of the gang, played with edgy, neurotic menace by Broadway Newcomer Karen Black, has a father fixation and consequently a poisonous hostility toward her new stepmother. The girl eggs the gang into kidnaping her ten-year-old stepbrother, and it is made to seem as if the Filthy Five will go as far as Leopold and Loeb. The rest of the play consists of sick twitches while the stepmother is goaded out of her wits.

The Playroom was purchased by Hollywood before it opened on Broadway. Those movie merchants always did have a pretty sharp eye for junk.



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FASHION

Snow Job

If there is anything a girl skier dislikes more than a better girl skier, it is the girl who sits in the lodge and never skis at all. Because the "snow bunny" is lazy, scheming, and a fake? No. Simply because fashion has always seemed to be in her favor. Bundled up in a puffy parka that threw her best curves to the wind, the genuine skier did not stand a chance against the indoor snow job, with her tight turtleneck and clinging stretch pants. Now, however, the sleek look is getting off the chaise longue and hitting the slopes.

Hottest news for the cold season are tailored outfits made from a new super-stretch fabric that feels more comfortable, sticks much closer to the facts. For \$65, Jack Winter has whipped up a stretch suit with a thin, double-breasted jacket that would look more familiar in a Courrèges workshop than on a practice slope. Sleeker still is a \$40 White Stag jump suit with a neckline that plunges well below the fall line, exposing an Irish sweater, a turtleneck jersey—or whatever front a girl wants to put on.

Another variation on the theme is a stretch suit (Ernest Engel; \$130) that features a convertible collar and bell-bottom pants that fit over the boot (an inner sleeve runs inside the boot to keep out the snow). Even knickers, once available only in bulky corduroy and baggy wool, now come in stretch fabric that hugs the hips and thighs tighter—and rather more attractively—than a girdle.

For those who cannot kick the coat habit, fashion designers are now serving up fun furs instead of practical parkas. Some are strictly fluff and nonsense, like Revillon of Saks Fifth Avenue's \$5,550 chinchilla jacket with matching boots. Others are almost tough enough to tumble in, like Walt Stiel's \$375 mustang, stenciled to look like giraffe. Still others have prices that are actually

Off the chaise and onto the slopes.

MODERN LIVING

fun, like McGregor's \$50 mock crocodile jacket.

Because tailored suits are not tailored for the cold and fun furs are not sealed off against the wind (none of those tacky elastic cuffs and waistbands for today's skier), many ski shops are pushing "layered dressing." Lord & Taylor suggests that customers start with Banana long Johns (\$7), then don a nylon T shirt (\$5) and a featherweight nylon Windbreaker (\$7).

If tailored togs and thin skins do not prove as warm as the traditional thick parkas, the girls have one consolation—they can get that much closer to their dates riding up in the chair lift.

HENRY GROSMAN



DUCHIN AT WORK

And then the President danced by.

SOCIETY

Striking the Right Notes

For bandleaders, society can be a cruel mistress. At debutante parties they receive compliments but not calling cards, at charity balls they take their breaks with their players instead of their patrons, and at cocktail parties they are not to be seen at all. Even hairdressers fare better—no doubt because they know more secrets. But with Bandleader Peter Duchin, 28-year-old son of famed Piano Stylist Eddy Duchin, life is considerably sweeter.

Last month, at the White House party for Princess Margaret, Duchin sat at Lynda Bird's table until he had finished off his praline glaçé, then took his seat at the keyboard and kept Washington's ringleaders in step till 2 a.m. At one point, the President of the U.S. danced by. Peter waved casually. And why not? The President's partner was Duchin's wife, Cheray (nee Zauderer), who is the daughter of a wealthy New York investor.

Watched Man. Virtually every night when he is not nodding his head in time to his own music, Peter is shaking his head at hors d'oeuvres trays in Manhattan drawing rooms. He is the only bandleader who is invited for supper even when he is not asked to play for it. Gossip columnists chronicle his every move as if he were the best addition to society since Serge Obolensky.

The key to Duchin's double life lies in a scrambled lineage that is the epitome of today's mobile society. Father Eddy Duchin was only the son of a pharmacist, and a paid performer at deb parties, until he caught the eye of Marjorie Oelrichs, descendant of a leading Newport family and heiress to the last scraps of a once immense mining fortune. When she married him, the *Social Register* struck her name from its rolls.

But many friends could not have cared less, including Marie Norton, who became a chum when they were

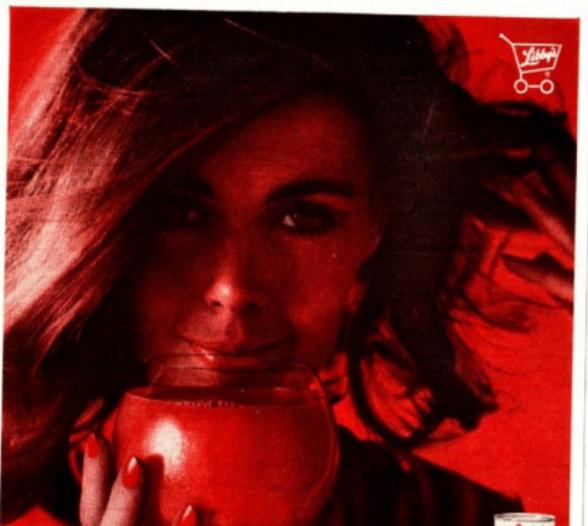


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at Spence School together and had subsequently married Averell Harriman. When Marjorie died six days after Peter's birth, it was the Harrimans who took care of the baby while the disconsolate Eddy went on extended concert tours and served a four-year hitch in the Navy. Eventually, though they never legally adopted him, the Harrimans became Peter's foster parents.

Father Eddy spent his childhood serving up milkshakes in his father's pharmacy; his son Peter was brought up in a dazzling world of millionaires and Chippendale chairs. Even the names of his schools had that ring of good crystals—Eaglebrook, Hotchkiss and Yale. But Eddy came around often enough to make sure his son knew his musical as well as his social scales. By the time he reached Yale, Peter was already a good pianist and a weekend bandleader.

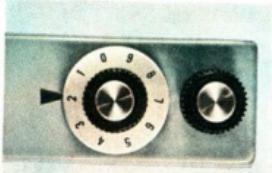
Business Quadrupled. After a two-year stint with the Army in Panama ("I spent most of my free time digging up pre-Columbian art objects"), Peter arrived back in New York and started searching for a gold-plated piano stool, just as his father had 32 years before. Duchin and his twelve-piece band were soon booked for \$3,000 a week in the St. Regis Hotel's Maisonette. Almost immediately, the nightclub's business quadrupled. Peter stayed on for three years, and the Maisonette was the only cheek-to-cheek dance spot in New York, besides El Morocco, to prosper in spite of the discothèques.

This year Peter left to drum up business on his own, and now the jobs are coming in so thick he has started teaching other groups his arrangements (the piano is always the focal point) and sending them out under his own name. Among his recent customers were Mrs. Douglas Dillon, Mrs. Raymond Guest, Ethel and Joan Kennedy.

Duchin shrugs off his success, explaining: "Besides Lester Lanin and Meyer Davis, there really isn't much competition. It's awfully hard to get a name in this business—that's why I was awfully lucky to have my dad's." But he has much more than a name. With a thick shock of hair and a bemused smile fixed on his angular face, he looks like a matinee idol, plays with the enthusiasm of the young *bon vivant* that he is. Says White House Secretary Bess Abell: "He has a gay spirit that makes for a festive evening."

Not content with his present lot, Peter is looking for new worlds to conquer. A sometime drama student who thought acting might give him added poise at the piano, Peter has already had a bit part in *The World of Henry Orient* and has played summer stock. This year he signed a contract with Universal Pictures to make a movie a year, plus eight TV dramas. And if that does not keep him busy, *Cherry* has plans too. Last week she announced that a new generation of Duchins would appear in May. If it's a boy, Peter is already readying a baby grand.

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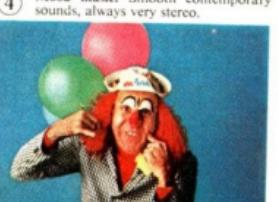
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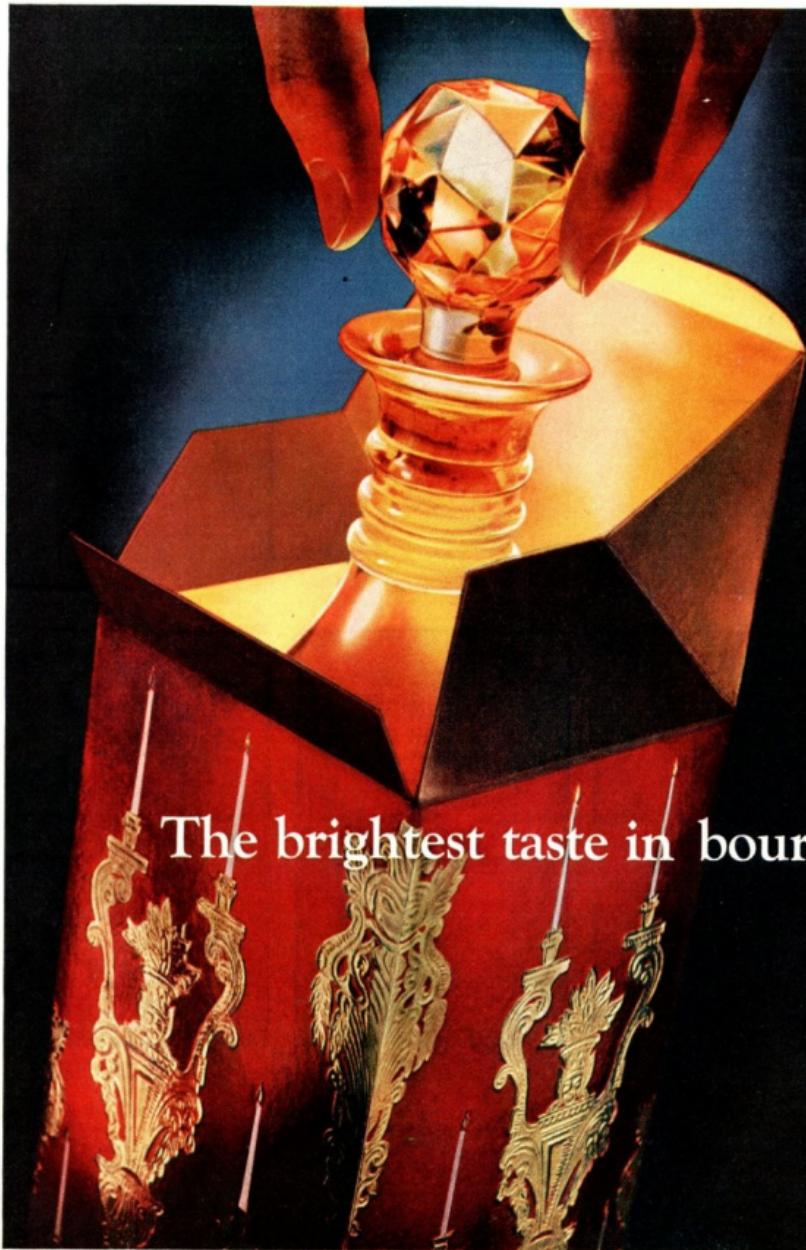


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SHOW BUSINESS

COMMUNICATIONS

New Colossus

ABC has long played third fiddle to NBC and CBS. Although it has sales of \$421 million and operates 401 movie theaters, it has not had the plentiful cash with which its rivals dominate the TV screen. But last week the word at ABC was money—lots of it. After a year of dickering, the International Telephone & Telegraph Co. (1964 sales: \$1.5 billion) agreed to acquire ABC in a move that, if it goes through as expected, will produce a new electronics-entertainment colossus. The combination would outrank Radio Corp. of America (1964 sales: \$1.8 billion) and its NBC subsidiary, leave CBS as the



I. T. & T.'S GENEEN

A passion for merger.

only major network without a big corporate shelter."

Chopped Down. The proposed merger by stock swap, which must be approved by the stockholders and will probably receive more than the normal amount of scrutiny in Washington, is the work of Harold S. Geneen, I. T. & T.'s hard-driving president since 1959. When he took over I. T. & T., Geneen boasted to a group of Wall Street analysts that the then ailing giant would become "one of the most important companies of the next decade."

To turn his fancy into fact, Geneen chopped down a somnolent executive hierarchy and tightened Manhattan-headquarters control over I. T. & T.'s global spread (195,000 employees, 275 factories and offices in 52 countries). He also became one of the corporate world's most expansion-minded execu-

• NBC's news of the week was the departure of President Robert Kintner, 56, who was scheduled to move up to board chairman on Jan. 1. There was no official announcement, no unofficial leak. The reasons, presumably, were personal.

tives. He has made 35 acquisitions, including an auto-rental company (Avis) and a mutual-fund management company (Hamilton), has moved into heating and ventilating equipment, consumer finance and life insurance. One result: the doubling of both I. T. & T.'s sales and its profits (\$63 million).

The I. T. & T.-ABC merger should bring big benefits to both companies. I. T. & T. gets the bulk of its income from its activities as a major world supplier of telephone and electronic equipment and services and as a big producer in Europe of TV sets, refrigerators and record players. The new combine would end that heavy dependence on overseas income. ABC would become an "autonomous" subsidiary headed by President Leonard H. Goldenson, 60, would get from the merger the needed financial resources with which to build stronger programs.

Delighted Simon. The merger would also end any chance of a takeover by ABC's largest stockholder, Norton Simon, the West Coast industrialist. Simon, in fact, seems delighted. One reason: he already has a \$17 million paper profit on the 9.9% of ABC common stock held by his Hunt Foods and McCall Corp.

The tie-up could also speed satellite communications for ABC radio and television. A major stockholder in Comsat, I. T. & T. last month asked approval from the Federal Communications Commission to build and operate a satellite earth station in Puerto Rico, where it runs the telephone system. The station would connect the U.S., Europe and Latin America with live TV, telephone and other services.

THEATER

Drinking Man's Actor

Sweating, burbling, belching, he shouts his anguish to the world as the curtain rises. It is the beginning of a breathtaking performance that lasts longer than *Hamlet* and is as taxing as *Lear*. It is Nicol Williamson playing the lead in John Osborne's *Inadmissible Evidence* (TIME, Dec. 10) the most bravura performance by a newcomer that Broadway has seen in over a decade.

Reports of Williamson's skyrocketing fame and fiery behavior preceded him. In England, he became notorious for demanding his audience's complete and rapt attention; when latecomers interrupted the play, he had the curtain lowered and began again. Rehearsing the London hit in Philadelphia, he learned that Producer David Merrick had summarily dismissed British Director Anthony Page (who directed Williamson in more than 20 of the 60-odd plays he performed in repertory). In a rage, Williamson confronted Merrick backstage, threw a glass of beer in his face, then flattened him with a right to the jaw. Williamson later apologized,

but the play opened with Page still prominently listed as director.

Anguish & Passion. As the angriest of the angry young men, Williamson would seem made to order to play Osborne's *Look-Ahead-in-Anger*. The fact that Williamson is only 28 and Osborne's hero is a disillusioned 39 presented no problems; Williamson simply aged a decade on the spot. "I felt I could portray a middle-aged man just from seeing my father and friends go through the same phases of life." So perfectly does he capture the anguish, passion and humor of Osborne's spent hero on the verge of a breakdown that critics have been tempted to put it down as a feat of perfect typecasting. Ironically, it is a criticism that has repeatedly plagued Williamson throughout his career. In London, he was applauded for his performance in *The Ginger Man* while crit-

HENRY GRODSKY



"INADMISSIBLE'S" WILLIAMSON

And right to the jaw.

ies wondered aloud how he could do anything else. When he appeared in a production of *Sweeney Agonistes*, playgoers found it impossible to believe that T. S. Eliot created the hilarious Apeneck Sweeney before Williamson was born.

Get Work. Versatility is a fault that Williamson has worked hard to acquire. Born near Glasgow, he studied at a Birmingham dramatic school ("absolutely nonsensical"), served in the paratroopers ("Two more pounds a week, and that can buy a lot of booze"), then hit the long repertory road.

Now at the top, he finds neither the view nor his fellow actors inspiring. "England is a failing nation, a dying race," he declares. "Writers are expressing anguish and self-destruction, always interesting to watch." As for himself, Williamson fancies the role of drinking man's actor, insisting that brainwork is for authors and directors, gut work for performers. Shying away from thought, intensely hypochondriacal, he insists: "Booze, that's the really important thing. It keeps you from thinking too much, bless it."

BOOKS

The Combative Chronicler (See Cover)

To take part in public affairs, to smell the dust and sweat of battle, is surely to stimulate and amplify the historical imagination.

—Arthur M. Schlesinger

With his horn-rimmed glasses and floppy bow ties, his retreating hairline and advancing waistline, the slightly built man with the professorial air hardly looked the part of the New Frontiersman. But wherever the action was during the thousand days of John F. Kennedy's Administration, there he was too.

Cigar clenched at a jaunty angle between his teeth, manila folder clamped

the New Frontier. His office, symbolically, was tucked away in a remote corner of the East Wing, near the social secretary and the correspondence section. His specific assignments were few and vague. Though memos cascaded from his typewriter—"beautiful memos, witty, masterfully written memos," said a colleague, "but often showing bad judgment"—they were frequently ignored. He was only on the periphery of power. But at that, he was closer than most historians have ever been.

At First Hand, Schlesinger's thousand days amid the dust and sweat of public affairs have now borne fruit in *A Thousand Days: John F. Kennedy in the White House*. After Kennedy's as-

eye, extraordinary facility and a literary style any novelist would be proud of. Schlesinger is not for the notion of the historian as a scientist. To Schlesinger, the historian is one who "noses around in chaos, like any other writer," and out of chaos produces a drama that illuminates the facts while simultaneously engaging the imagination.

In A Thousand Days he has done just that. From page 1 of the book, when he sets the stage for Kennedy's Inauguration by describing the "eerie beauty" of blizzard-bound Washington, to page 1031, when he rings down the curtain on a snow-covered grave in Arlington, he follows Thomas Babington Macaulay's dictum that "a truly great historian would reclaim those materials which the novelist has appropriated."

Here is the Cuban invasion force set-



SCHLESINGER & FRIENDS* AT WHITE HOUSE WATCHING FIRST U.S. SPACE SHOT (1961)
Savoring the pleasures and perquisites of power.

firmly under his arm, Arthur Schlesinger hustled about the corridors of the White House in brisk, choppy steps, now stopping in for a chat with the President, now exchanging gossip with a colleague, now hurrying off to a meeting in the Cabinet Room. Rare was the party that he missed. He turned up regularly at Bobby Kennedy's Hickory Hill seminars, and once, fully dressed, he slipped or was pushed (the record does not show which) into Bobby's pool. He seemed to know everybody—actresses and artists, poets and politicians—and if Kennedy wanted to meet, say, British Philosopher Sir Isaiah Berlin or Composer Gian Carlo Menotti, Schlesinger could, and did, arrange it. He was the connoisseur on art and literature, movies and martinis, and he served as the Administration's bridge to the intellectual community. He savored the pleasures and perquisites of power with zest.

Actually, Schlesinger was more part of the atmosphere than the substance of

sassination, the participant reverted to the role of historian, and in 14 months of feverish writing sought to capture on paper the events he had seen at first hand. The result is, by all odds, the best of the 90-or-so Kennedy books that have appeared in the two years since Dallas. It has won Schlesinger critical acclaim and considerable affluence as well. With 175,000 copies in print and a fifth printing set for January, he stands to earn well into six figures.

The book is a virtuoso demonstration of the skills that helped make Schlesinger a Pulitzer prizewinner at 28 (with *The Age of Jackson*) and a bestselling author (with all three volumes of his still incomplete *The Age of Roosevelt*) who is also held in high respect by his fellow historians. Those skills include an almost unique combination of encyclopedic knowledge, sharp reporter's

sight sail for the Bay of Pigs, with the boats "tinted by the red light of the dying sun." Here is Kennedy in Vienna, annoyed by Nikita Khrushchev's description of the Soviet Union as a young nation and the U.S. as an old one, and replying, "If you'll look across the table, you'll see that we're not so old." Here, in a less weighty moment, is Kennedy at his children's bedtime, inventing stories about "Caroline hunting with the Orange County hounds and winning the Grand National and John in his PT boat sinking a Japanese destroyer."

The Buddha. Coming from a man who is at once an avowed partisan and a direct participant in the events he chronicled, the book was bound to create a stir. Schlesinger hardly realized how great the stir would be. Mostly, it was over his treatment of Secretary of State Dean Rusk.

As Schlesinger relates it, Kennedy had grown "increasingly depressed by [Rusk's] reluctance to decide." In meeting after meeting, "Rusk would sit quiet-

* From left, Bobby Kennedy, McGeorge Bundy, Lyndon Johnson, Schlesinger, Admiral Arthur Burke, J.F.K. and Jacqueline.

ly by, with his Buddha-like face and half-smile, often leaving it to [Mc-George] Bundy or to the President himself to assert the diplomatic interest." By the autumn of 1963, Schlesinger declares, "the President had reluctantly made up his mind to allow Rusk to leave after the 1964 election and to seek a new Secretary of State."

That sentence first appeared in an excerpt from the book printed in *LIFE* magazine four months ago, and the controversy over whether Schlesinger should have published it has yet to subside. He was accused of "the height of historical irresponsibility," of cashing in on confidences from a dead man, of writing "peephole history," of endangering the national interest. In his defense, he quoted British Philosopher Walter Bagehot: "When a historian withholds important facts likely to influence the judgment of his readers, he commits a fraud." (But Schlesinger himself ignored that injunction when, according to a friend, he decided to omit a similar account of how Kennedy had been planning to dump FBI Chief J. Edgar Hoover too.)

In public, Rusk kept his silence except to assure that when people "deal with me on the basis of confidence, that confidence will be respected." To a visitor he said, "Only two men know about my relations with President Kennedy. One of them is dead and the other won't talk." Nevertheless, he is known to be particularly resentful of Schlesinger's claim that Kennedy considered Viet Nam his own "great failure" in foreign policy because "he had never really given it his full attention." Schlesinger simply had no way of knowing of all the hours that the President spent on the problem, Rusk has told friends. As for the report of Rusk sitting Buddha-like at White House meetings that Schlesinger attended, one of Rusk's defenders suggested that it was absolutely true. Rusk considered Schlesinger one of the biggest gossips in Washington and deliberately decided not to say anything important when he was in the room.

The Dilemma. The squabble points up the inherent dangers in the writing of "insider" memoirs, and no one was more aware of these dangers than John F. Kennedy. When he first came to the White House, he told his aides that he did not want them recording his idle comments and irreverent wisecracks, as Henry Morgenthau had done with Franklin Roosevelt or as Emmet John Hughes was later to do with Dwight Eisenhower. Kennedy frankly hoped to be his own biographer. Once, so the story goes, Kennedy caught Schlesinger pounding at his typewriter, and quipped: "Now Arthur, cut it out. When the time comes, I'll write *The Age of Kennedy*." But after the Bay of Pigs he changed his mind. "I hope you kept a full account of that," he said to Schlesinger after a meeting. Schlesinger reminded the President that

he had been told not to keep such records. "No, go ahead," Kennedy insisted. "You can be damn sure that the CIA has its records and the Joint Chiefs theirs. We'd better make sure we have a record over here."

From then on, Schlesinger scooped up information like a vacuum cleaner, recording everything on a sheaf of white 8-in. by 4-in. cards that he carried in an inside jacket pocket. On weekends he transferred his notes to white foolscap, eventually filled three black leatherette binders with nearly 400 single-spaced pages. He had intended to put them at Kennedy's disposal. Instead, they became the nucleus for his own book.

Working in a rented office atop a three-story building in Washington, Schlesinger churned out as many as

"purely literary problem" was how to deal with himself, for "historians aren't used to using 'I.'" In fact, it is more than just a literary problem: Schlesinger is writing history, not a novel, and the "I" in question is not only involved in events but judging them as well.

Who Goofed? Schlesinger never really solves the problem. For one thing, he understandably magnifies his own role in the shaping of policies and the making of decisions. More important, he occasionally slips from objective analysis into outright apology. During strategy sessions before the Bay of Pigs, for example, the CIA assured everybody that the invasion force could "melt away" into the mountains if it were beaten on the beaches. But nobody bothered to check on just where the mountains were. "I don't think we fully realized,"

Schlesinger writes airily, "that the Escambray Mountains lay 80 miles from the Bay of Pigs, across a hopeless tangle of swamps and jungles." Surely somebody deserves censure for failing to consult a map. But who? Schlesinger does not say, and understandably—since he himself was there for almost all the briefings.

Aside from partisanship, other pitfalls exist in the sort of "instant history" that Schlesinger has undertaken. Even if he had not been partial to the Administration, some critics ask, wouldn't his very closeness to events distort his perspective? Harvard Economist J. K. Galbraith, perhaps Schlesinger's best friend, thinks not. "Saying he was too close to events is like saying he had too much information," says Galbraith. But won't future books offer a much better perspective? Says Author

Theodore H. White, who has written a good deal of instant history himself: "It's not that the future will write it better—just different." Schlesinger himself replies that "it is unfair to wait until other participants in events recounted are dead—grossly unfair. People who are alive can make their own answers, and the clash of judgments enriches the record."

But he is weary of the arguments. Since the book came out, he has heard "the same questions 15 times," and the same answers have tumbled from him. Only one question matters to him, and he claims that those who criticize him never bother to ask it: "Is it true?" Schlesinger insists that it is, but he realizes that truth in some situations is not a satisfactory defense. In this respect, Schlesinger likes to quote Sir Walter Raleigh's comment in the preface to his *History of the New World*: "Whosoever, in writing a modern history, shall follow truth too near

SKETCH BY ALAN BURN © 1964 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE INC.



"NO USE MY RESIGNING, SORENSEN AND SCHLESINGER WRITE BETTER THAN I DO."

4,000 words in a nine-hour day, breaking only for a long lunch.

Sob-Sisterish Story. During the writing, he consulted often and intimately with Bobby Kennedy and Jackie. He is close to both, and if Bobby ever launches another *Frontier*, Schlesinger will undoubtedly be part of it. Jackie found him congenial from the first, because of his interest in and contacts with the intellectual and cultural community. Together and singly, they filled in gaps in his information, read his proofs, corrected errors, suggested changes. Almost undoubtedly it was Jackie who told Schlesinger about how her husband "put his head into his hands and almost sobbed," then took her in his arms after the failure at the Bay of Pigs. When the anecdote appeared in *LIFE*, it was criticized as being tasteless, and Schlesinger later cut it out of the final version. "It didn't come off," he explains. "It sounded sob-sisterish."

Schlesinger feels that his toughest

the heels, it may haply strike out his teeth." Sir Walter did not get his teeth kicked out—he got his head chopped off; and while Schlesinger need hardly fear a similar fate, he has come to realize that the writing of history can be a bruising affair.

Albania & Albinos. Not that Schlesinger minds. As the heir to a proud historical tradition, he was encouraged from his earliest days to hold the mirror up to everything, past and present, and to declare his judgment of what he saw. His judgments were loud and clear and precociously decisive. Says a friend: "Arthur has always had to contend with an enormous coalition of the envious and the aggrieved—those who are jealous of his talents and those who have suffered from them."

His mother, Elizabeth Bancroft Schlesinger (pronounced *Shlaysinger*), is collateral descended from the 19th century U.S. historian George Bancroft. His father, Arthur M. Schlesinger Sr., who died six weeks ago at 77, was a pioneer in U.S. social and intellectual history, taught at Harvard for 30 years—seven of them while "Junior" was also on the faculty. Young Arthur was born in Columbus in 1917, while his father was teaching at Ohio State. In 1924, Harvard outbid Columbia for his father's services, and the family moved to the Georgian-style brick house in Cambridge where his mother still lives. The house overflowed with books, and Arthur tried to devour them all. His father saw nothing unusual in that; he claimed to have read 598 books himself by the time he was 14. But others considered Arthur something of a prodigy. "You could picture him sitting on his father's knee enunciating truths about Populism," says Novelist Mary McCarthy, a longtime friend.

At first, Arthur went to public schools

in Cambridge. "To Middle Westerners," his father once wrote, "popular education was an article of faith." But faith dissolved when Arthur's high-school history teacher solemnly informed her class that people from Albania are called Albinoes because of their white hair and pink eyes, and at 13, Arthur was packed off to Exeter. He was two years younger than most of his classmates, a confirmed liberal in a conservative prep school, and an indifferent athlete. "He wasn't one of the boys," said a classmate. History was his solace and his escape. "He lived alongside the people we were studying," recalls Principal-emeritus William Saltonstall, whose cousin Leverett is the Republican Senator from Massachusetts. "When we were debating the trial of Socrates, Arthur could not contain himself. He literally sputtered about those who were accusing Socrates."

Stiff Exam. Since he was only 15 when he graduated from Exeter, his parents decided to take him and his younger brother Tom (now a historian-researcher for the Colonial Williamsburg restoration project) on a year-long tour of the world. On his return, he entered Harvard in the same class (1938) as the late Joseph P. Kennedy Jr., recalls him as a bright, amiable fellow who might have gone far in politics—but not so far as his brother John. Schlesinger made Phi Beta Kappa in his junior year, seemed a cinch to win highest honors—until his final oral exam. "Since Arthur knew so much," says Professor Paul H. Buck, "I felt I should give him a very stiff exam." It was so stiff that Arthur went home convinced he had flunked. That night a worried and embarrassed Schlesinger Sr. roused Buck from his bed to ask what had happened. "Arthur," said Buck, "it was a better exam than we



WITH STEVENSON AT U.N. (1961)

He came along too soon.

usually get from Ph.D. students. In fact, it was superb." Arthur graduated *summa cum laude*.

As a member of Harvard's select Society of Fellows, a group of graduate students who were allowed to pursue their studies without worrying about Ph.D. requirements,⁴ Schlesinger plunged into research on the *Age of Jackson*. In 1940, he also plunged into marriage. His bride was Marian Cannon, daughter of a Harvard Medical School physiologist and now a painter of children's portraits. In 1941 his studies yielded a series of lectures on Jacksonian democracy that became the nucleus for the book that later made him famous.

During World War II, Schlesinger served with the Office of War Information and the Office of Strategic Services in Washington and Europe, all the while working over the Jackson lectures, revising and expanding them. Just as the war ended, *The Age of Jackson* appeared. The Schlesingers doubted that Jackson would sell well as a children's book that Marian had written and illustrated, *Twins at Our House*, to memorialize the birth of their first two children, Stephen and Kathy, now 23 (they have had two more since—Christina, now 19, and Andrew, 17). To their mutual delight, Arthur's history went on to sell more than 60,000 copies, and made Schlesinger, at 28, the *Wunderkind* of Academe.

Perpetual Tension. In *Jackson*, Schlesinger rejected Frederick Jackson Turner's long-unchallenged thesis that the common man of the frontier was the real muscle behind Jacksonian democracy. To Schlesinger, the laboring men of the Eastern cities, led by liberal



WITH REINHOLD NIEBUHR (STANDING) & ADOLF BERLE AT A.D.A. MEETING (1950)
No Republicans between the sheets.

Schlesinger has neither a master's nor a Ph.D. degree—a rarity for a man who reached the rank of full professor at Harvard.



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intellectuals, were the true source of strength.

As Schlesinger saw it then, U.S. history was the story of "a perpetual tension in society, a doubtful equilibrium, constantly breeding strife and struggle." The source of that "irrepressible conflict," he believed, was "the struggle on the part of the business community to dominate the state, and on the part of the rest of society, under the leadership of 'liberals,' to check the political ambitions of business." In those days Schlesinger did not think well of businessmen—"a group that has invariably brought national affairs to a state of crisis and exasperated the rest of society into dissatisfaction bordering on revolt."

Since then, he has modified his views. American businessmen, he conceded last year, "share with American liberals a basic faith in the free society. I have more confidence now than when I wrote *The Age of Jackson* in their intelligence and responsibility." He is embarrassed by his change—revision, he says, "is a permanent process in the writing of history."

Cowboys & Indians. Returning to Harvard as a professor, Schlesinger proved to his own satisfaction that he would never be an inspirational orator. But students came to his lectures to hear what he had to say, not how he said it, and they came in greater numbers than to any other upper-class course—some 400 a semester. Where the faculty was concerned, his popularity was less universal. To many of his colleagues, he was "an uppity kid." Says a friend: "He grasps things too quickly for his own good."

Arthur was already looking past the ivied walls and seeking contact with the larger world of affairs. To Schlesinger's rambling, brown-shingled house on Irving Street in Cambridge, across the back fence from the Galbraiths', came a steady stream of visitors. "There always seemed to be someone in the spare bed," says Mary McCarthy. "I remember once being asked, 'Do you mind sleeping in Joe Alsop's sheets?' But among all the diverse types who trooped to the Schlesinger house, Novelist McCarthy cannot recall ever having met a Republican. "Arthur just doesn't like Republicans," she ventures. "There is a certain amount of cowboys-and-Indians about it." Summers, the Schlesingers shifted their headquarters to a weathered frame house on Cape Cod, in the section of Wellfleet known as "the woods," originally designed as a bird sanctuary and now a kind of enclave of intellectuals.

A Glint in His Eye. Soon Schlesinger was taking an active hand in Democratic politics. A staunch anti-Communist who early took the far left to task for "following the policies of the Soviet Union," he became a vice chairman of Americans for Democratic Action, was among the first to join the

Stevenson bandwagon in 1952. During that campaign, says a friend, "he got a glint in his eye that never left." But two straight crushing defeats nearly dispirited him. "Stevenson came along too soon," he lamented in 1957. "Americans, after a generation's buffeting by depression and war, had to have a breathing spell. Even by 1956 they had not had their fill of inertia."

With the Republicans in Washington, Schlesinger turned in earnest to his massive *Age of Roosevelt*. He produced three volumes in four years: *The Crisis of the Old Order* (1957); *The Coming of the New Deal* (1958); *The Politics of Upheaval* (1960). All were favorably reviewed, all were Book-of-the-Month choices—and all



SR. & JR. AT 1963 HARVARD COMMENCEMENT
Thucydides served too.

were rough sledding. "It's much harder than writing history that's long past," he said. "For *Jackson*, the source material was limited and all the witnesses were dead. There was no one to pop up and say, 'You were wrong—I was there.'" The Roosevelt books were splendid training for *A Thousand Days*.

A Little Sore. With 1960 approaching, Schlesinger turned once again to the life of action. He has confessed to being "nostalgically for Stevenson, ideologically for Humphrey, and realistically for Kennedy." Fortunately for his future, realism won out. Kennedy, vacationing on the Cape at Hyannis Port, invited him for intimate dinners and sought his counsel. Stevensonians were furious, accused him of being a "turncoat opportunist" who had made "peace with the enemy." His wife announced

that she was still for Adlai ("Can't you control your own wife," wrote Bobby Kennedy, "or are you like me?"). His mother was too, but the stately, grey-haired lady shrugged: "In a way I suppose it is good that Arthur is working for Senator Kennedy. If Kennedy is nominated and elected, he'll certainly need Arthur's brilliance in the White House."

On the campaign trail, Kennedy used Arthur sparingly. After Kennedy won the Democratic nomination in Los Angeles, he scrapped an acceptance speech that Schlesinger had drafted "because it was written for Stevenson. My cadence and timing are entirely different. It was a beautiful speech, though. I guess Arthur was a little sore." But once in Washington, the new President summoned Schlesinger to the White House, and the professor moved into an 18th century red brick house in stylish Georgetown.

Virile Poses. He quickly found that his ability to influence events was marginal, at most. During Cabinet Room meetings on the Bay of Pigs, he never voiced his doubts, fearful that he might be branded "a nuisance." "It is one thing for a Special Assistant to talk frankly in private to a President," explains Schlesinger, "and another for a college professor, fresh to the Government, to interpose his unassisted judgment in open meeting against that of such august figures as the Secretaries of State and Defense and the Joint Chiefs of Staff." At this point, the historian shades imperceptibly into the apologist, as Schlesinger writes: "The advocates of the adventure had a rhetorical advantage. They could strike virile poses and talk of tangible things—fire power, air strikes, landing craft and so on. To oppose the plan, one had to invoke intangibles—the moral position of the United States, the reputation of the President, the response of the United Nations, 'world public opinion' and other such odious concepts."

Occasionally, the professor also found himself saddled with distasteful duties. When the Bay of Pigs invasion got under way, Schlesinger was ordered to tell newsmen the cover story that there were only 300 to 400 men in the landing force—not 1,400. "I was lying," he admitted last month. He regretted it, he said, but the choice was stark: "Either you get out or you play the game." Most newsmen appreciated his dilemma, but some took pleasure in needling him mercilessly about it. They had reason to do so, for they have never quite forgiven Arthur for writing in *Foreign Affairs* two years ago, that newspaper and magazine stories "are sometimes worse than useless when they purport to give the inside history of decisions; their relation to reality is often considerably less than the shadows in Plato's cave." So often did he, as an insider, come upon distorted accounts, he added, that it was impossible "for me to take the testimony of jour-

nalism in such matters seriously again." As a man who, by his own admission, had deliberately misled journalists, he might have conceded that the distortions can also come from the source.

Captain of Grenadiers. Despite the drawbacks of involvement, Schlesinger rejects the notion that the best historian is the one who has withdrawn to a perch above the heat and passion of life. Thucydides served as a general during the Peloponnesian War. Edward Gibbon, a soldier in his youth, found the experience valuable when he wrote *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. "The captain of Hampshire Grenadiers," Gibbon insisted, "was not useless to the historian of the Roman Empire." Indeed, says Schlesinger, "until the last half of the 19th century, the great historians were, in one way or another, captains of Hampshire Grenadiers. Macaulay, Bancroft, Guizot, Carlyle, Parkman, Henry Adams—all were men for whom the history they wrote was a derivation from the experiences they enjoyed or endured."

Buff Coats & Breeches. For them, passionate engagement led to a view of history where great men mattered as much as great forces, where men did not bow to impersonal trends but tried to bend them. Inside the trade, historians class these men as romantics, and Schlesinger is one of their lineal descendants. He sees history as Carlyle did—a panorama of "men in buff coats and breeches, with color in their cheeks, with passions in their stomachs, and the idioms, features and vitalities of very men." The romantic influence waned toward the end of the century, and most historians bowed to the barren discipline of Leopold von Ranke's Prussian school of historiography. Under Ranke's technical, "scientific" approach to history, absolute impartiality was imperative, and readability was sacrificed to research. The monograph, freighted with footnotes, was triumphant, and out of the graduate schools poured a profusion of dreary doctoral theses on subjects no larger than thimbles. Legend has it that one professor, exasperated with the whole nit-picking business, wearyingly eyed an enormous tome that a Ph.D. candidate had just submitted. Informed that it was a study of the Wisconsin dairy industry, 1875-1885, he rasped: "Teat by teat?"

Though the technicians reduced history's kaleidoscope to a uniform grey, they did deepen the shafts of research, put new emphasis on the importance of thorough documentation, pave the way for the current use of computers to analyze voting patterns and population shifts. But electronic aids can carry a historian only so far. "Some of the profoundest problems of history are not amenable to statistical analysis," says Yale's C. Vann Woodward, historian of the American South. "Everything still must be digested by one man sitting at his desk." And that man, argues Schlesinger, is the better historian for



WITH MARIAN, CHRISTINA & STEPHEN
Something in common with Bobby's wife.

having got up from the desk occasionally. He concedes that participation and partisanship have their pitfalls. "To act is, in many cases, to give hostages—to parties, to policies, to persons," he has written. But "visible commitment serves at least to alert the reader, while the ostensibly uncommitted historian is left free to shoot from ambush."

Little Shudder. Schlesinger believes in the "confusion theory" of history as opposed to the "conspiracy theory." According to Political Scientist James MacGregor Burns, the conspiracy theory holds that "if something happened, somebody planned it." Schlesinger, on the other hand, believes in "the role of chance and contingency, the sheer intricacy of situations, the murk of battle." Schlesinger is also scornful of the "prophetic" historians—Marx, Spengler, Toynbee—who use "one big hypothesis to explain a variety of small things." Says he: "They have reduced the chaos of history to a single order of explanation, which can infallibly penetrate the mysteries of the past and predict the developments of the future."

His White House tour only reinforced his confusion theory. "Nothing in my recent experience has been more chastening," he wrote, "than the attempt to penetrate into the process of decision. I shudder a little when I think how confidently I have analyzed decisions in the ages of Jackson and Roosevelt, traced influence, assigned motives, evaluated roles, allocated responsibilities and, in short, transformed a disheveled and murky evolution into a tidy and ordered transaction."

The Intruders. Even with this chastening experience, Schlesinger might still be accused of a tendency to tidy things up. His basic view of his and Kennedy's

thousand days was the clash between the New Frontiersmen in the White House and the torpid bureaucracies. "The Presidential government, coming to Washington aglow with new ideas and a euphoric sense that it could not go wrong, promptly collided with the feudal barons of the permanent government, entrenched in their domains and fortified by their sense of proprietorship." The result, he said, was that the permanent government "began almost to function as a resistance movement, scattering to the Maquis to pick off the intruders."

He was never picked off, though as the most notorious liberal in the Kennedy entourage, he was often a target. Once, when he offered his resignation after conservative columnists began attacking him as "a threat to fundamental American concepts," as Walter Winchell put it, Kennedy reassured him: "Don't worry about it. All they are doing is shooting at me through you."

And there was never any question of his involvement, an involvement so personal that only his reputation as a scholar can ameliorate charges of prejudice in the historian. On the day after the assassination, a friend remembers talking to him on the telephone. He could barely speak. There were intervals of silence, so protracted that the caller wondered if he was still on the line. His final peroration on Kennedy in *A Thousand Days* is more accolade than judgment. "The energies he released, the standards he set, the purposes he inspired, the goals he established would guide the land he loved for years to come. Above all he gave the world for an imperishable moment the vision of a leader who greatly understood the terror and the hope, the diversity and the possibility of life on this planet, and who made people look beyond nation and race to the future of humanity."

Leaving a Mark. For a time after the assassination, Schlesinger remained in his East Wing office, but Lyndon Johnson gave him practically nothing to do. After 100 days, he left to work on his book, to serve for two weeks as a judge at the Cannes Film Festival, to help Bobby Kennedy in his New York senatorial campaign. His Cambridge house has been rented, and it is unlikely that he will return to Harvard. He plans to spend the next few months at Princeton's Institute for Advanced Study, immersing himself in F.D.R.'s prewar foreign policy in preparation for Volume IV of *The Age of Roosevelt*. He will surely return some day to Washington, for, as an unfriendly writer puts it, he likes to "sniff at the hem of power" too much to stay away permanently.

Not long ago, a former White House colleague of Schlesinger's asked rhetorically: "Did he leave a mark?" He thought for a moment, then answered, "No—other than his book." Few of the men who served Kennedy will leave a mark so durable or so valuable.

At the Lockheed-Georgia Company in Marietta, a mockup of the USAF C-5A reveals proportions of the gigantic aircraft. Due for operational service with the Military Air Transport Service in 1969, the huge fanjet transport will be able to airlift tons of cargo on transatlantic flights at 500 miles per hour. The C-5A, with its great loads and greatly reduced ton-mile costs, is expected to prove the most revolutionary development in air transportation since the jet engine. Safety of employees who will build these planes is an integral part in its planning.

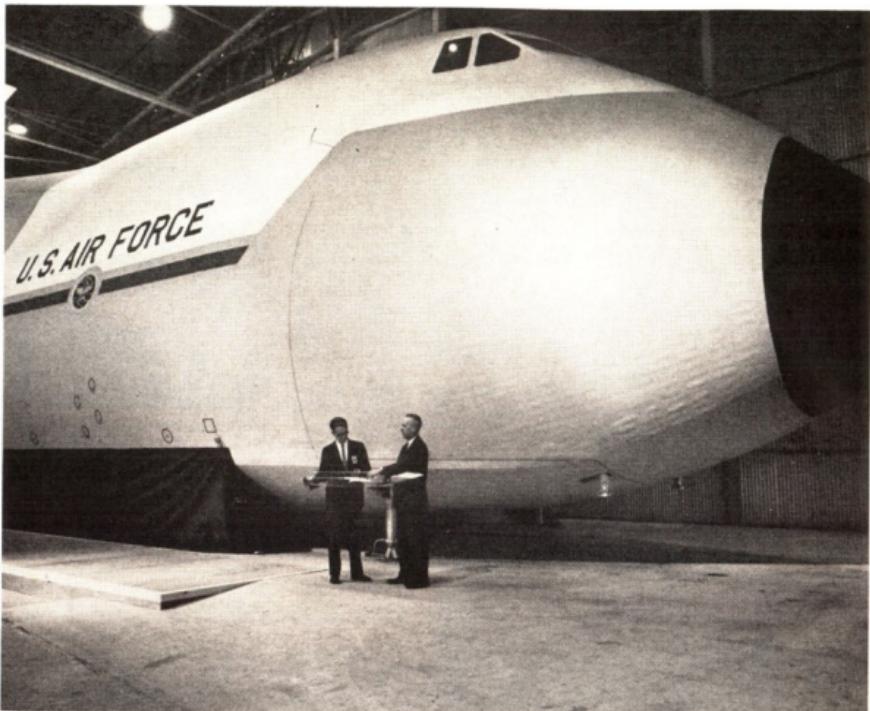


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SCIENCE

SPACE

Gemini's Week

"What a helluva bore," yawned a controller at Houston's Manned Spacecraft Center as Astronauts Frank Borman and James Lovell monotonously orbited the earth last week. By week's end, as Gemini 7 completed its seventh uneventful day in space, the flight had indeed escaped the spine-tingling crises that enlivened—and plagued—earlier shots. But the ennui in Houston and elsewhere in the U.S. was a high accolade. It demonstrated that flawless performance has become commonplace, that near-perfect timing, preparation and execution of Gemini flights have become routine.

Higher in Tone. Without major troubles to occupy them, the astronauts were free to concentrate on minor ones. Early in the flight they complained that their sleep was being interrupted by the noise of a motor that automatically tightened cuffs around Lovell's thighs for two out of every six minutes—part of an experiment designed to keep the heart from getting lazy in a weightless environment. Houston promptly agreed to turn the motor off during the ten-hour sleeping period.

To alleviate the silence, Houston also began piping background music into Gemini 7 on a radio band that would not interfere with normal voice communications. Some of the popular tunes, like *Fly Me to the Moon*, seemed more appropriate for the Apollo program, others for a teen-age hangout. But later in the week, largely at the urging of NASA Secretary Geri Ann Vandroef, the Kraft Music Hall, as it was called in honor of Flight Director Chris Kraft (TIME cover, Aug. 27), took on an elevated tone with selections from Bach,

Handel, Glinka and Dvorak. Against this soothing background, Astronaut Lovell was allowed to strip off his space suit and fly in his underwear. He thus became the first U.S. astronaut to fly without a pressurized suit, which affords the only protection against a sudden, accidental decompression of the Gemini spacecraft.

Higher in Orbit. The Gemini 7 astronauts chalked up some other, more significant firsts. Once in orbit, they fired thrusters to turn Gemini and adjust its velocity, then flew in formation with their detached, third-stage booster for 16 minutes. By aligning the spacecraft with setting stars on the earth's horizon, they were able to navigate precisely without aid from computers on the ground. They were also able to track the first three minutes of the spectacular flight of a Polaris missile as it was fired from beneath the Atlantic by the nuclear submarine *Benjamin Franklin*.

Only a few minor troubles marred the otherwise perfect flight. A fuel-cell warning light flashed on, but the cell itself appeared to be operating perfectly. The astronauts were unable to spot another light—a laser beam projected from a station in Hawaii—and thus could not conduct a planned laser voice-communications experiment. Astronaut Borman also sheepishly reported that a urine-sample bag had come apart in his hand.

"Before or after?" queried Houston. "After," Borman reported ruefully. "Sorry about that, Chief," said Flight Surgeon Charles Berry.

Late in the week, when accelerated preparations at Cape Kennedy all but guaranteed that Gemini 6 and Astronauts Wally Schirra and Tom Stafford would be ready to blast off by Sunday, Gemini 7 was ordered into a new orbit. Astronaut Borman fired his forward-thrusting rockets, later applied reverse thrust and moved into a circular orbit 185 miles above the earth. The correction set the stage for an attempt at the first space rendezvous between manned vehicles, a technique that must be perfected and repeated flawlessly on future flights before U.S. astronauts can land on the moon.

GEOLOGY

Anchorage's Feet of Clay

The soft, dark grey substance that geologists call "quick clay" is composed primarily of small flaky particles and a great deal of water. It contains very little of the electrolytic salts that tend to bind normal soil particles together. All of which means that the slippery stuff has another distinctive characteristic: it is thixotropic—a sudden shock can transform it from a solid to a liquid.

Residents of Anchorage, Alaska, saw a dramatic demonstration of that



LANDSLIDE DESTRUCTION NEAR ANCHORAGE

It all turned to water.

strange phenomenon during the disastrous 1964 earthquake, says Columbia University Geologist Paul Kerr, whose investigation is described in the current issue of *Scientific American*. While probing beneath the battered sand, gravel and silt surface of Anchorage during the past two summers, Kerr studied an underlying layer of quick clay from 10 to 30 ft. thick. During the three minutes of the quake's violent up-and-down jolting, he concluded, some of the quick clay under Anchorage turned into liquid, triggering the damaging landslides that literally floated large sections of land to new locations.

To minimize damage from future Alaskan earthquakes, Army engineers are experimenting with a technique already used in Norway: forcing electrodes into the layer of clay and passing high-amperage currents between the electrodes to reorient the clay particles. Scientists are also conducting laboratory experiments that could some day put Anchorage on more solid ground. By pumping enough calcium salts into the clay to bind its particles together by electrolytic action, they hope to make the clay more viscous, resistant to shock and no longer thixotropic.

ASTRONOMY

Storms on a Mixed-Up Planet

When astronauts eventually soar beyond the moon to explore the distant planets, they will find Jupiter a dangerous place to visit. Even if they manage to withstand the tremendous pull of Jupiter's gravity and survive the frigid atmosphere of ammonia, methane, hydrogen and helium, they may well perish



ASTRONAUTS SCHIRRA & STAFFORD
Also Bach, Handel and Glinka.

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love to
open...

and open →

(and at each opening)
they remember you!



Gift
wrapped too!



How to make an entire oil field run itself

New AE system controls processing from ground to gathering line

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CLOUD BANDS ON JUPITER
Split personality.

in the gigantic storms that sweep the planet every decade or two.

Because these violent outbursts never occur at the same point on the planet's eccentric orbit, some astronomers have suggested that they are caused by the erratic release of internal heat. This would indicate that Jupiter is behaving like a star as well as a planet—radiating not only energy absorbed from the sun but also giving off heat generated in its own interior. Jupiter's split personality has now been confirmed by a University of Arizona astronomer.

More than the Sun. Working with the new 61-in. reflecting telescope at the university's Catalina Observatory near Tucson, Dr. Frank J. Low focused Jupiter's image on a germanium bolometer—an infrared measuring device of his own invention that is more sensitive than any other now in use. After analyzing the feeble radiation, he determined that Jupiter's effective temperature is -225°F .—much warmer than the -274°F . that Jupiter would register if it were an ordinary planet radiating only the heat it received from the sun. To reach the higher temperature, Low calculated, the heat output of Jupiter would have to be roughly 2.5 times as great as the amount of heat it absorbs from the sun.

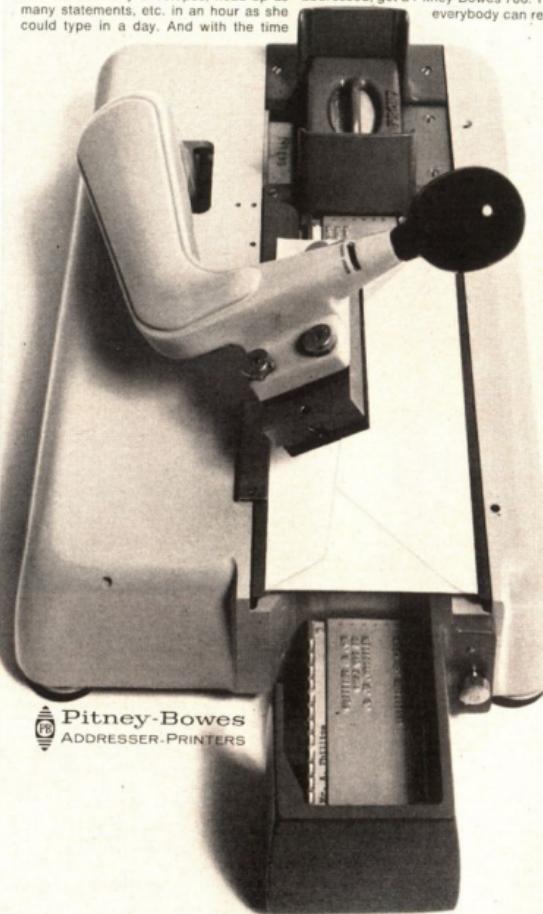
Neither Low nor anyone else can say for certain how Jupiter manufactures its heat. Its internal pressures are not large enough to cause the thermonuclear reactions that occur in a true star. And because less than 1% of Jupiter's mass consists of the heavier elements that are the source of the radioactive isotopes believed to heat the earth's core, radioactivity can contribute only a small fraction of the heat that is apparently generated in the interior.

A Small Star. To Astronomer Gerard Kuiper, who directs the University of Arizona's Lunar and Planetary Laboratory, there is only one satisfactory answer. "Like a small star," he says, "Jupiter is still contracting somewhat under the force of its own gravity." As the planet contracts, Kuiper speculates, the compressed and solid hydrogen mantle that envelops its molten core occasionally cracks open, releasing the vast amounts of heat that brew Jupiter's mysterious storms.

A Pitney-Bowes 706 can address envelopes all day long, and never get tired or grouchy.

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MEDICINE

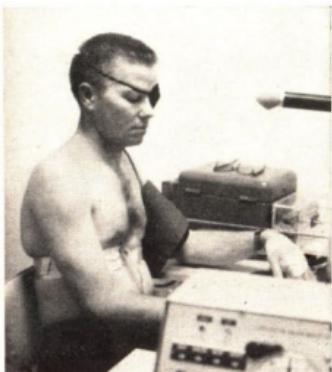
PHYSIOLOGY

Those Circadian Rhythms

The two travelers looked like typical American tourists as they ambled along Rome's Via Veneto. Then an alarm watch jangled on one man's wrist. "What on earth do I do now?" he asked. His companion, an Air Force psychologist named Sheldon Freud ("a very distant cousin of Sigmund—fifth or sixth"), answered promptly: "Sit down and we'll order coffee." While they sipped their coffee at Doney's, the first man checked the dial on a small instrument hooked to his belt. He was noting his temperature. There was a wire leading from the

the two interact—one switching off the other. Man also has temperature cycles; if he stays up late enough, he will feel chilly around 2:30 a.m. And he has daily "tides" of adrenal hormones.

Psychologist George T. Hauty, now at the University of Delaware, designed the FAA project. He was familiar enough with travelers' reports of feeling dreadful for the first few days of a long-awaited European or Hong Kong holiday, but without scientific testing there was no way to know whether the complaints reflected changes in longitude or overindulgence in food and liquor on the plane. What Hauty wanted now was reliable data that might help him



FLICKER-FUSION TEST

East is East and West is West, and they take time to meet.

gauge down his trousers to a rectal thermometer.

"I believe," says Dr. Freud, "that was the first time anyone ever took a rectal temperature while sipping coffee on the Via Veneto."

The unusual activity had a serious scientific purpose. The two "tourists" were working for the Federal Aviation Agency, trying to find out what really happens to jet-age travelers when long flights take them across time zones, expanding or condensing days and nights until mind and body get out of phase with the surroundings.

Adrenal Tides. Such time-zone crossings foul up man's daily physiological cycles, the "circadian rhythms" that are still one of nature's deepest mysteries. No matter where he lives on earth, man becomes adjusted to daily cycles of activity and sleep that correspond roughly to the cycles of light and dark. But it is by no means a simple matter of day and night. Man seems to have both wakefulness and sleepiness centers, and

predict circadian effects on pilots' performance during long jet flights, on astronauts whose "days" get shortened to less than 100 minutes, and finally, on weary passengers.

Fast Flicker. Backed by the FAA, Dr. Hauty and Dr. Thomas Adams began with four volunteers, all male FAA employees aged 30 to 55, all scientists. For a week they tested the subjects in Oklahoma City to determine base lines for pulse, blood pressure, breathing rate, urinalysis, flicker-fusion time (how fast a light can flicker before it appears to merge into a steady beam), perspiration from the palms (an index of emotional tension), and rectal temperature every two hours round the clock.

Dr. Adams took the first group westward by commercial jet across ten time zones. In Manila the subjects were rushed to a hospital where all the Oklahoma tests were repeated. Marked differences were found, but they diminished after a rest of about four days. They were less marked, and disappeared faster, after the return flight to Oklahoma City.

The next group went to Rome (sev-

en hours' difference). The same tests were performed, and always there was an accompanying psychologist checking reaction times, decision times, concentration and attention capacities—and demanding that the scientists score themselves on a subjective check-off list. A third, 5,000-mile flight southward from Washington, D.C., to Santiago, Chile, which is only an hour off E.S.T., produced negligible changes.

Early on Location. "Shifting rapidly through a number of time zones causes measurable disruptions in both physiological and psychological functions in humans," reports Dr. Freud, coordinator for the project. "It doesn't seem to matter whether people go to the East or to the West. Body functions are thrown out of kilter for three to five days—but apparently less after returning home. Mental adroitness is impaired for about 24 hours."

When the far-flown volunteers were asked to punch a telegraph key on seeing a light flash, their reaction times were almost twice as long as at home. Internal body temperature took at least four days to shift to the new day-night cycle. Heart rate and water loss through perspiration took still longer.

The implications are many, says Dr. Freud. Tourists should relax for a day after a long latitudinal flight. Diplomats and businessmen should arrive at least a day ahead for any big deals. So should soldiers being jet-lifted into combat. The testers are not yet certain whether East-West pilots adjust more quickly after repeated flights, or whether experience teaches them how to compensate unconsciously for the effects of longitude shifts. Still more unanswerable is the question of how well man will adjust to tomorrow's supersonic planes of 2,000 m.p.h. and up.



DRUGS

Those Adverse Effects

Pharmaceutical manufacturers have been accused, and one has been convicted, of suppressing reports of adverse reactions to their drugs. Last week a major drugmaker pleaded to have such bad news made more widely available.

Dr. Daniel L. Shaw Jr., medical director of Wyeth Laboratories, told the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers' Association that reports of adverse reactions now go to the Food and Drug Administration, which compiles them in a monthly review. Relayed to press and public, review items often cause alarm. But they consist largely of unevaluated "raw data"; many of the cases, said Dr. Shaw, have not been checked to make sure whether the patient was indeed taking the drug named, or taking other drugs with it. The FDA, which cannot afford to investigate every case, keeps the names of doctors and patients confidential. This information, suggested Dr. Shaw, should be given to manufacturers—who have the means and the motivation to ferret out the facts.

* From the Latin *circa* (around) and *dies* (day), pronounced sir-kuh-dee-ah.



Lockheed will help man reach a new low

Man will soon be able to explore and work 1000 feet below the ocean surface without the restrictions of hard-hat diving suits and stationary undersea platforms. This is nearly twice the depth that free divers wearing wet suits are able to reach today.

The key to this new mobility is Deep Quest, a deep submergence system being constructed by Lockheed. Deep Quest will take divers from surface ves-

sels or undersea chambers to distant work areas and then give them on-site support. The divers will travel in a Deep Quest module which has a pressure equal to that of the surrounding sea.

This will permit the divers to move freely to and from their module. Acoustical sensors in Deep Quest will guide them back when their tasks take them far out of the sight of the vehicle.

Deep Quest will fulfill many missions by using interchangeable payload modules. It will be able to carry 7000 pound payloads to a depth of 6000

feet. And remain submerged for up to 48 hours.

Systems such as Deep Quest are just one measure of the technological competence of Lockheed: a corporation dedicated to the conquest of new worlds through innovation.

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ART

PAINTING

The Super Micro-Macro World of Wandorama

Not too long ago, gallerygoing was a genteel affair. To and fro across carpeted floors swept the art lovers, sipping sherry. Safely up on the wall were the paintings, framed and titled, with prices on request. But no longer do the panes of varnish give onto idyllic visions of pinky Titian nudes, fluffy Millet sheep, plush Poussin valleys. Nowadays, avant-garde gallerygoing is more like the full 100 yards, with the visitors

Cope the critics did, and Rauschenberg, in 1964, won the Venice Biennale Grand Prize.

Actually, Rauschenberg makes no claim to being the first to play the game. The cubists, he points out, long ago began incorporating materials from the real world (labels, newspaper clippings, playing cards) into their stuck-together collages. The surrealists later cottoned to the idea, as Max Ernst put it, of "coupling two realities, irreconcilable in appearance, upon a plane which apparently does not suit them." Dadaist Marcel Duchamp hung up mass-pro-

by epoxy, preserved in fiber glass, sometimes flocked to give it a mysterious felt texture. Point of it all? "People in any context are a reason for a tableau," says Kienholz, "this speaks volumes about our present society."

History as Machine Gun. Larry Rivers, 42, is the closest thing to an academic 19th century historical painter that the avant-garde can boast. Back in the heyday of abstract expressionism, he did a takeoff on Emanuel Leutze's *Washington Crossing the Delaware*, attempting, as he put it, "to paint its drama, pageantry, spectacle and absurdity without political bias."

His latest effort is by far his most ambitious—a 33-ft.-long *History of the Russian Revolution* (see overpage). The son of Russian immigrants (his father arrived in the U.S. in 1914, his mother in 1920), Rivers says that his work was actually spurred by reading Isaac Deutscher's trilogy on Trotsky and is "more a statement about art than about revolution." Explains Rivers: "Sure, I could have painted all the objects in, but I wanted to combine the sculptural qualities with the painting qualities."

The vast framework of the *History*, which will be put on exhibition next month at Manhattan's Jewish Museum, took nearly six months and \$4,000 worth of materials to complete. To capture the spirit of the revolution, Rivers forced tangible and intangible images into juxtaposition. A real rifle, a sculpted wooden rifle, a painted rifle, silk-screened images of photographic rifles—all toy with vision. He inserted a real machine gun, glued real pencils to Gorky's desk, painted over still photographs of the revolution, added real plumbing ("It looks like a mysterious Rube Goldberg whisky still," he quips) to the section on Soviet industrialization. The final result: a collection of evocative images that collide like the fast-cutting montage of film.

Plaster Galore. George Segal, 41, makes ghosts in plaster with all the presence of living people. This is simply because he casts his figures directly from human models. Now at New York's Sidney Janis Gallery, his *Costume Party* differs from his previous work in its tinted surface. Two reclining silver figures masquerade as Antony (with Roman helmet and G.I. gunbelt) and Cleopatra (with painted Egyptian necklace). In aloof stances around them are a lumpy, black, helmeted "Pussy Galore," a red, catlike woman with a yellow-feathered mask, and a green-robed priest. They posture like demented inmates in a psychosexual drama, dancers in a group-therapy ballet.

"We can be just as interested in a flat painting," says Segal, "as in a dance concert." He wants to jump from medium to medium in an attempt to dissolve the boundaries between reality and dreams. "Have you ever been to a subway station?" he asks. "It is a totally man-made world of pure fantasy."



AT SIDNEY JANIS GALLERY: A PLETHORA OF SUPER-POP

Art is no longer only what looks like art.

swivel-hipping through art works that threaten to tackle the visitor's body as well as his sensibilities (see color pages).

In the galleries sit hamburgers the size of Volkswagens. Here is a comfy zebra-striped chair draped with a leopard coat marked by the gallery PLEASE DON'T SIT. And right there behind the gallerygoer is a plaster facsimile of a real person looking like a petrified floorwalker. Coke bottles protrude from the canvas; TV sets roar from the painted surface; neon lights glow like theater marqueses. A plethora of real objects has been swept into art, and art has walked right out of the frame into the living room.

Irreconcilable Appearances. "Painting relates to both art and life," says Artist Robert Rauschenberg enthusiastically. "Neither can be made. I try to act in the gap between the two." His most spectacular feat of gapsmanship was his trend-setting Angora goat with rubber tire. It seems that Rauschenberg was struck by the incongruity of a stuffed goat in an office-furniture store window. He tried to paint the image. No good. But two years later, he laid a canvas on the floor, bought the goat, and set it on top of the canvas with a rubber tire around its middle. "I just wanted them to cope with the fact that it was there," Rauschenberg explains.

duced snow shovels and labeled them ready-made art.

Greasy Verisimilitude. But not even in their wildest dreams did the old-timers go in for a production like Edward Kienholz's *The Beanery* (opposite), currently assembled at Manhattan's Dwan Gallery. A veritable apotheosis of the ordinary, it is West Coast Artist Kienholz's reconstruction of a favorite Los Angeles artists' greasy spoon, a kind of frozen happening quickened by sounds (random conversations, taped on the spot, and jukebox background music) and circulating odors (stale bacon grease) pushed around by a fan.

Kienholz, 38, has meticulously created the eatery on Santa Monica Boulevard. In his quest for verisimilitude, he even bought a new phone booth to replace the Beanery's so that he could have the real thing for his stage-set. The jukebox, too, is real, though the choice of records turns out to be art world in-puns: *Up a Larry Rivers; It's Delightful, It's Delovely, It's de Kooning.*

A taco on a plate is made of asphalt tile. Every object is rigidly held in place

* From left, Oldenburg's *Giant Good Humor and Zebra Chair*, Wesselmann's *Great American Nude No. 69*, Jim Dine's *Ribbon American*, Oyvind Fahlstrom's *Performing K.K. II Sunday Edition*, Marisol's *Henry*.

THE SECOND REALITY

Edward Kienholz's 22-ft.-long *The Beanery* is life-sized replica of a Los Angeles artists' hangout. Frozen in fiber glass, the real props (including a \$600 mink stole) and clock-faced figures give off aura of suspended animation. Time has halted at 10:10, Oct. 28, 1964, date of the Herald-Examiner on display in newspaper vendor at entrance (right).



FRANK LERNER





Czar Alexander II

Communist Dialectical
Materialism, with Engels
& Marx

Machine Gun

E S
S a r i
P i c
t u r e
s
o f
L e n i
n

Nicholas II
& Czarina

Rifles

Siberia

World War I

Lenin

Sovfoto Pictures

Beneath the combined silhouettes of Moscow and Leningrad, Larry Rivers has combined real and imaginary objects to make his personal *History of the Russian Revolution*. In his



Soviet Industrialization

of Revolutionaries

Trotsky

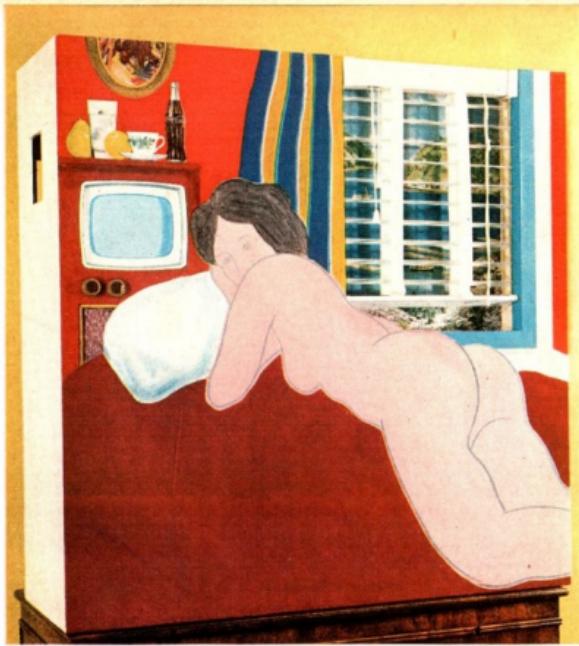
Gorky

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5 Year Plans

Mayakovsky's
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33 ft. by 14 ft. display he utilizes a potpourri of photographs (silk-screened), a poem (copied), storm windows (purchased), plumbing (real), and a machine gun (war surplus).



Tom Wesselmann has pursued the *Great American Nude* in 75 versions so far; this contoured cutie contemplates a real television set.



his *Costume Party*, the theme "left me free to range from contemporary experience to Greco-Roman metamorphosis of man to beast. It's illustrative of the many faces between man and woman in the nature of reality as I see it."

Nude Affirmations. The primary reality could once be fairly stated as what one sees in nature. But the retina of modern man is deluged with a thousand images that are themselves man-made, not the least of which flash from the television screen. To be true to reality means to include such images; so what is more logical than to tuck a TV screen into a painting. Or at least so thinks Tom Wesselmann, 34, who fiddles with the girl who doesn't exist, the supersex symbol, the *Great American Nude*, and sets her in homely seraglio scenes decorated with real radiators. Lift the Venetian blind, and there is a calendar painting of a Japanese harbor. Or, as in one recent *Nude*, the whole scene is stamped out of multicolored translucent plastic and glows from within by electric lights.

"I refuse to draw the line between flat painting and three-dimensional structures," says Wesselmann. "I'm aware of the differences between real and imitation, but I don't attach much significance to the distinction. A painter from Belgium was up to my studio and thinks my works have to do with capitalism because I use real products. Not so; it's really an affirmation of the whole world."

Mattress-Sized Popsicles. In turning art into a supermarket display, artists are reacting violently against the grandiloquent gestures of yesterday's abstract expressionists, whose work often looked like a square inch of Constable blown up to jumbo size. As the life went out of such abstract handwriting on walls, artists fell back on the visible world. In their embrace of reality, they state that art is no longer that which only looks like art.

Believing, too, that art is no longer something better than life, these artists have made collage—by definition, a simple matter of gluing things on canvas—into a baroque explosion. Junk, advertising images, taxidermy, cups and saucers are now all straining beyond the frame, blurring the division between painting and sculpture, making art into a scavenger hunt for the perishable produce of the day.

The pursuit is undertaken with relish and good humor, much as a Claes Oldenburg delights in making a mattress-sized Popsicle on a limp stick. Beauty seems no longer at stake; the word itself is rarely used. But tough, satirical commentary abounds. "An artist should be an evangelist for looking," says Rauschenberg. Yet in creating a second, magical reality, the artist often ends up with whole stage-sets, creating a future problem: What's to keep the museums of the future from looking like a decayed Disneyland, or the whole back lot of M-G-M?



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SPORT

PRO FOOTBALL

Separate but Equal

When the American Football League set up shop in 1960 as challenger to pro football's prosperous National Football League, skeptics gave the rookie league the actuarial chances of Weeping Water State Teachers facing the Chicago Bears. The A.F.L.'s players were mostly second-rate collegians, or castoffs from Canada and the N.F.L.—and the sandlot football they played bore scant resemblance to the tightly conditioned N.F.L. brand. That first season, one team scored four touchdowns in 20 min. to salvage a 38-38 tie; another opened up a 30-0 half-time lead, still had to kick a last-second field goal to win, 33-30.

000 Oklahoma's All-America Linebacker Carl McAdams, who was also the No. 1 draft choice of the N.F.L.'s St. Louis Cardinals.

Most National League officials still insist that the A.F.L. cannot come close to the N.F.L. on the playing field. "My impression," says Giant Coach Allie Sherman, "is that the caliber of ball in the American League is closer to that of the Big Ten than the N.F.L." Remarks like that provoke wrath in such A.F.L. coaches as San Diego's Sid Gillman and New York's Webb Ewbank—both of whom coached title-winning teams in the N.F.L. before switching. "The two leagues are absolutely equal now," says Gillman. "Our top teams are every bit as good as the top teams in the N.F.L., and our

season—against only three for the American League. But what does it matter how well a man can throw a ball if he can't get out of bed? Last week no fewer than five of the N.F.L.'s first-string quarterbacks were nursing injuries, and Baltimore's Johnny Unitas, who damaged a knee against the Chicago Bears, was lost for the rest of the season. The Unitas of the future may well be the A.F.L.'s \$400,000 rookie, Joe Namath of the New York Jets.⁶ Even the N.F.L. coaches are enthusiastic about Namath. "He drops back quickly, releases quickly, has a strong arm and a winning attitude," says a Los Angeles Rams official. "When he gets a good offensive line and capable receivers, he'll really be something."

What makes the A.F.L. really mad is criticism of its defenses—and it gets plenty. "They don't rush the passer," says one National League coach. "Their quarterbacks have all day to get the ball away." American League coaches, on the other hand, charge that such "sophisticated" maneuvers as the safety blitz are actually pirated A.F.L. inventions. And when it comes to sheer size and strength on defense, the A.F.L. refuses to take a back seat to anybody. The defensive line of the champion Buffalo Bills averages 275 lbs. per man—18 lbs. per man more than the N.F.L.'s champion Browns. Then there are the San Diego Chargers. Defensive End Earl Faison, at 280 lbs., would be a big man on anybody's football field, but he looks like an underfed schoolboy next to Tackler Ernie Ladd, who stands 6 ft. 9 in., weighs 315 lbs.

Could Jimmy Brown run through Ernie Ladd? Nobody knows. As far as San Diego Coach Gillman is concerned, the time has come to find out. "Let's quit arguing," says Gillman, "and start playing."

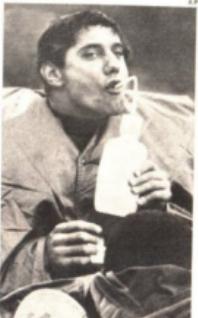
RODEO

King of the Rope

Like the professional golfer, the rodeo cowboy is a nomad of sport—wandering from town to town, plying his trade in a succession of arenas, paying his own way and earning only what he



LADD



NAMATH



ALWORTH

The proof is in the playing.

N.F.L. types made no secret of their amusement. They dubbed the A.F.L. the "Kook League." And when sports-writers suggested a "world series" playoff between the champions of each league, they were referred to the historic crack of Elmer Layden, who served as N.F.L. commissioner during the formation of the ill-fated All-America Conference in the 1940s. "First," said Layden, "let them get a football."

Fans & Money. By last week, the wags were wide-eyed. Attendance in the A.F.L. this year is up 22% to 32,500 per game—18,000 fewer than the N.F.L., but perfectly respectable, considering that the A.F.L. has no ballparks to compare with Cleveland's Municipal Stadium (77,096). Another 10 million fans watch American League football on television every weekend—precisely the same number who tune in to National League games. With each A.F.L. club receiving \$900,000 a year in TV revenue (v. \$1,000,000 for the N.F.L.), the young league is holding its own in the expensive battle for promising college stars. Last week the New York Jets signed up (for \$200,-

weaker teams are every bit as strong as the weaker N.F.L. teams."

That might be an overstatement. Yet much as N.F.L. coaches like to talk about the A.F.L.'s "weak defenses" and "basketball scores," the facts do not bear them out. So far this season, an average of 41 points has been scored in each A.F.L. game; N.F.L. teams have scored an average of 45. The top punter in pro football (at 46.9 yds. per punt) is Gary Collins of the N.F.L.'s Cleveland Browns; the next two are American Leaguers. True, the A.F.L. has no runner to match Cleveland's Jimmy Brown. But the American League has at least one superstar of its own: San Diego's Lance ("Bambi") Alworth, the most dangerous receiver in football, with 62 completions so far this season, for twelve touchdowns and 1,428 yds.—a phenomenal 23 yds. per catch.

Units of the Future. If the A.F.L. has one glaring weakness, it is at quarterback—mostly because, as one A.F.L. coach admits, "it takes time to develop a topnotch passer." Nine National League quarterbacks have completed better than 50% of their passes this

⁶ Who last week became something of a *cause célèbre* in Washington, D.C., when he was classified 4-F by the Army because of a bad knee. The Pentagon defended its action in a 600-word statement describing Joe's knee in intimate detail. "This knee," said the Pentagon, "has had the medial meniscus [cartilage] removed; it is a knee which shows that the patient has a tear of the anterior cruciate ligament at the knee that has pathology on the lateral side, most likely a torn posterior third of the lateral meniscus with osteoarthritis changes." It was, the report concluded, O.K. for Joe to play football, where "he is closely watched and professional assistance is close at hand." But in Viet Nam, where "the life and safety of his comrades could depend on Namath's performing his duties under extremely adverse conditions, the Army could not guarantee that a trainer or physician would always be around."



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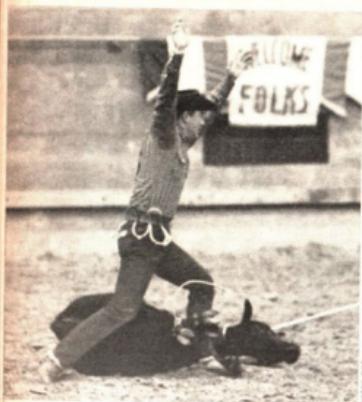
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TIME, DECEMBER 17, 1965



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COWPOKE FRANKLIN
Success is a saddle and buckle.

is good enough to win. In ten years on the bigtime rodeo circuit, driving 70,000 miles a year, sleeping in trailers and nursing an ulcer, New Mexico's Glen Franklin, 29, has won more "go-rounds" and money (\$152,481) than most. Until last week, though, one prize had always eluded him: the silver and gold belt buckle and embossed saddle that are awarded each year to the winner of the Rodeo Cowboys Association's calf-roping championship—and which, for five straight years, had gone to Idaho's "King of the Ropers," Dean Oliver.

Of rodeo's five events (others: steer wrestling, bull riding, saddle and bareback bronc riding), calf roping is the most delicate and difficult. The "calves" are mean, 300-lb. Branguses that can smash a man's ribs or knock out half his teeth with one kick. On horseback, the roper must run down and lasso the charging calf—then leap from his horse, wrestle the infuriated animal onto its side, loop three of its legs together with a "pigging string" and finish off his handwork with a nonslip "hooey" knot. The race is against time (experts can do the whole job in 15 sec. or less), and it requires exquisite teamwork between the cowpoke and his mount (Will Rogers once remarked that a good roper owes 75% of his success to his horse). Rodeo ropers pay as much as \$5,000 for a quarterhorse, and most of them—like matadors—maintain practice rings of their own, where they train their mounts for months to anticipate each move of a zigzagging calf, to stop instantly ("sticking 'em into the ground," in rodeo talk) at the precise moment the lariat settles around the Brangus' neck.

Windmill to Victory. From that point on, though, the contest is strictly man against beast. Last week, at the National Finals Rodeo in Oklahoma City, Franklin gave a superb demonstration of his skills. On his seventh "go-round," Glen lost precious seconds when he got

off to a slow start, had to chase his calf halfway across the arena before he got within lariat range. Leaping out of the saddle, pigging string clutched in his teeth, he flung the calf to the ground and climbed astride, pinning the flailing legs between his own knees and "windmilling" the string around the animal's ankles. Throwing up his arms in a gesture of victory, Franklin waited for the judges' verdict. His time: 10.6 sec., a new arena record that earned him \$318.85, for the event and boosted his 1965 earnings to \$29,431. That was enough to assure him the R.C.A. championship saddle and buckle—at last defeating Dean Oliver. It was, in fact, more money than any other roper in history had won in a single season.

BASEBALL

The Mahatma

"You have to care about baseball," he always insisted, but he was always a little surprised by the depth of his own devotion. "Imagine," Wesley Branch Rickey once said, "a man trained for the law devoting his entire life and energies to something so cosmically unimportant as a game."

As a player, Branch Rickey's contribution to baseball is best forgotten. A no-hit, no-field catcher, he bounced briefly around the majors reaching a sort of apex with the New York Highlanders in 1907, when he batted .182 and permitted the Washington Senators to steal 13 bases in one game. That was enough to convince Rickey that his talents were better suited to the front office. Over the next 50-odd years, with the St. Louis Browns, the St. Louis Cardinals, the Brooklyn Dodgers and the Pittsburgh Pirates, he established himself as the "Mahatma," "the Brain," the brightest innovator, shrewdest trader and smartest judge of talent in the history of baseball.

Formers in the Gashouse. When Rickey returned from the Army in 1919 to his job as president of the St. Louis Cardinals, the Cards were in sorry shape. The only really good ballplayer on the team was Second Baseman Rogers Hornsby. The club was \$175,000 in debt; there was no money for a training trip that spring, not even enough for new uniforms—let alone for buying players on the open market. Rickey's answer was to invent the farm system, gaining control of minor-league clubs, using them as training schools for future stars. At first rival big-league bosses scoffed at the idea—but they changed their tune when the Cardinal organization produced Rickey's famed "Gashouse Gang" managed by Frankie Frisch and featuring Dizzy Dean, Ducky Medwick, Leo Durocher and Pepper Martin. With as many as 32 minor-league teams operating full blast, Rickey had a virtual monopoly on young talent. The Cardinals won the World Series in 1926—and over the next 16 years they went on to win five Na-

tional League pennants and three world championships.

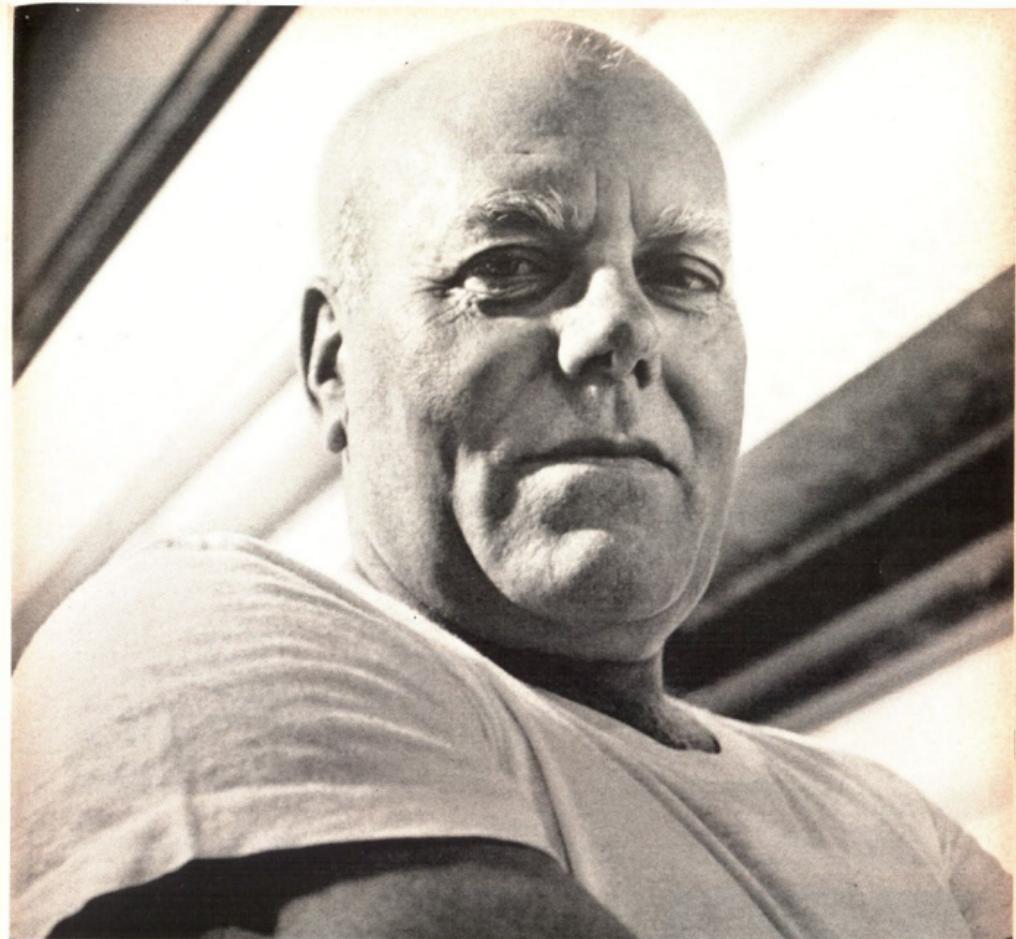
Rickey not only changed the strategy of baseball management; he helped change the very tone of the game. In the early 1900s baseball was dominated by rowdies and gamblers. Rickey, a strict Methodist who never drank or swore (his strongest epithet was "Judas Priest!"), and refused all his life to attend ball games on Sunday, gave respectability to the sport. He lectured his players endlessly on strength of character and nobility of purpose. "Luck," he liked to tell them, "is the residue of design." He popularized "the Knothole Gang" and Ladies' Day—designed to attract a proper citizenry to the ballpark.

Think on One. At Brooklyn in 1947, Rickey broke baseball's long-established color line, hiring Jackie Robinson as the major leagues' first Negro ballplayer. Rickey always insisted that his motives were practical, not social: "I don't care whether a man has green stripes and hair all over, as long as he can play the game." But he made no secret of his personal feelings about racial prejudice. "We will never think as a nation," he said, "until the entire nation is permitted to think and act as one."

Branch Rickey might have become a practicing attorney—but he quit after trying one case. He might have been elected Governor of Missouri—but he chose to turn down the Republican nomination in 1940. From the day he played his first pickup game in the 1890s until he died last week at 83, baseball was his career, his hobby and his life. He never really rued his decision ("The game has given me joy"), but there were times when he wondered aloud, balancing a baseball in his palm: "This symbol? Is it worth a man's whole life?"



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THE PRESS

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS Conduit in North Viet Nam

Anxious to cover both sides of the war in Viet Nam, the New York Times has tried for years to get a reporter into Hanoi. But Ho Chi Minh has consistently said no. Last week the Times finally ran a five-part series on life in North Viet Nam, but not by one of its own reporters. It was the work of James Cameron, 54, a British freelancer who was writing for the London Evening Standard. "Failing our being able to get a man inside," says Times Foreign News Editor Sydney Gruson, "this was the next best thing."

A tireless, didactic liberal of the ban-the-bomb breed, Cameron worked on Fleet Street papers before he broke loose on his own. He prides himself on getting into areas forbidden to other newsmen, and he wangled permission to visit North Viet Nam for a month this fall. His report is a rare eyewitness account by a Western journalist, but it leaves little doubt of Cameron's own emotional commitment: he firmly believes the U.S. has no business whatsoever in Viet Nam.

Double Standard. Cameron vividly captures much of the flavor of that tense, troubled country with its brooding sense of danger and its "cult of camouflage." North Viet Nam, he says, is "a land where everyone considers it necessary to live in disguise, to inhabit his own country pretending he is not there, but invisible." When he is not filing background color, though, Cameron is less a reporter than a conduit for North Vietnamese propaganda. He all but equates Hanoi, which has not been touched by bombs, with wartime London, which was hit heavily. He

quotes officials, such as North Viet Nam's Premier Pham Van Dong, at interminable length, without any appraisal of what they are saying. When he passes the Russian SAM missile sites in the countryside, he loses his reportorial curiosity and does not question his hosts about them. "I talked rapidly of other things to save embarrassment."

Moreover, he tells some whoppers. Without a bit of qualification, he confidently asserts that the North Viet Nam economy is "increasing immensely," while that of the South is "decaying." The comparison will be news to most observers, who are aware that both economies are in serious trouble. Passionately describing the hardships the war has brought to Hanoi, Cameron suggests that American bombers are to blame for food rationing. In fact, rice rationing was begun there in 1954. Presuming to speak for all the Vietnamese, he says, almost offhandedly, that they "chose" Communism.

His articles, described as personal journalism, are full of personal prejudices—all anti-U.S., pro-Hanoi. He is constantly outraged by American action. "What an impertinence," he writes of U.S. air raids, "what arrogance, what an offense against manners."

Convinced that Communism is the wave of the future in Viet Nam, he does not miss a chance to tell his readers that there is no alternative to letting Hanoi have its way. Bombing, he insists, can have no appreciable effect. The North Vietnamese, he says, "have a totally unshakable determination to win the war . . . they reject the machinery of compromise."

Uncritical Acceptance. The London Evening Standard ran Cameron's report under a disclaimer saying that his opin-

ions were "not necessarily" those of the newspaper. The New York Times explained that Cameron was a British journalist, but offered no disclaimer for his observations. Nor did most of the newspapers that picked the story up from the New York Times News Service. While the Los Angeles Times ran only a two-column skeptical analysis of the series by its London correspondent, other papers generally played it the way the New York Times did: the first one or two articles appeared on Page One; the rest of the series was tucked inside. Most editors apparently accepted the reports as a fresh, factual view of the enemy. If they felt like Scott Newhall, executive editor of the San Francisco Chronicle, that in part, Cameron was a "receptionist for some masterly public-relations work by the officials in Hanoi," they did not say so in print.

NEWSPAPERS

Antic English in Saigon

Saigon's two English-language newspapers—the Daily News and the Post—cover the Viet Nam war in considerable detail, but what really excites them is activity on the home front. Without leaving Saigon, their reporters uncover weirder and wilder stories than the battlefield could ever produce. Crime and sex are embellished with garbled grammar, misspellings and typos. One typically zestful Post story began last week: "Quick as the wind that often stirred the banana trees with utter ferocity in his home town, where his favorite horse had died an alcoholic death, the smart copper jumped on the thief just as the sinister individual was about to ride off on his faithful vehicle."

The Post runs a daily column of local events called "Everything Is News," and apparently everything is. "A young tailor recently tried to commit suicide



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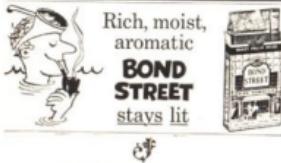
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in his employer's backroom," reported the Post, "by strangling himself with his wife's brassiere. Rescued just in time by one of his fellow workers, the tailor fled out of the door with the black lace brassiere between his teeth." What made him do it? "He had become engaged to a bar hostess," the Post concluded, "who was endowed with a most enviable bosom. However, after several months, he found his bride-to-be gradually diminishing in the curves he admired most. One day he saw her entering a house, from which she emerged with her bosom once again restored to their former significant proportions. Confronted with the evidence of one of Saigon's latest medical booms, his disappointment was so great that he tried to put an end to his life."

Advice in Pubs. A story in the Daily News sheds unexpected light on Buddhist suicides by fire: "A 16-year-old apprentice monk soaked himself with gasoline and burned himself to death. He was believed to have taken his life out of discontent with his superior, who had reproached him of listening too much to radio music."

Both papers carry advice for U.S. servicemen. The Post was happy to tell its readers how to get quick service at the local pubs: "A soft-shoe dance on the bar with combat boots is generally recommended for immediate attention from the establishment's personnel. Other attention-getting devices are obscene noises, self-immolation on the bar stool, a quick change into a bedsheet sheik in the toilet, riding in on a water buffalo, faking an epileptic seizure."

Perfect Relation. Entertainment does not end with the news columns. Both papers run suggestive ads. For a marriage counselor: "To all Americans and foreigners who would like to marry Vietnamese young girls and would like to know carefully all the national customs of the young ladies and also to prevent you from getting all the troubles, we are at your disposal." A hotel: "The best for relation in perfect security."

The antic English of the papers' translators leads to frequent apologies in print. Recently the Daily News ran a correction: "In yesterday's issue, due to a printing error in the item on the Philippines, 'U.S. to Pay \$6 Million Cost' was printed 'U.S. to Pay \$6 Million Loot'; and on the same page in the item on Billy Graham, 'Asks Audience to Give L.B.J. Standing Ovation' was printed 'Asks Audience to Give L.B.J. Standing Nation.' We sincerely regret these misspellings and ask our readers to accept our sincere apologies."

Surprise Package

It was no secret that Houston Endowment, Inc., the \$400 million non-profit foundation set up by the late Secretary of Commerce, Jesse Jones, was anxious to get out of the newspaper business. To the foundation's trustees, the Houston Chronicle was a persistent annoyance. For one thing, they were



OILMAN MECOM & WIFE
Back to the middle of the road.

involved in constant wrangling with Jesse's nephew, John T. Jones Jr., the paper's middle-of-the-road president, who opposed their conservative editorial policies. For another, they were worried that Congress might soon pass legislation forbidding charitable foundations to own active businesses. Last week, to their unconcealed pleasure, the trustees finally found a buyer: Houston Oilman John W. Mecom, 54.

Texas' third biggest independent oil producer (after H. L. Hunt and J. Paul Getty), Mecom has boosted his personal fortune to \$500 million by buying hotels, real estate, fish meal plants, ranches, a construction company and a drugstore. He is, says one detractor, a "frustrated junk dealer"—which is a harsh way of explaining that he likes to collect businesses that other people want to get rid of, and turn them into rewarding moneymakers. Until he bought the Chronicle, however, Mecom had never shown any particular interest in publishing: the paper was not even the main item in his \$85 million package purchase from Houston Endowment. He picked up the Chronicle building as well, along with Houston's 1,000-room Rice Hotel and a controlling interest in Texas National Bank of Commerce, Houston's second largest bank.

Now that he is in the newspaper business, Mecom is expected to keep his old friend John Jones on as president of the Chronicle. Jones suffered a setback when the trustees fired his hand-picked editor Bill Steven (TIME, Sept. 17) for being too liberal on local issues, and replaced him with a conservative who had been influential on the paper in the 1950s. Discouraged by the change in management, a large number of staffers quit.

Backed up by Mecom, a loyal L.B.J. supporter, Jones will probably steer the paper back into the middle of the road; if and when he gets the financial backing, he may buy the Chronicle himself.



DOCTOR OF TOMORROW

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MILESTONES

Marriage Revealed. Althea Gibson, 38, former top-ranked U.S. women's tennis star (TIME cover, Aug. 26, 1957), now trying it as a pro golfer (33rd on the ladies' money list this year); and William Darben, 40, production coordinator for Bendix Corp.; both for the first time; in Las Vegas, on Oct. 17.

Died. Flora Mae Jackson, 35, known as "Baby Flo" to U.S. carnival goers, billing herself as "The World's Largest Woman" and tipping the scales at a fantastic 840 lbs.; of heart disease; in Jacksonville, Fla.

Died. John Henry Hambro, 61, chairman of London's Hambros Bank Ltd., largest merchant bank in Europe, who helped triple his 126-year-old family firm's assets (now more than \$500 million) by pushing beyond traditional sterling markets into such U.S. ventures as a \$5,000,000 partnership in Wall Street's Laidlaw & Co., a \$20 million share in Manhattan's Pan Am Building, and a brisk, \$70 million annual trade in British car imports; of a heart attack; in Knebworth, England.

Died. John J. O'Rourke, 65, Teamster's union vice president and boss of New York City's powerful Joint Council 16, who boldly turned against Teamster Boss Jimmy Hoffa in 1962, subsequently blocked him from dipping further into union funds for personal legal expenses (currently, appeals of jury tampering, mail fraud and conspiracy convictions), and last year gave the screw a final turn by supporting Arch Hoffa Foe Robert Kennedy for Senator; of a heart attack; in The Bronx, N.Y.

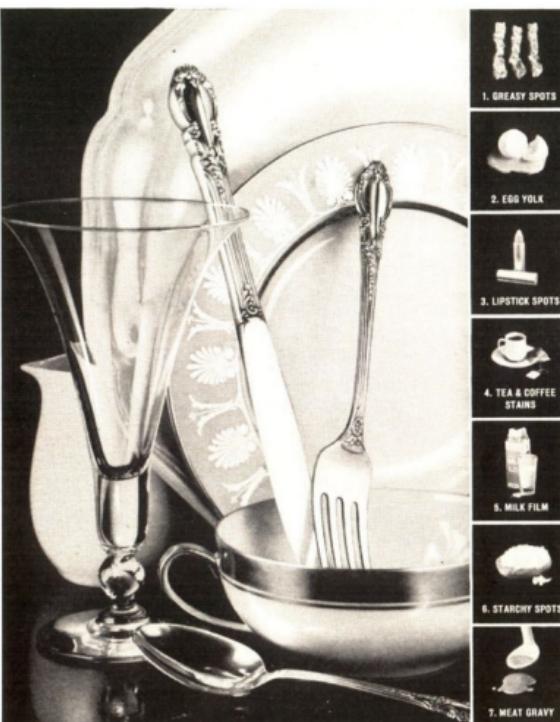
Died. Henry Dixon Cowell, 68, U.S. composer and musical pioneer who remained blithely unconcerned about the many storms that raged around his slam-bang, fist-and-forearm "tone cluster" piano technique in the '20s and '30s and, declaring that modern composers "can't beat Beethoven at his own game," went on to pursue his vigorous ideas in more than 1,000 pieces, which he scored for everything from Pyrex bowls to lyre-like Japanese kotos; of uremia; in Shady, N.Y.

Died. Joseph Ignatius Breen, 75, long-time (1934-54) arbiter of Hollywood's movie morals, who was hired by the Hays (later Johnston) Office to boss the industry's keep-it-clean Production Code, started out by telling producers, "I'm going to throw a helluva lot of your celluloid in the ashcan," which he did while offering such "suggestions" as "Eliminate the action of Spit actually expectorating," only once faced open revolt—when Howard Hughes in 1954 released *The French Line* without a Seal of Approval, thus earning a \$25,000 fine; of a stroke; in West Los Angeles.

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U.S. BUSINESS



THE ECONOMY

The Rate & Its Ripples

For all the political turbulence it provoked, the Federal Reserve Board's move to fight inflation by raising the price of money is not likely to damage the greatest economic expansion in U.S. peacetime history. After an emotional dip at week's start, the stock market expressed its confidence in continued prosperity by rallying to close the week with a 6.6 point gain (to 952.72) in the Dow-Jones industrial average. Most businessmen seemed to approve of the discount-rate rise, even though it means a higher cost for their loans. It was, for Ford President Arjay Miller, "the right move at the right time."

Though they would have preferred that the Federal Reserve wait until January, when the final figures for next year's budget will be ready, even the President's economic advisers did not seriously quarrel with the board's move. They were impressed by November figures that showed a rapid rise in bank credit and by an additional and unexpected rise of \$900 million in plans for plant and equipment investment in 1966—a jump indicating that the pressure on credit will be more permanent than previously supposed.

Strengthening in Europe. The rate increase from 4% to 4 1/2% raised the nation's basic interest cost—the Federal Reserve Banks' own charge for lending to their 6,235 commercial bank members—to the highest level in 35

years. The financial community quickly adjusted to that new bench mark. As the other ten regional Federal Reserve Banks followed the lead of the New York and Chicago banks in adopting the higher discount rate, most commercial banks boosted their own prime rates—the amount they charge top borrowers for a loan—from 4 1/2% to 5%.

Though less than a sixth of them are part of the Federal Reserve System, the nation's 8,988 state banks also began raising their interest rates to keep pace with the money market. Because the dollar is the chief currency of world trade, the repercussions also spread abroad. The Bank of Canada responded by raising its own basic interest rate from 4 1/2% to 4 1/4%, and two Canadian commercial banks lifted their prime rate to the 6% legal limit. In Europe, the value of the dollar strengthened in money markets.

Least & Last. The effects of the Federal Reserve's move will seep into different sectors of the complex U.S. economy at varying speeds. Now that bankers must pay 3% more for the money that they borrow from the Federal Reserve System, they will pass that cost along first to their biggest customers: businessmen. Actually, many banks have already been collecting close to 5% by cutting down the number of those eligible for the prime rate; now they will tend to up that rate by another 1% to many of their customers. Since interest costs are tax deductible, few businessmen will be driven away unless the Reserve Board follows up by restricting the actual supply of credit, which it insists it does not plan to do.

Consumers will feel the ripples least and last. Most consumers are concerned about how monthly payments fit their pocketbooks, give scant attention to the fact that they already pay much more than prime rates for auto and consumer loans, revolving- or check-credit accounts. Besides, even on a two-year, \$1,000 loan the difference between 5% and 6% interest is only 12¢ a month. "The discount rate increase,"

says President Rudolph A. Peterson of the giant Bank of America, "will have little effect on the American consumer's cost of borrowing."

Volatile Dollars. On the other hand, millions of savers may benefit while other millions of mortgage borrowers pay more for home loans. Reason: the Federal Reserve's simultaneous boost from 4 1/2% to 5 1/2% of the interest ceiling on commercial banks' time deposits—money loaned to a bank for a period of at least 30 days. Commercial banks, though forbidden to pay more than 4% interest on regular savings, have amassed billions of dollars from cash-rich corporations by offering up to 4 1/2% interest on a form of time deposit known as certificates of deposit.

Last week the rate on three-month certificates moved to 4 1/2%, and two Manhattan banks (First National City and Bankers Trust) applied a higher rate of 4 1/2% to some savings certificates as well. They thus challenged the savings banks and savings and loan associations, which dread the prospect of a rate battle for savings that many can ill afford. Many mortgage men forecast that commercial banks will siphon enough money away from the savings banks and S. & L.s to make mortgage loans costlier and scarcer next year.

AVIATION

Douglas' New Plane

A new era in commercial aviation flew into being last week on Delta Air Lines' Flight 529 from Atlanta to Memphis and Kansas City. The plane that made the flight was Douglas' new, short-range DC-9 jet, flying its first commercial schedule. The DC-9 not only starts the process of bringing swift jet service to hundreds of U.S. cities too small for big, long-range planes, but may also prove to be one of the most efficient planes in the air.

The twin-jet, 560-m.p.h. plane can land on a 4,250-ft. runway (v. about 7,000 ft. for a Boeing 707 or a DC-8), costs about \$1 a mile to operate (less

BILL MAHON, LEVITON-ATLANTA



DC-9 LEAVING ON FIRST COMMERCIAL FLIGHT
From a long gamble, a short-hop winner.

than half the cost of a DC-8) and can make money carrying as few as 23 passengers. It is equipped with its own boarding stairs, ground air conditioning and jet starting units, thus keeps intermediate stops short. It can carry between 56 and 90 passengers (a new series to be built in 1966 will carry 115) and 600 cu. ft. of cargo, has a range of 1,500 miles.

For Douglas, whose prop-driven DC-3s, DC-6s and DC-7s ruled the airways for two decades, the DC-9 represents a major comeback. The firm got badly beaten by Boeing in developing and selling the first generation of long-range jets, has sold only 323 DC-8s v. 1,029 707s, 720s and medium-range 727s sold by Boeing. While Boeing was raking in its 707 sales, Douglas saw a

CONSTRUCTION

Giant Venture in Viet Nam

While the fighting in Viet Nam makes most of the news, one of the world's largest and swiftest construction programs is changing the face of the country. The U.S. Government is directing a massive master plan aimed at providing the immediate necessities of war (bridges, roads, barracks), long-range civilian needs (power plants, water systems) and the huge strategic complexes (harbors, airfields, roads) necessary for supplying U.S. troops in a distant land with food, arms and equipment. Working at a vigorous pace, military engineers are planning and building dozens of the projects; so is the government-run Agency for International Develop-

CHARLES DONATE



BUILDING HELIPAD AT BIEN HOA
70 hours, 130° heat and 18-ft. pythons.

vast demand for smaller jets to replace the aging prop planes still working on short hops, gambled that it could come up with a better plane faster than anyone else. Though it did not have a single order when it began, it won its gamble: Boeing's short-range 737 may not fly commercially until late 1967.

So far, 24 airlines have bought 230 of the DC-9s, taken options for 144 more (the plane's average cost: \$3,500,000). Douglas estimates its break-even point at between 200 and 400 aircraft, thus may be in the unprecedented position of having broken even on an airplane before it flew. "This plane will be similar to the DC-3 for us," says Douglas Group Vice President Jackson McGowen, referring to the two-motored, 30-passenger plane that was the mainstay of commercial aviation from 1936 to 1947. "With the continuing market we foresee, it should give Douglas considerable stability all through the 1970s." Last week Douglas officials doubted their estimate of the world market for short-range jets to 2,000 in the next decade, predicted that the DC-9 would capture 40% of it.

ment. But a big part of the job—by far the most expensive part—has been turned over to private U.S. enterprise.

The work already given to U.S. companies by the Defense Department amounts to more than \$300 million, and at least another \$200 million in contracts is planned for coming months. The projects are being carried out by four private U.S. construction and engineering firms that have banded together in a giant venture called RMK-BRJ. The four: Raymond International of Manhattan, Morrison-Knudsen of Boise, Idaho (sponsor of the combine), Brown & Root of Houston and J. A. Jones of Charlotte, N.C. RMK-BRJ employs 1,433 American civilians and 22,710 Vietnamese on 40 major projects and 100 lesser ones.

Close Secret. The joint company is building a 10,000-ft. concrete runway and port facilities at Danang, another 10,000-ft. runway, parking aprons and a deep-draft pier at Chu Lai, an airfield extension, a helipad and a storage warehouse at Qui Nhon. At Cam Ranh, where a huge port facility is going up, it is building ammunition depots, an-

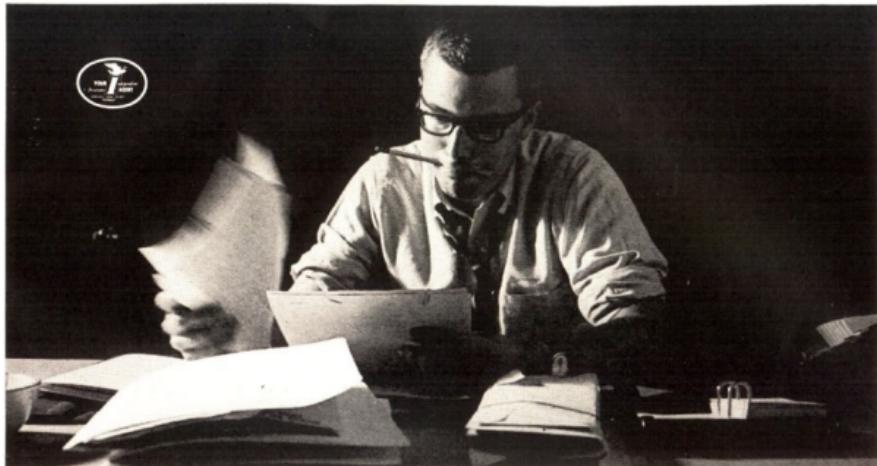
chorages, runways, aprons and taxiways; at Bien Hoa parking areas for planes, storage warehouses and cantonments. It is building a new U.S. embassy in Saigon, is developing an island in the middle of the Saigon River on which to store supplies.

Supervised by the Navy's Bureau of Yards and Docks, the construction is proceeding under a cost plus fixed-fee contract that yields low profits but eliminates the hazard of loss. More important, this system gives the contractor an incentive to get the job done as quickly as possible. The amount of the fees involved is a closely kept secret. Says the combine's overall boss, Morrison-Knudsen Vice President Lyman D. Wilbur, who runs the operation from a windowless, green-painted office at No. 2 Duy-Tan Street in Saigon: "We think it's too little and the Government thinks it's too much."

Logistics Bottleneck. The work is being done with impressive speed. Military insistence on standardization of buildings has helped, and so has the services' willingness to lend the companies' idle equipment. Carving a jet field at Cam Ranh out of scrub and sand dunes in 66 days, the companies built the airstrip with a material that had been used only experimentally in the U.S. before it came to Viet Nam: a thin, interlocking and sandwiched aluminum plate called AM2. The airstrip came out as smooth and as strong as a cement field—which would have taken eight months to construct.

The main obstacle to even faster work is the same delays in shipping and unloading that have caused a logistics bottleneck for the armed forces. Because there are just not enough ports and docks, long-awaited bulldozers, dump trucks or stone crushers are often delayed. To ease the bottleneck, the combine has set up an advance staging area at Poro Point on Luzon in the Philippines, is building three additional depots in Viet Nam. Except for such basics as rock, sand and gravel, most of the construction material must be shipped from the U.S. Though native lumber is abundantly available, for example, it is no longer used. Reason: heavy Viet Cong taxation on growers and suppliers has driven up the price for 1,000 board feet from \$62 to \$300 since 1962.

Tax-Free Wages. Surprisingly, the Viet Cong have carried out little sabotage on the projects, partly as a result of the careful security checks made on all Vietnamese laborers. If they pass, the skilled among them can make up to 93 piasters (\$1.27) an hour. As for the Americans, they do not seem to be very hard to recruit, are motivated both by patriotism and by tax-free wages that run about 25% higher than in the U.S. When Morrison-Knudsen recently queried its U.S.-based employees about going to Viet Nam, 58 of the 60 men working on a missile site in Grand Forks, N. Dak., volunteered



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Don't miss "National Geographic: Miss Godall and the Wild Chimpanzees" on CBS-TV, Wednesday evening Dec. 22.

to go. Once in Viet Nam, the men more than earn their money. They must sign up for 18 months, work up to 70 hours a week in 130° heat, have little opportunity for recreation, face such hazards as malaria and 18-ft. pythons.

The amount of needed construction keeps rising faster than the amount that is actually being put in place, but the combine's men feel that there is little in Viet Nam that they cannot do. The cost of construction put in place each month has risen from \$8,000,000 to \$11 million since August, and by March RMK-BRJ expects to hit a monthly rate of \$25 million. "By spring we will have three airfields the size of San Francisco's being built at the same time," says Rear Admiral William M. Heaman, who handles liaison for the Navy. "This whole place is just going to be jumping with construction."

PATENTS

crease & Increase

At first glance, San Francisco's Koratron Co., Inc., seems to be merely a little outfit with a big name. Its offices are located in the city's seedy Mission District. Its small staff is crammed into a bare bullpen and a few spartan cubicles. Koratron sells neither a product nor a service, but an idea. The idea, however, is the biggest thing to hit the clothing industry since Sanforizing appeared 35 years ago: a formula for permanently creasing fabrics.

Organized only 21 months ago, Koratron already does an \$18 million business, has 413 clients who pay for the right to use its process. It is about to open a Canadian branch, will soon license a Far East operation to be called Koratron Technique Hong Kong, which will take advantage of the huge clothing market in the Orient.

Threatening Child. Koratron's founder, San Francisco Garment Maker Joseph Koret, came upon the permanent-crease process in 1956 while searching for a way to keep creases in the pleats of his women's sportswear. By coating fabrics with a resin solution and then baking them in 325° ovens, Koret's chemists found that they could "memorize" a crease into most kinds of material. As a result, 85% of men's slacks in the U.S. are now Koratron-treated, and the permanent crease is becoming a feature of everything from bathing trunks to blue jeans. Koret's formula, patented in 1961, has been eagerly licensed by such companies as Levi Strauss, Jantzen, Alligator, Botany, Burlington, J. P. Stevens, Deering Milliken and Talon.

Koret set up Koratron as a licensing subsidiary of his Koret of California (annual sales: \$25 million), but the child threatens to outgrow the parent. Koratron is run by Herman A. Greenberg, 57, a Harvard Law graduate and sometime New York Daily Mirror reporter who was hired because of the policing experience he gained as the

wartime Office of Price Administration's enforcement director. The company collects 2% on all Koratron-treated material, then another 1% on every garment. It requires that the Koratron trademark be prominently shown on garments, backs up the tag with a snappy advertising campaign and a quality-control program in which Koratron technicians wash, pull, rip and rub samples to make certain that they crease as they should. The company moves swiftly against patent infringements, recently won a consent decree against Los Angeles' Swede Co. for selling Koratron-processed goods without paying royalties.

Keeping Lead Time. Greenberg intends to expand Koratron by means other than patent protection. "We've

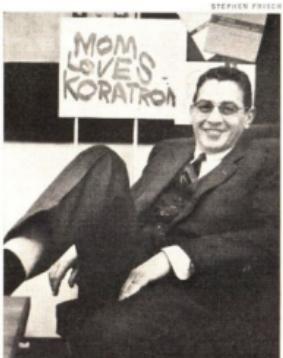
rate by the nation's 58-month economic advance. Last week the Labor Department reported that nonfarm payrolls covered a record 61.8 million workers in November, a 4.4% gain from a year ago—the largest in 14 years. While overall unemployment fell to an eight-year low of 4.2% in November, the jobless rate among skilled craftsmen has slumped to 2.5%.

Over from Ireland. During the first eleven months of 1965, 2,200,000 additional people have found employment (or have been sought out for it), the largest year-to-year increase since the Korean War buildup. Even so, the November work week was the longest (41.4 hours) in more than two decades, and average overtime (3.8 hours) came close to a record. Naturally, pay has risen with demand: workers in manufacturing earned \$2.64 an hour in November v. \$2.55 a year ago. Reports the National Industrial Conference Board: "The labor market is now as tight as during the Korean War—and Viet Nam could tighten it further."

Qualified workers are hardest to find in such industries as shipbuilding, aircraft and aerospace, metals, machinery and tools. In many cities, there is also a growing scarcity of teachers, nurses, social-welfare workers and even typists. Labor pirating by firms has broken out in the Midwest as a result of shortages of ironworkers, carpenters and cement masons. Contractors in Springfield, Ill., are so short of bricklayers that they have enticed 15 Irish craftsmen to immigrate to the U.S., are clamoring for 40 more. Older people find it easier to get jobs because of the pinch: Des Moines Contractor Don B. Bettis recently hired an 83-year-old carpenter—and was delighted to get him.

No License. In their scramble for skilled hands, many industries have either had to relax their standards for hiring or launch costly on-the-job training programs. United Air Lines, the nation's largest line, is expanding its flight-training center in Denver at a cost of \$25 million, has begun signing up trainees who lack a commercial pilot's license to meet its need for 800 new pilots a year. Pan American has dropped its insistence on a college degree. All four auto producers have set up training centers (General Motors has 30, Ford 56), summer seminars and mobile classrooms in an effort to solve a growing shortage of auto repairmen. In 1950 there was one repairman for every 70 cars on the road; today that ratio has slipped to one per 117—while auto inventories have grown more complex.

The contrast between the shortage of skilled labor and the continuing unemployment of the unskilled is winning support in Congress for a bill that would help right the inequity. It would allow businessmen a 7% income tax write-off on the cost of employee training, a move intended to spur the upgrading of such underemployed groups as high school dropouts, teen-agers and Negroes.



KORATRON'S GREENBERG
How to keep the pleat neat.

got the lead time in this field," he says, "and we intend to keep it." Koratron has lately extended its process to knitted goods, sponsors studies at the Stanford Research Institute to explore additional uses. It is also cooperating with Department of Agriculture chemists in experiments to find a way to shrinkproof and permanently crease wool, one fiber that still resists artificial processing. If the researchers succeed, men will one day be able to toss wool suits into washers, put them on again without ironing.

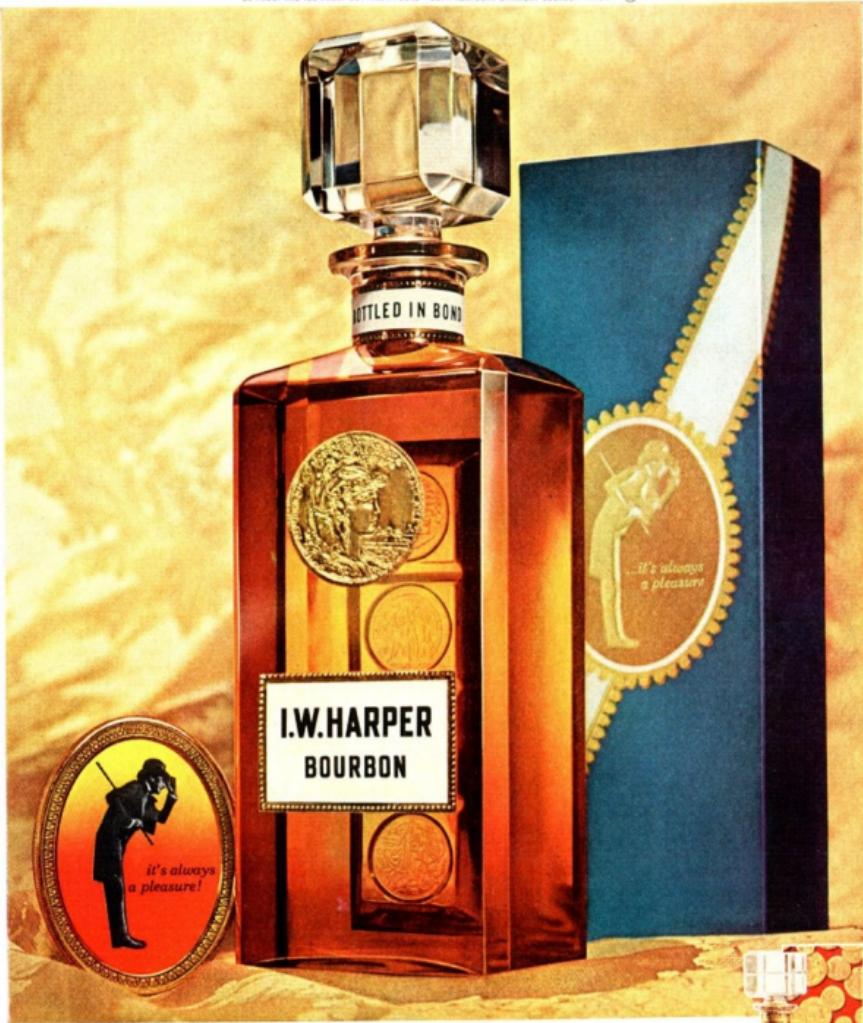
LABOR

Shortage of Skills

"How would you like to do your husband a big favor?" cooed the radio ad. "It doesn't involve more cooking or housework." With that come-on, Pittsburgh's Dravo Corp. took into the kitchen its urgent plea for more engineers, draftsmen and designers: "Just mention Dravo to him when he gets home tonight."

The search for skilled workers is reaching fever level as the U.S. manpower pool is drained at an accelerating

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WORLD BUSINESS

WESTERN EUROPE

The Business of Giving

Though the practice of Christmas gift giving has reached its dizzy apex in the U.S., Europe is not far behind. Last week executives cleared their offices and sat back expectantly for the deluge of gifts that this year will break every record in Europe. As in the U.S., better times mean bigger gifts and more ingenuity in selecting them. To provide both, a flourishing industry has grown up in Britain and on the Continent.

British businessmen will give out about \$12 million worth of Christmas gifts this season, and some 30 firms now specialize in servicing British corporations' gift lists. In France, where the corporate-gift retailers number about 100, the total may reach \$25 million. This year German industry will lay out close to \$105 million in gifts; Germany has close to 1,000 gift makers and distributors. The practice of giving business gifts at Christmas is growing 10% a year in Finland; in Stockholm, a dozen firms now specialize in gifts for Swedish businessmen.

American Influence. Gift-giving practices vary—and so do the taboos. The trend in Britain, unlike the rest of Europe, is toward less expensive gifts because of new, more stringent tax laws on gift giving. In Finland, any gift exceeding \$30 is considered a straight bribe, and in Sweden it is considered bad form to give liquor—the most popular gift in the rest of Europe. The Germans prefer gifts that can be used over and over, do not like conspicuous firm names or advertising messages. Very few firms in Europe forbid their employees to accept gifts.

In Spain, most corporations now give the traditional *cesta*, a hamper of food, wines and liquors, some of which cost up to several hundred dollars and require several men to transport. The British are big on food hampers, desk equipment, pen and pencil sets and cocktail accessories, have stepped up their overseas giving as part of their export drive. Germany's most common gift is the calendar, followed by leather goods, such metal goods as pocket knives and scissors and desk equipment. Everybody seems to be fond of giving such gadgets as a blinking alarm clock or a pocket vacuum cleaner.

Police Cleanup. Germany's DEMAG steel company this year is sending out lithographs, some up to 150 years old, that depict 19th century ironmaking, and Bertelsmann, the Westphalian publishing house, will give hampers filled with Westphalian ham, pumpernickel and Steinhausen, a German gin. France's Banque Dupont will send a classic Eversharp desk set with two pens. Du Jardin, the cognac maker, is distributing an auto distress kit complete with blinking light. NK, Sweden's leading depart-

ment store, sends out an LP record called "Music from Creative Sweden," while the Skandinaviska Bank distributes great straw plant baskets containing a miniature garden of Sweden's favorite Christmas indoor plants.

The Italians have taken to business gift giving with a frenzy, heavily favor French champagne or Italian *spumante*, Scotch and cognac. Martini & Rossi, Cinzano and Carpano all send out packages or cases of their best vermouth. ENI, the government-owned petroleum combine, gives champagne in decorative holders; IRI, the industrial combine, sends cases of high-quality Maccarese wine. No one cleans up in Italy like the Italian police. Companies have taken up the custom, long observed by the populace, of giving them presents at Epiphany. One result is that on Jan. 6 it is often difficult to spot a traffic cop behind his mountain of gifts.

ly varying, virtually unregulated rates have helped to put European truckers years behind their U.S. counterparts. DC plans to win the business of U.S. firms on the Continent, and of European concerns as well, by providing rapid, door-to-door service within Europe and between the U.S. and Europe. To accomplish the latter, it has negotiated transatlantic cargo tie-ups with Seaboard World Airlines, Inc., Pan Am and McLean Industries, which operates a fleet of huge, specially designed piggyback freighters. DC began talking with dozens of potential American clients even before the West Friesland deal went through, got some swift results. "The European Du Pont operation had recently canceled its contract with West Friesland," says DC's London-born president, Leslie G. Taylor. "We turned that contract back on in five minutes."

That is about the pace at which DC



DC's TAYLOR



HAULING HIGHWAY FREIGHT IN THE NETHERLANDS

From door to door, by piggyback and push.

Across the Ocean by Truck

More than 3,000 U.S. companies now do business in Europe, and their number is steadily increasing. So are their trucking needs, which up to now have been served only by European firms. Last week a U.S. firm took a logical step: it established the first American-owned trucking network in Europe.

Denver's DC (for Denver-Chicago) Trucking Co., Inc., the nation's seventh largest line (1964 revenues: \$50 million), paid \$2,000,000 to acquire an 85% interest in Amsterdam's West Friesland Eurotransport, Inc. Though West Friesland's business came to a modest \$3,500,000 last year, the company operates in ten countries, far more than any other European line, and thus offers DC an ideal base for expansion. Italy's Fiat has agreed to take the remaining 15% interest as "a calling card that we are leaving with a prospective new customer for our trucks."

National rivalries, language barriers, monetary exchange difficulties and wide-

has been moving since Taylor, 49, bought a majority of the stock in 1963. So far, he has made four major domestic acquisitions, quadrupled the line's income. After a short fishing trip to the Caribbean (his first vacation in two years), Taylor will fly to Amsterdam to get the new European venture rolling. Already on his agenda: plans to expand the ten-country network by adding Portugal and Spain in the near future, later extending service to a number of countries behind the Iron Curtain.

THAILAND

Behind Every Successful Woman

"A man is the foreleg of the elephant and the woman the hind leg," according to an old Thai saying. If that is so, the hind legs are doing more than their share of the walking in present-day Thailand. In increasing numbers, the women of Thailand are abandoning the sheltered life of the home to pursue careers in business. For all their delicate femininity—their diminutive, porcelain



BANKER CHUMBHOT



BUS BOSS SOMBATSIRI
The elephant walks well on its hind legs.



INDUSTRIALIST TELAN

prettiness, their singsong voices and their flowing silk robes—they have proved to be tough businesswomen whose impact on their country has already been extensive.

Far-Flung Fiefdoms. Wealthy Princess Chumbhot, 56, who impishly professes to know nothing about banks except that "you keep money in them," recently presided over her first board meeting as chairman of Bangkok's new Asia Trust Bank, Ltd. Across town, Mrs. Som Sri Charoenrajapak, 41, revealed plans to build a mammoth combination bowling alley, restaurant and parking garage, thus expanding her existing interests in apartment buildings, supermarkets and the rapidly rising \$1,600,000 President Hotel. Mrs. Suni Telan, 44, has just announced that she intends to sell stock in a new holding company that will be set up to control her far-flung business fiefdom, which includes hotels, an export-import firm, rice mills, teak and mining companies, an aluminum-fabricating plant, and real estate.

Behind the surge of feminine enterprise are some powerful new social and economic forces. Most of the Thai businesswomen started with at least some inherited wealth but, like women the world over, were encouraged by education to escape the housewife's role and test themselves in man's arena. Furthermore, as living costs have risen so has the women's desire to help their husbands earn a larger share of the good life. Thai husbands, who have a strong preference for dignified but low-paying careers in civil service and law, left a vacuum in the business community that the women have rushed to fill. Consequently, their roles cut across the entire spectrum of Thailand's commerce and industry. Women own about 90% of Bangkok's real estate and have heavy interests in transportation companies, construction firms and restaurants.

Running Around. "I think we are better in business than men," says Supapan Mejudhun, 21, who helps her mother

run a flourishing 49-boat ferry fleet on the bustling Chao Phraya River. "They like to sit at a desk and do routine jobs, while we like to run around." Mrs. Besie Punyanita Samgarachan, 37, has expanded her Boon Vant Travel Agency from a tiny concern with one part-time guide into one of Thailand's biggest agencies, with 80 employees and a fleet of 20 buses and cars. Perhaps the most eminent Thai businesswoman of all is Mrs. Lursakdi Sombatsiri, owner and operator of Bangkok's biggest bus company, the White Bus Line. Trim, thirtyish Mrs. Lursakdi, a former Thai golf champion, inherited the company from her father, built it into one of the country's most progressive businesses. It provides workers with housing, healthy annual bonuses and profit sharing, has helped the emancipation of Thai women by hiring 80 of them to collect fares.

As the businesswomen make ever deeper inroads into Thailand's commerce, they exercise great tact and diplomacy in dealing with their men. They take the position, in fact, that behind every successful businesswoman is a loving helpmate.

BRITAIN

Lord Coal's Troubles

Britain's National Coal Board is massive by any standards. It is the third largest industrial company outside the U.S., employs 550,000 people (one in every 40 British workers), is one of England's biggest landlords (it owns 130,000 homes), and supplies most of Britain's energy needs. It also has Britain's worst managerial headache. Its deficit has mounted to \$125 million so far this year, and it intends to close 150 coal mines and seek government forgiveness of loans equaling more than \$1 billion. Last week, in the most severe shake-up since the coal industry was nationalized 18 years ago, the N.C.B. abolished seven division offices, announced plans to eliminate 14,000 clerical employees and save \$40 million annually.

The N.C.B.'s plight has been worsening despite rising productivity and the board's leading role in applying automation techniques to mines. Like coal industries elsewhere, the board suffers from the increased efficiency of rival energy products: oil, natural gas and nuclear power; coal now supplies only 65% of Britain's fuel needs v. 90% in 1950. The N.C.B.'s operating costs have risen steadily, yet the government has forced the board to hold the price line. Its wages are pegged to an obsolete piece-rate system, its mines are worked out, and unemployment insurance has suspiciously increased absenteeism to 25,000 men daily.

Best Friend? These messy problems land squarely on the ample frame of the coal board's chairman, Baron Robens of Woldingham, who is variously known to Britons as "Lord Coal" and "honest Alf." After serving on Manchester's city council and running a teddy-bear-manufacturing business, Lancashireman Robens won a seat in Parliament, at 40 became Clement Attlee's Minister of Labor. In 1961 a Conservative government asked him to take over the red-inked coal board, which had become a music-hall joke. Robens moved into the board's office behind Buckingham Palace, mounted a housewives' coal-buying campaign, and announced to the workers: "The miner never had a better friend than Alf Robens." He was soon made a baron.

In 1962, Lord Coal managed to turn a modest \$3.9 million profit, but rising competition, casual labor practices and overoptimistic expansion soon reddened the ink again. "If we were a private corporation," admits Robens, "the stockholders would have been bankrupt a long time ago." The government's protective measures (a virtual ban on coal imports, a twopence-per-gallon tax on oil) have been to no avail. And, despite promises that they will get new jobs, the 120,000 miners who will be thrown out of work by the pit closures are no longer sure that Alf Robens is their best friend. Mine unions now call Robens "the self-worshipping Socialist."

Trying Hard. In an almost impossible situation, Lord Coal is nonetheless trying to do his best. One of the country's most polished performers, he flies around visiting coal mines in a \$140,000 De Havilland Dove plane painted in the blue and white colors of the National Coal Board flag. Robens is persistently optimistic about coal's future, insists that Britain's growth will bring consumption and that modernization will make coal competitive. He is squabbling with the Labor government about next year's coal production, which he believes should be 200 million tons instead of the 180 million tons Labor wants. "On that basis," sniffs Lord Coal, "you could get a schoolboy to do my job for me." Still, he is likely to be around for a while: this fall he signed up for another five-year stint as chairman, at \$35,000 a year.

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EDUCATION

UNIVERSITIES

On the Move in the South

The plague of higher education in the South has been its complacent "intellectual provincialism" and its dearth of leaders with the ambition to "rise above regional standards," So argued Allan M. Cartter, vice president of the American Council on Education, after a study of Southern universities. Yet Cartter also found signs of "a real educational renaissance" at four private schools that have in recent years acquired new presidents and got onto the move.

These four—Vanderbilt's Alexander Heard, Emory's Sanford S. Atwood, Tulane's Herbert Longenecker and Duke's Douglas Knight—are all nationally oriented administrators who refuse

Heard argues that "the most pervasive aspiration of our time is for greater human freedom," insists that a university must "maintain an open forum" and defend the academic freedom of both faculty and students. He also stresses service to nearby Negro colleges: Vanderbilt now has faculty-exchange programs with Nashville's Fisk University and the cross-town Meharry Medical School, one of the South's main sources of Negro doctors.

Coke College. Wisconsin-born Sandy Atwood, 53, has similarly put new life into Emory, once known as the "Coca-Cola college" because of its endowment by soft-drink tycoons. Since his arrival in Atlanta from Cornell (TIME, July 19, 1963), he has recruited a more dynamic faculty, launched a \$25 million fund

Southwest, and the rest of the U.S. Since his arrival in 1960, Longenecker promoted a doubling of faculty salaries, drew up a ten-year plan to strengthen its senior faculty, created such crossbred schools as bio-engineering.

Cosmopolitan. Doug Knight, 44, a Yale Ph.D. who headed Wisconsin's Lawrence College at the age of 32, came to Duke insisting that "we dare not be satisfied until we are a national force in every field which legitimately concerns us." (TIME, Sept. 13, 1963). He claims that Duke competes with any U.S. university "in salary scale and in the origin and quality of the faculty." He has raised \$47 million so far in a new \$18 million expansion drive, intends to double the size of the Duke library, already 1,716,000 volumes.

Duke's nationwide Board of Trustees is chaired by Ford Motor Co. Vice President Wright Tisdale and Knight himself is a member of M.I.T.'s governing corporation. With some 200 foreign faculty members and about the same number of foreign students, Duke is probably the South's most cosmopolitan campus. "You can't have a limited attitude toward race when you have all the races in the student body and on the faculty," says Knight.

Plenty of Southern private universities still seem to stake their reputations on the way their magnolias suffice, or the proximity of beaches, or the absence of Negroes. In Alex Heard's opinion, they will suffer increasingly by comparison with those that feel the urgency of improvement. "Mediocrity breeds mediocrity," he says. "Excellence attracts excellence."

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Las Vegas' Impressive Newcomer

Residents of Las Vegas profess to be undisturbed by their town's sin-city reputation. They euphemize gambling into "gaming," and stress upbeat touches such as the way Craps Dealer Ralph Hicks ends his trick at The Golden Nugget and rushes off to preside as president of the Western High School P.T.A.

Yet an aggressive educator from California, Las Vegas School Superintendent Leland Byerly Newcomer, 44, has been shrewd enough to realize that the collective conscience of Las Vegas is bothered by the area's dependence on its dubious industry—and Newcomer has been smart enough to play upon that conscience to develop one of the nation's most improved and innovation-minded school systems. "The schools represent a catharsis of guilt for many people in Las Vegas," says Newcomer. "They are glad to have something that gives this community an identity and a stability it never had before."

Shifting Old Butts. When Newcomer, a gangly, kinetic education Ph.D. from the University of Southern California, moved to Las Vegas four years ago from his job as assistant superintendent of the Covina, Calif., schools, the Las



VANDERBILT'S HEARD



EMORY'S ATWOOD
WAYNE WILSON



DUKE'S KNIGHT

Freedom, quality, and thank-you notes to boot.

to keep old Southern traditions at the cost of academic quality. Of the quartet, only Heard is from the South, showing how trustees of their schools reached out to seek the best available men anywhere. Yet Savannah-born Alex Heard, 48, is even more outspokenly critical of Southern educational provincialism than the three Northerners. "We in the South cannot duck behind the thought that if we show up in the rear ranks in national ratings, the ratings measure the wrong things," he says.

Self-Study. Political Scientist Heard came to Vanderbilt from the deanship of the University of North Carolina's graduate school. Taking over two years ago, he ordered a self-study in which 285 faculty and staff members produced a massive critical report. Heard read all 36 lbs. of it, now uses it as a basis for measuring Vanderbilt's progress. He created a separate department of molecular biology and a division of biomedical sciences, established a "distinguished professor" rank with high salaries to attract top talent, and overhauled the sociology department.

drive, raised admission standards and tuition. "If you're giving good education, there's no reason you shouldn't charge for it," he says.

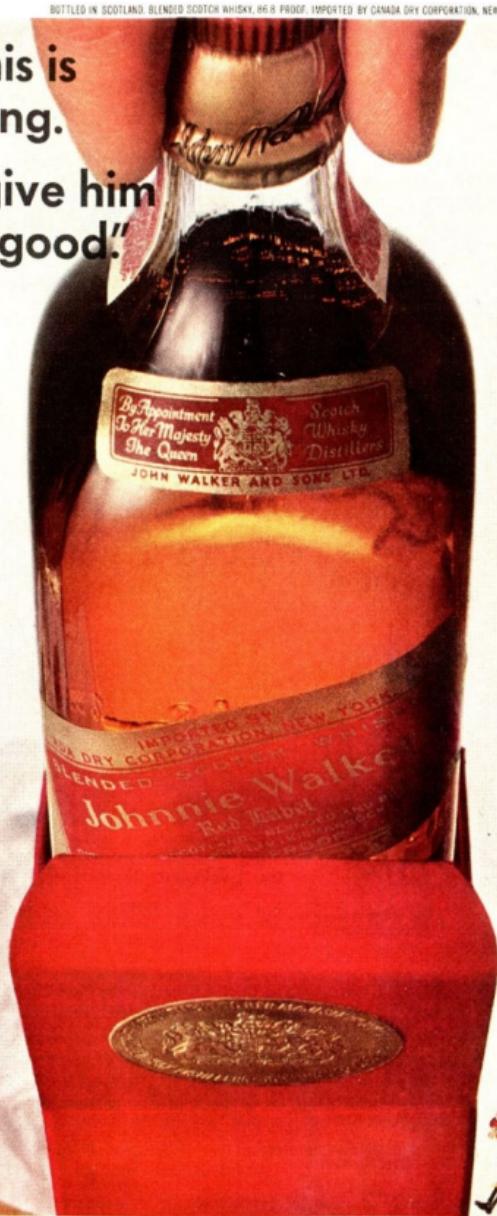
Atwood recently won high praise from his faculty when he came to the defense of Emory's controversial Theologian Thomas Altizer, whose death-of-God doctrine outraged Emory's Methodist-dominated trustees. Insisted Presbyterian Atwood about Altizer: "He feels he had an idea worth discussing. He has the right to do so." At the same time, Atwood finds certain qualities in his students that he feels non-Southern schools should envy. "These kids are not bearded ruffians and sloppy kids," he says. "They write thank-you notes after a visit to our house. Now that would never happen at Cornell."

Under Herb Longenecker, 53, a former vice president at the University of Illinois, Tulane became one of the South's first private schools to accept Negroes as undergrads. Once a commuter university, Tulane now draws its students roughly one-third each from the New Orleans area, the South and

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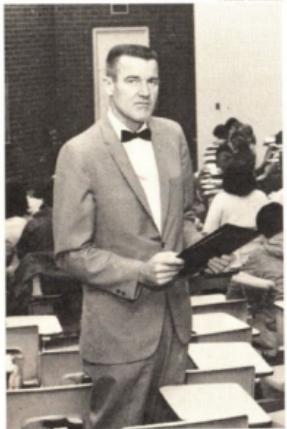
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Vegas system was in a jam. Almost half of the 29,000 students were on double sessions; annual teacher turnover was a disruptive 33%. Newcomer told the Clark County school board that he would take the post only if given full administrative powers, free from daily meddling by board members. Newcomer promptly shoved aside a group of what he calls "old butts"—political types paid administrative salaries to perform mainly clerical chores. He brought in a "cabinet" of five imaginative administrators, four of them from out of state. He was criticized for paying one assistant \$15,000 a year just to seek foundation support—until the assistant netted \$600,000 in grants within six months.

Newcomer carved the 8,000-sq.-mi. Clark County district into five sections,

FRANK MUTHMAN



SUPERINTENDENT NEWCOMER
Gambling led to the catharsis.

assigned a "director" to each to serve as a liaison with his office, gave each principal a free hand to shape his own school toward centrally decided educational goals. He told them to concentrate on what the kids were learning rather than on what was taught and to let others worry about routine problems. "I don't pay my principals \$12,000 to \$15,000 a year to see that the windows are clean," Newcomer says. His teachers and administrators are not protected by tenure. "We just don't tolerate sloppy work," he says.

The shake-up put new life into the whole system, inspired parental excitement over the schools. When Newcomer proposed an astonishing \$21 million school bond issue in 1963, the P.T.A. put 5,000 people to work stuffing information envelopes and plugging the cause. It passed 7.5 to 1. Only 15 months later he proposed a \$38 million issue—and it passed better than 4 to 1. Since his arrival, two high schools, three

junior highs, 20 elementary schools and 20 additions have been built.

2½ Acres of Carpet. Today Newcomer's district has an annual budget of \$29.2 million, almost triple that of four years ago and more money than is spent by any other public agency in Nevada. In the same period, enrollment has risen to 58,000, which is 52% of the whole state's pupils, yet double sessions have been eliminated. Teacher salaries have risen 25% and teacher turnover has been cut to 14%. Newcomer's own salary is \$26,500—making him the state's highest-paid official.

While more money and an administrative overhaul were vital, the real promise in the Las Vegas schools lies in their openness to new ideas. "We have some of the best innovations in education going on—and probably some of the worst," says Newcomer. In the city's Paradise Valley area, the new, low-slung \$4,600,000 high school has open arches rather than doors in windowless rooms shaped in triangles, arcs and diamonds. Sliding partitions convert a classroom to a 250-student lecture hall. A full 2½ acres of the seven-acre school are carpeted to reduce noise.

To create flexibility in time as well as space, class periods are broken into 20-minute units that can be combined to fit instructional needs. The end of a period is signaled by intercom music rather than bells. Class schedules are laid out by a Stanford University computer. Team teaching is commonplace—partly because "you can't afford to be a poor teacher when you are working with your peers in a goldfish-bowl situation," as Principal James Smith puts it. Bright students are given up to 13 hours a week to spend as they wish, hopefully in "resource centers" and "learning laboratories" where supplementary materials are available. To complaints that some kids waste this time, Newcomer replies: "The reason so many good high school students go to hell when they get to their freshman year in college is that they have never been on their own. They have to learn the consequences of wasting time."

Every Kid a Genius. Despite his success, Newcomer is a chronic worrier who frets about the future of his schools, sometimes goes home and sips three bourbons and water to relax—then frets about having taken three drinks. He worries about integrating his schools, so far partly accomplished by bussing Negroes to junior high and high school. He once strode into a TV studio to interrupt an education speech by Governor Grant Sawyer, accused him of "irresponsible leadership" in bucking most educational problems to the rural-dominated legislature. When an official of the Nevada Taxpayers Association called Newcomer's school budget phony, Newcomer said the man "either can't read, or he's stupid, or he's dishonest."

Yet most people in Nevada deeply respect Newcomer's educational philosophy. "There isn't a kid in the world who

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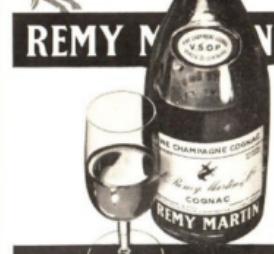
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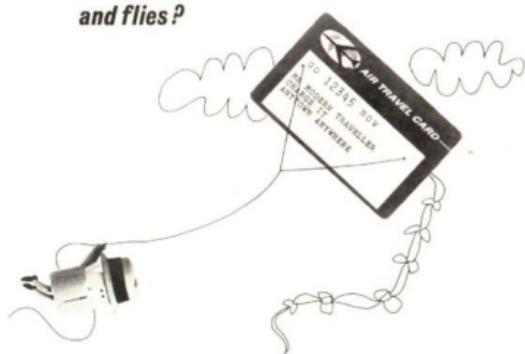

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isn't a genius or a near genius in some things, or a moron in others," he says. The schools, says Newcomer, must "find ways to analyze each child in terms of his uniqueness as a human being."

EDUCATION ABROAD

The Good Books

When the French Tricolor fluttered down a decade ago, the literacy rate in Viet Nam was about one third (down from when the French arrived 90 years before). Now, both despite and because of the war, two-thirds of the South Vietnamese can read and write. A major reason is that the U.S. Government's AID has flooded the schools with 7,000,000 textbooks in its most successful Vietnamese assistance program. It plans to distribute another 7,000,000 next year.

No longer does a typical Saigon elementary class of 60 kids have only six textbooks, each of a different kind. No longer do teachers have to outline a

LE WISH



NEW TEXTBOOK IN SAIGON
Now let's brush our teeth.

lesson on chalkboard, make children copy it and chant it back. To stop any kid on the streets is to find one or two of the new texts in his bookbag.

The texts have been compiled by 37 Vietnamese writing committees. They include 25 different language versions of a first-grade book for aboriginal Montagnards, who speak a variety of Polynesian-based languages. The books are mass-printed in Hong Kong and Manila at an average cost of 22¢ each.

The books have thick paper and plastic covers to withstand rough wear and tropical rains. One shipment of 2,000 books survived two weeks in boxes under nine feet of flood water. They range from simple hygiene texts—

*Now let's brush our teeth,
Let's clean our face, nose, arms and
legs,*

Then let's comb our hair.

And let's not forget to go to the toilet.—to a history series, math series and basic readers. One of the most popular books is a simple version of *My Baby Brother* by Dr. Benjamin Spock, who has been a leader of demonstrations opposing the U.S. action in Viet Nam.

Many people are so happy to get Cherry Heering for the holidays, they never drink it.

Our bottle looks almost too good to open. So many people don't. They tuck it away for a special occasion or they put it "on display." (That means someplace where guests can read the label, but can't open the bottle.)

They've heard that Cherry Heering is pretty expensive and prestigious and all that, but they haven't heard how it tastes. What adds to their confusion is our name. More specifically our first name. "Cherry." Some people think that means Cherry Heering is a too-sweet liqueur. Which it isn't. It's sweet, but it's not sweet-ish.

Cherry Heering is light and almost dry. In fact, it's one of the liqueurs that has a real "refreshing" taste. Another thing: Cherry Heering isn't only for women. Women like it because it's good. Not because they're women.

So, please remember. If you receive a bottle of Cherry Heering for the holidays, and it says "Don't open 'til December 25th — please make it *this* December 25th.



Try a "Redhead". One part Cherry Heering to two parts Courvoisier Cognac on-the-rocks.



Cherry Heering.
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CINEMA

Color-Blind

A Patch of Blue takes some getting used to. It starts as a pointless little tearjerker, then turns abruptly into contemporary hope opera. To save it from itself requires extraordinary skill, and the movie is fortunate in having miracle workers at hand.

Unseeing, hopelessly ignorant because she has never been to school, a blind girl gropes through a squalid, nightmare life. Her name is Selina. All day long she sits alone in a city tenement, stringing costume-jewelry beads to earn her keep. Her grandfather (Wallace Ford) is a mauldin old drunk. Her mother (Shelley Winters at her strident best) is a fat, vicious trollop who accidentally caused Selina's blindness years ago, now despises her for deserving pity.

One day her "Ole Pa," as Selina calls him, drops her off for the infrequent pleasure of an outing in the park. As she turns to her beads under a shade tree, a caterpillar wriggles down the back of her dress. She screams. A handsome young Negro (Sidney Poitier) runs to help, and the stage is set for the rather obvious tale of a girl to whom all men are colorless. In time she tells her new-found friend her problems, and he, of course, understands instinctively, given the troubles he's seen.

Luckily, Director Guy Green (*The Angry Silence*, *The Mark*) has a knack for sustaining the sort of idea that in lesser hands might easily slip from pathos into bathos. Green's style is simple, forceful and true, and he habitually activates a performer's most astonishing inner resources. The prize of his present cast is 21-year-old film fledgling Elizabeth Hartman. Spindly and coltish as Selina, with a plain-pretty face that can erupt unexpectedly into electric

Volcanists
admire
their
recessed
tops

You pay more for Benson & Hedges.
And, from recessed mouthpiece to personal case,
you get more.



POITIER & HARTMAN IN "BLUE"
A girl without hope for miracles.



A traditional Christmas eggnog—made with gold Puerto Rican rum. Photograph by Alan Fontaine.

How to make good, old-fashioned eggnog the first time you try

(Use gold Puerto Rico rum and follow one of the recipes below)

IF YOU really want to delight your friends with a Christmas eggnog, make it with *rum*. There's plenty of precedent. After all, this Early American merry cup started with rum.

Today, the grand tradition continues—but with a notable improvement: *gold Puerto Rican rums*. They simply refuse to be subdued in an eggnog. Reason: they are distilled at high proof and aged

in oak—it's the law in Puerto Rico.

Here are two great recipes for a traditional eggnog. Use the one that suits your own tempo and taste.

Traditional recipe. Beat 12 egg yolks until light. Beat in $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar until thick. Stir in 1 qt. milk and a fifth of *gold Puerto Rican rum*. Chill for three hours. Pour into punch bowl. Fold in 1 qt. stiffly whipped heavy cream. Chill for one hour.

Dust with nutmeg. Serves 24.

Quick recipe. Add 12 oz. *gold Puerto Rican rum* to 1 qt. of eggnog mix from your dairy. Fold in 1 cup stiffly whipped heavy cream. Chill. Dust with nutmeg. Serves 12.

FREE BOOKLET! 31 rum drink recipes. Write: Puerto Rico Rum Recipe Booklet, 666 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019.



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Binning fine wines is an old-world practice.
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to be sure your dinner will be
a memorable one.



Brother Timothy is in charge of The Christian Brothers' wine-making activities in California. Binning, or the maturing of the wine in bottles, helps to give this superb red Burgundy a full-bodied smoothness, and a true flavor and aroma, that no hurried methods could duplicate.

Here Brother Timothy examines a bottle in the soft light of a candle for color and clarity. He suggests you try the Burgundy, the next time you want to add special enjoyment to your steak or roast-beef dinner, or to any hearty meal.

You'll find The Christian Brothers Burgundy an excellent example of the outstanding table wines, dessert wines, sparkling wines, vermouths and brandy* that The Brothers have been making for so many years in California's genial soil and climate.

If you would like Brother Timothy to send you a FREE WINE SELECTOR, which tells you how to choose and enjoy wines, write to: The Christian Brothers, Department W, 1255 Post Street, San Francisco, California 94109.

beauty, she wins genuine sympathy by playing up the spunk in her role, playing against the saccharine. She is achingly real without ever being soppy, whether cursing her fate, dodging flatware during a pitched battle between Winters and Ford, or unemotionally explaining to Poitier that she is "experienced" with men because of a brutal encounter with one of her mother's drunken beaus.

Patch of Blue flirts openly with the issue of interracial love, only to leave it unresolved in the last reel, and the film's message becomes almost immaterial. In their quiet, tender scenes together, Hartman and Poitier conquer the insipidity of a plot that reduces tangled human problems to a case of the black leading the blind.

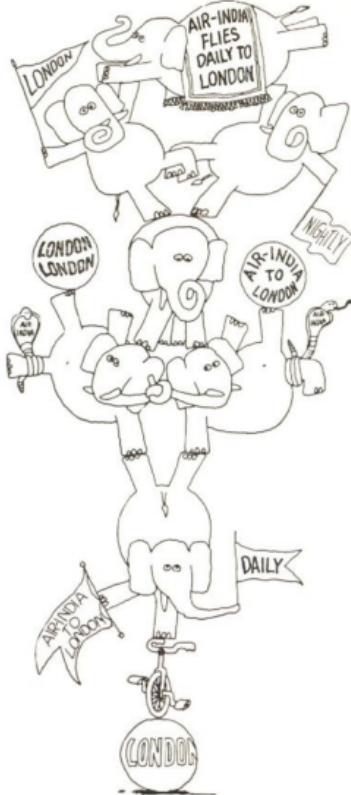
Stage Business

A Thousand Clowns, like most Broadway comedies submitted to the camera's cold scrutiny, changes for the worse in transition. No longer a play and not quite a movie, it falls victim to the war between incompatible techniques. Producer-Director Fred Coe, alert to the opportunities suggested by a house-bound play in which the hero says he likes nothing better than to rove the streets of New York, frequently moves the action outdoors. He tries zoom shots, jump cuts, overlapping sound, running wild-and-free sequences and other New Cinema gimmickry (for no particular reason a cheese sandwich pops out at the Automat to the booming accompaniment of *The Hallelujah Chorus*). Such razzmatazz, rather self-consciously wedged into *Clowns*' wordy theatrical bedrock, solves the problem of inertia but ultimately splits the film in two. Neither half survives.

For the conventional interior scenes, Playwright-turned-scenarist Herb Gardner retains much of the warmth, wit and likable sentiment that stamped his original work a success. Gardner wrote with disarming ambivalence of a hack gag writer (Jason Robards) who quits his job in protest against all of society's threats to individualism and specifically his indenture to a TV show called *Chuckles the Chipmunk*. "Actually," Robards explains, "it was not so much that I wasn't reaching the boys and girls out there in televisionland, but the boys and girls were starting to reach me."

In a frowzy Manhattan flat, Robards has settled down with his collection of curios and his sister's twelve-year-old illegitimate son (Barry Gordon). Soon a male-female team of social workers arrives to determine whether a whimsical nonconformist who disdains steady employment is a fit guardian. The girl social worker (Barbara Harris) becomes so attached to her case that she stays the night. Robards, in turn, comes to terms with the girl, the nephew and his old job.

Any veteran Hollywood duo—say, Jean Arthur and James Stewart in their light-comedy heyday—might have



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U.S. problems



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Are you ready to listen?**

It's working in Newark, New Jersey.
Working in Newark after a recent conference of
Negroes and whites was officially formed by the
Mayors of Newark and New Jersey. In just
nine short months, five private restaurants, a chain
store, and a movie theater, a stable number of the
inter-councils reported progress in their areas.
And the president of a department store who
thought his Negro customers were too few to warrant
a Negro account, has now canceled out of 8,000.
It's working in Newark, New Jersey.

Joint Job, Negro and white businesses have

been meeting monthly to consider the problem of
employment opportunities for Negroes. 170 jobs
were opened to Negroes, more than seven times the
number available previously. While
other workers, sales personnel and managers, only
half sentence, every employer was glad he did.
And the Negroes are glad they did. They have
set up a Human Relations Commission, or how
about a Negro Mayor? The Negroes are active, with
the Community Relations Service, and their
"Talk Talk Into Action" Advertisers Community
Relations Service, Washington, D.C. 20001.

Face the problem, face to face.  Talk, plan, act.

Racial Relations is a problem to be solved. This Advertising Council campaign encourages good citizens of every color and creed to meet the problem face to face, to talk it over. That's *got to* be a better way than hate and violence, any way you look at it.

Here you see some of The Advertising Council's current work: all told, 265 million dollars worth of Advertising, contributed annually by business. It is absolutely free to you, the taxpayer; yet it saves you billions and makes this a better nation to live in.



**"and then I said;
No machine can do *my* job better!"**

Funny . . . how fast some jobs can disappear. Totally. And *personal* sometimes. That's a problem. In fact, it's a problem. But it also brings opportunities. New jobs, new careers for those with the training to qualify.

*You won't get tomorrow's
jobs with yesterday's skills.*

The *new* jobs will be different. They'll require different skills. And

you can get those skills by retraining. So don't wait for your present job to be replaced. Get the facts on re-training now. Visit the local office of your State Employment Service.

Train now for tomorrow's jobs

          <img alt="Logo of the

& solutions

How Advertising that costs you nothing helps solve problems that cost you plenty

The surest way to make a problem worse is to pretend it isn't there.

The safest way to handle a problem is to de-fuse it before it explodes.

The Advertising Council believes that the strength of American democracy is its willingness to use the *voluntary* way to solve problems, before resorting to compulsion. The contribution of the Council is to enlist the talent of the advertising industry so that 195 million Americans may have a better understanding of the problems before them.

On these pages are the familiar symbols of the 18 advertising campaigns now being handled by The Advertising Council, and advertisements from just two of the campaigns: Job Retraining and Racial Relations.

There are no easy answers to these questions. But there can be no solutions at all until there is informed public consciousness.

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Equal Employment
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Drive Defensively!



United Service
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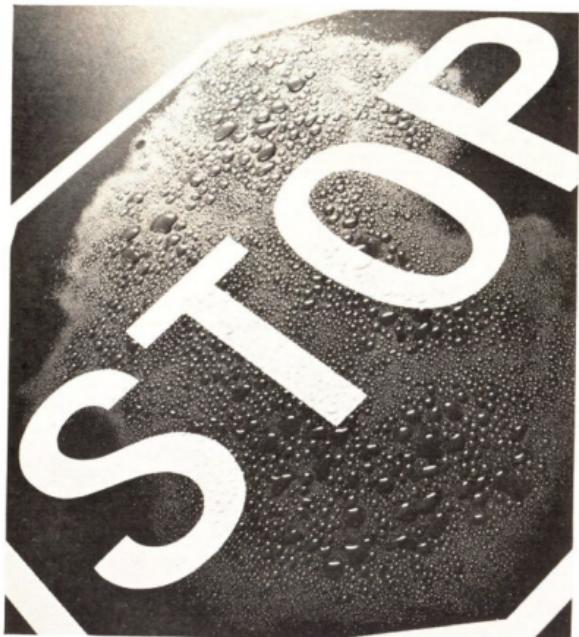
Better Racial
Relations



Radio Free
Europe Fund



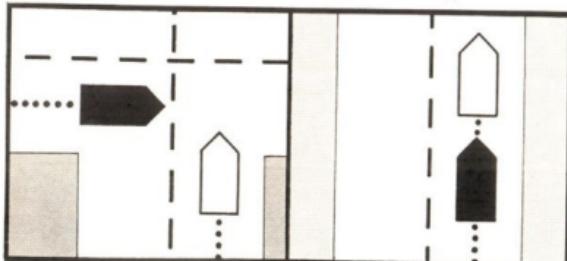
Mental
Retardation



You will. Will he?

Maybe you obey stop signs and signals. Some drivers don't. So never assume the right-of-way blindly. Always protect yourself by driving defensively. □ If someone

follows you too close, don't speed up. Slow down a little and encourage him to pass. Remember, being in the right isn't enough. You could be dead right.



Watch out for the other guy!



sopped up such moonshine with ease and squeezed a harmless message out of it. Unhappily, Director Coe's players come on larger than life and a good deal louder, as if to test the suicidal hypothesis that stage and screen acting are precisely the same thing. In a fidgety movie debut, Actress Harris flits around the



ROBARDS & HARRIS IN "CLOWNS"
A social worker attached to her case.

edges of her role but appears unable to define it. Young Gordon hard-sells precocity with some sense of truth, but Martin Balsam, as the writer's go-getting brother, and Gene Saks as the aboriginal Chuckles, somehow make every speech sound like an applause cue. Only William Daniels, playing Barbara's child-welfare teammate, gets comfortably close to the role of the creep who admits: "I am not one of the warm people."

Crowns' worst tumble, and a crucial one, is taken by Robards, who re-creates his stage performance with a stilted, humor-killing delivery apparently aimed at the top balcony. Because he fails to charm the audience into believing that his eccentricity is any less dreary and tiresome than the workaday world, he seems to have little to lose or gain. In the end, it is easy to second Barbara's suggestion that her jobless jackanapes may be merely a self-inflated windbag.

Up in the Depths

Life at the Top continues to follow the spoor of Joe Lampton, the scheming, snarling anti-hero of British Novelist John Braine's *Room at the Top*. In this movie sequel, based on the sequel to the bestseller, nearly everything has changed except Laurence Harvey's skin-tight performance as Joe.

Ten deadly years later, Joe finds that he has risen to the top only to hang there, skewered. The poor little rich girl whom he had to marry because she was pregnant is now a bored little rich bitch,



The Couth Vermouth

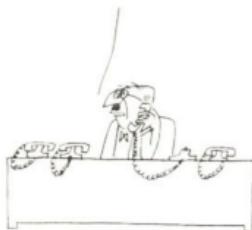
For a truly civilized Martini, don't stir without Noilly Prat. Admirably subtle. Correctly pale. And *dry* as only a French vermouth can be. Show you know your Martinis by mixing with Noilly Prat. The couth vermouth.

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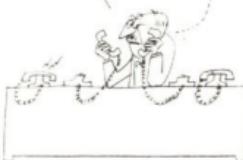


Hubert,
I'll study your proposal today.
If it's OK, you'll get your order in tomorrow's mail.



Excuse me, Hubert, I have another call.

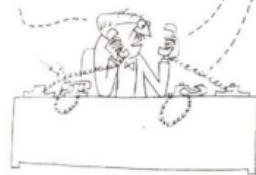
Mr. Fogg, as a mature family man, you are no doubt concerned with the welfare of your loved ones . . .



. . . and surely want to provide for them . . .

Mr. Fogg,
our company
has a new line . . .

Mr. Fogg?
You have just won the Murray Arthur Dance Studios contest, entitling you to 48 free dance lessons . . .



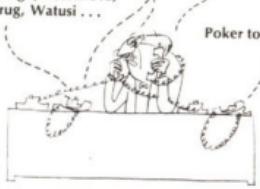
. . . of synthetic metals that can't be touched for quality . . .

Walter — on your way home,
pick up bread,
a snow shovel, a bottle
of Mumm's extra-dry . . .

. . . the Tango, Bossanova,
Twist, Frug, Watusi . . .

. . . and now, in the golden afternoon of life . . .

Poker tonight, Walt?



Oh, boy, am I glad this day is over!

Wasn't there an important proposal you wanted to study?



Matter of fact, yes.
I'm thinking of learning the Watusi.



What do you think of — when you think of competition? Chances are, you think of the people who make the same kind of product you do. And battle you for sales.

But there's another kind of competition as tough, if not tougher. It's the endless impact on the industrial buyer's mind of all kinds of products and problems. These pressures never let up. Neither can you. One of the most effective — and economical — ways to hold onto the buyer's mind is through consistent advertising in McGraw-Hill publications.

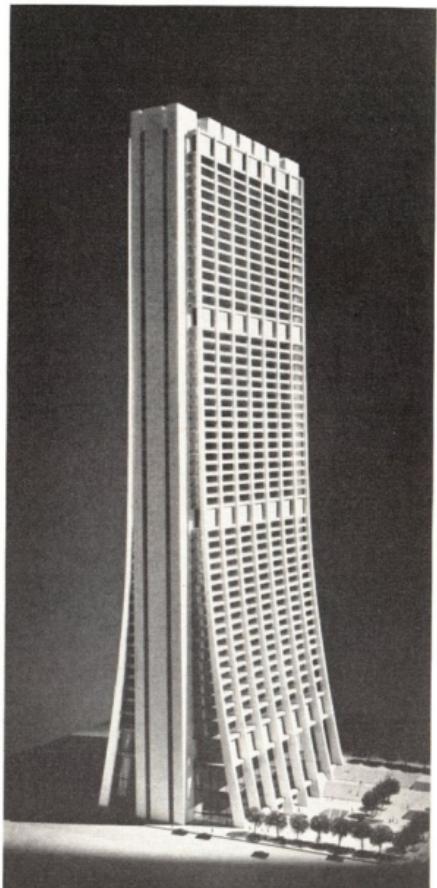
Ask yourself whether you're advertising often enough — in the kind of magazine that talks business to the people you're trying to sell.

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PUBLICATIONS

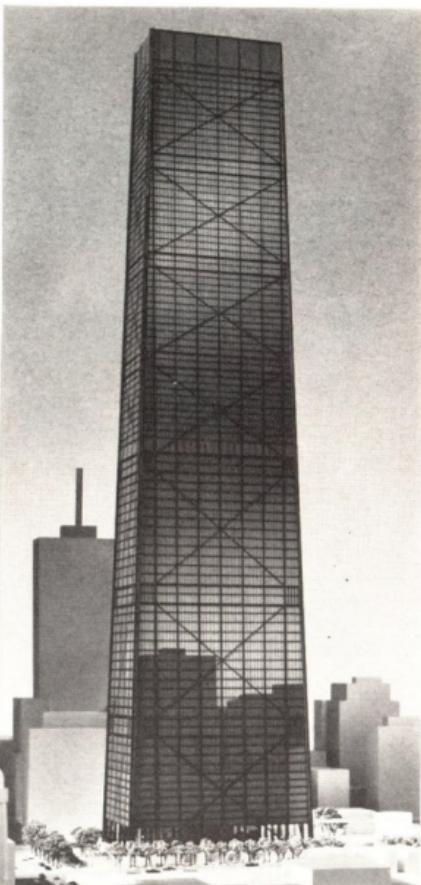


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Chicago's new First National Bank Building will occupy the north half of the block bounded by Dearborn, Monroe, Clark and Madison Streets. Rising 850 feet high with a 55,000 sq. ft. base tapering to a 29,000 sq. ft. tower, it will offer 2,200,000 sq. ft. of office space. Completion, 1969.



Chicago's John Hancock Center will tower 1,100 feet over the Magnificent Mile between Delaware Place and Chestnut Street. Costing \$95,000,000, it will range 100 stories high, and provide 700 all-electric apartments, recreation area and office space totaling 2,700,000 sq. ft. Completion, 1968.

 Commonwealth Edison Company

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played by Jean Simmons with just enough sting to paralyze a mate but not quite enough to kill the pain. "It isn't what you expected, is it?" she says knowingly, then as an idle, needling afterthought: "Have you ever had a colored girl?" Joe answers no to both questions. What he's got is a shaky executive job at his father-in-law's wool factory in Yorkshire. His luxurious home is in his wife's name, he drives a company car, and his patrician business associates are forever snubbing him.

When Joe comes home from a business trip to find his wife and his best



SIMMONS & HARVEY IN "TOP"

An angry young man ten years later.

friend in bed together, he meets the challenge to his honor by playing around a bit himself. The gamest girl he knows is a man-eating blonde TV commentator (Honor Blackman) who lives by a rule that might well raise obstacles for Joe: "Only one thing I ask from you—be honest." Joe follows his mistress to London to earn success on his own merit, but every thread of his being leads straight back home to Brown & Hetherett's woolens.

Life at the Top cannot quite make it alone either, and in one brief flashback Director Ted Kotcheff literally splices in a little *Room for Improvement*—shots from the earlier film to establish nostalgia, most notably a tantalizing glimpse of Oscar Winner Simone Signoret retreating into the mist. A smoothly professional cast clings off the randy dialogue with an inexhaustible zest for every sign of moral decay in the life of a British provincial town. Yet a film as good as *Room at the Top* creates no valid curiosity about the further adventures of Joe Lampton, whose future was contained in his past. Lured to this steamy sequel, bombarded with reminders of its predecessor, audiences soon know exactly where they are—leagues away from the microcosmic Warley, Yorkshire, and no more than a stone's throw from *Peyton Place*.



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Can you give your wife a movie camera for Christmas and get away with it?



It requires as much finesse as giving her a season's box for the pro football games, but you can pull it off.

The secret is to give her a camera that's so easy to use that she'll be able to take great movies with it when you're not using it.

Namely, the new Bell & Howell Super 8. Of course, it's a precision instrument, but don't let that frighten her. Start off by telling her how easy it is to operate. Show her that she'll never, ever have to touch the film. No threading. No winding. She just drops in the handy new Kodak Super 8 cartridge, and she's ready.

And, she won't have to worry her pretty head about film speeds, exposure settings or filters. This camera does it all automatically.

Reassure her that the exclusive Bell & Howell Optronic Eye will make all the right exposure decisions for her.

The Optronic Eye is an exposure control system that's located behind the lens. So no more pictures of the family in the shade of the old apple tree where the leaves look great but the people are unrecognizable. (Now when you zoom in on the people in the shadows, the change in lighting will be noted and adjusted for *right at the film plane*, and your movies will come back perfectly exposed all the way through.)

She'll feel like an instant expert when you show her the buttons that let her zoom in and out on her subject. She can practice-zoom without running film in this camera, just to be sure her shots are composed the way she wants them.

Now she's all set to take brilliant movies.

There's just one more thing you'll have to show her: how to press the button that starts the camera. But that's easy. So show her how when she presses the same button a little harder, she gets slow motion. (Of your golf swing, of course.) That's easy too.

By now, you've probably got her. But if you haven't, you might want to mention some of the things Bell & Howell does to make their cameras a little better than they really have to be. (Which, of course, means she'll get that much better movies.) Like the fact that some of our lens elements are made with rare-earth glass that cost \$30 a pound. And how we use 24-karat gold where it's necessary (inside the camera) for better electrical conductivity. And how the iris has a jeweled movement just like her watch.

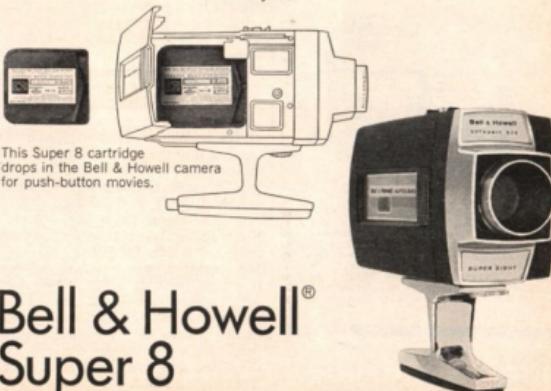
You see, you can give her the camera you've always wanted and get away with it.

In fact, she may like it well enough to give you a lawnmower for your birthday.

This Super 8 cartridge drops in the Bell & Howell camera for push-button movies.

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